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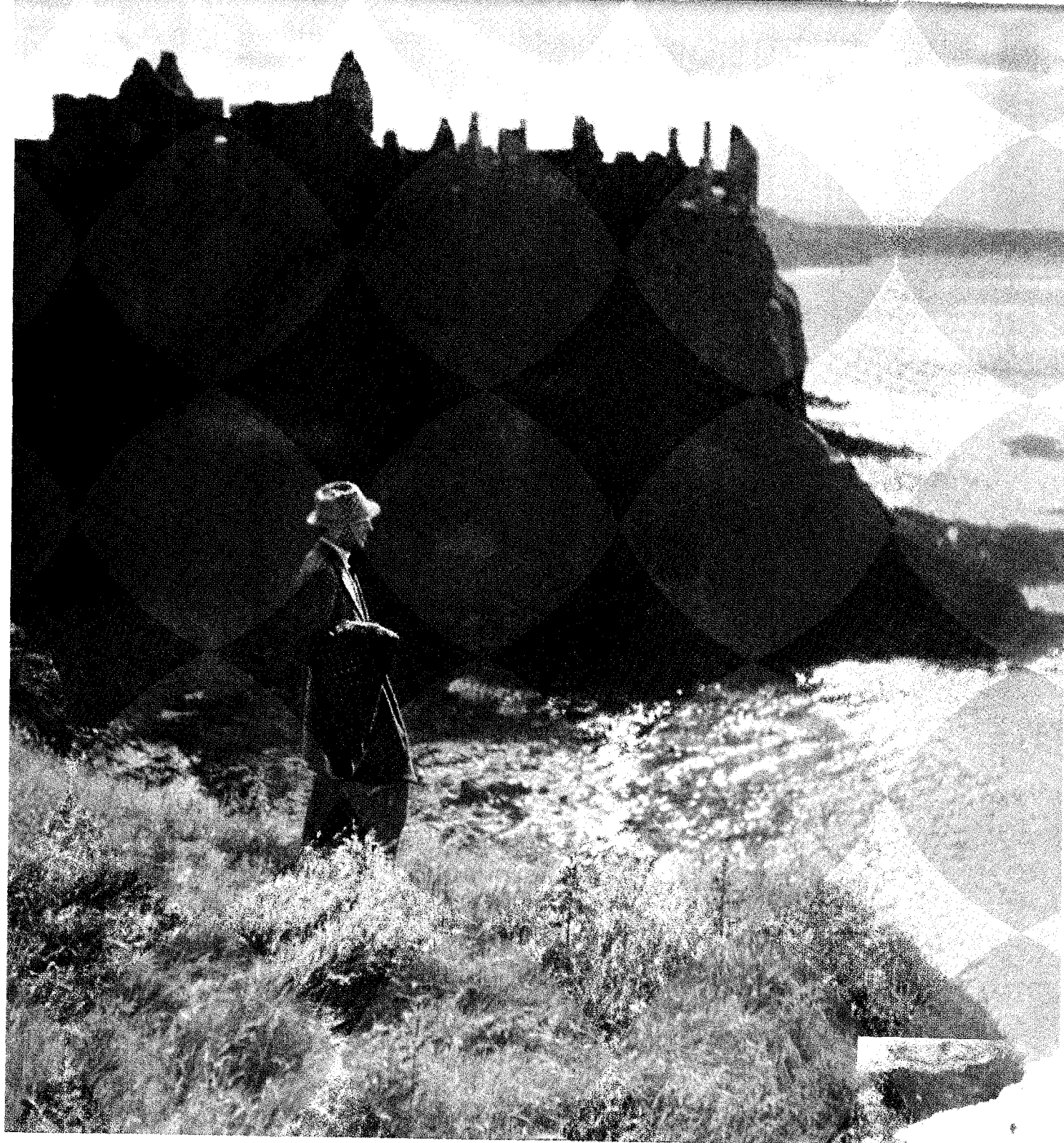
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on the World today



Western Germany



SEEN from this side of the Atlantic, Germany seems to be racing toward a new and happy future. Watched at closer range from Europe, she appears to be moving backward to a not so promising past. True, the young Federal Republic can point with justified pride to remarkable achievements within the past five years. The success in reconstructing a frightfully devastated country and producing prosperity out of economic chaos is a great tribute to the German people.

They have almost doubled their national income from about 74 billion German marks (18 billion dollars) in 1948 to an estimated 134 billion in 1953. Industrial production as a whole tops the index figure of 1936 by roughly 60 per cent, and 1936 was a pre-war boom year. The number of unemployed has fallen below a million, the lowest since the end of World War II.

Exports have increased more than six times in five years. While other countries have to watch every dollar because they need much more from the United States than they can sell us, the Germans have chalked up a surplus in their trade with this country. Despite the fact that their coffers were bare when the war ended, they have saved about a billion marks in gold and hard currency.

They have an excellent standing within the European Payments Union — much better than many of the victor nations. Less than a decade ago, the German mark was a worthless piece of paper outside Germany. Even within the country, prices were figured in terms of American cigarettes or chocolate bars rather than in marks. Today the mark, worth 25 cents, ranks with the most trusted currencies in Europe or elsewhere.

The statistics are reflected in the health and prosperity of Western Germany. Factories are humming; buildings have sprung up everywhere in cities which lay in rubble only a few years ago. Stores are full of attractive goods; people are well fed and well dressed. Streets and highways once dominated by jeeps or vehicles of Allied officials are again buzzing with cars made in Germany. Germany is now producing almost three times as many cars as in 1936, when Hitler switched production from a peacetime boom to rearmament.

The dread of German rearmament

Germany's amazing economic recovery today recalls the success of the German armies in 1939 and 1940. After the First World War, Germany was beaten, disarmed, and forbidden to rearm. When the Nazis began to build up their arsenal they started almost from zero. In September, 1939, when the first shots rang out over Europe, Hitler's war machine, tactics, and strategy were right up to the minute, but the French ideas and tools of battle were the best there were in 1918. Germany's supermodern weapons were matched against France's museum pieces, and this was a major reason for Hitler's early war triumphs.

If Germany were to rearm today, her army would have to get brand-new equipment from boots to tanks and from knapsacks to jet planes. Once more it could be the most modern fighting force in Europe. It is little wonder that the French, with their experience of 1870, 1914, and 1939, have been hesitant about putting Germans back into uniform.

What they fear perhaps more than a new German Army is the armament industry that would equip it. That industry, too, would have to make an entirely

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The Atlantic Report on Western Germany



new start, and therefore would be the most modern, the most streamlined, the most efficient in Europe. Thinking not in terms of a few years — when restrictions could hold down output of the new German plants — but in terms of decades — when such restrictions are unfeasible, as past experience has demonstrated — the French shudder at the proposal of German rearmament. Such fears are increased by the efficiency and resourcefulness shown in the extraordinary recovery of the German economy.

Germany's comeback

The Germans were helped in their comeback by the fact that they and their war partners, the Japanese, were perhaps the only two nations in the world not compelled to spend a huge part of their national income on armament. Western Germany has had no national security expenses of her own since 1945. The country is still occupied and therefore automatically protected against attack. She pays occupation costs of about 7 billion marks a year, spending roughly 5 per cent of her national income on security. Britain and France spend more than 12 per cent.

Moreover Germany, forbidden to produce war matériel, is in a position to concentrate her entire industrial effort on peacetime production, tools, machines, consumer goods for herself and for export. In addition she has received very substantial aid in cash and goods to put her back on her feet, and the presence of thousands of American and other Allied personnel and their families means considerable revenue for the country.

After 1945 Germany's factories were rubble and ashes. In those early post-war days the German workers dug up what machines and tools they could find in the ruins of their plants. Other tools and machines were brought in from the United States and — mostly with American aid — from Switzerland, Britain, and other countries. New factories were built, more modern and more efficient than those they replaced.

Admitting all these advantages, the success would nevertheless not have been so striking if it had not been for the German people. It is significant that despite the bitter antagonism between the workers and the big industrialists, Germany has been practically free of strikes and has lost hardly any production because of labor trouble, while neighboring France and Italy have suffered grievously.

The Germans of today have proved to be at least as industrious, thorough, and aggressive as their

fathers and forefathers. Unfortunately, they have also proved to be just like their fathers and forefathers in their approach to economic, social, and political problems. As a result, the Federal Republic is returning rapidly to the social and political setup which made Germany a menace long before 1939.

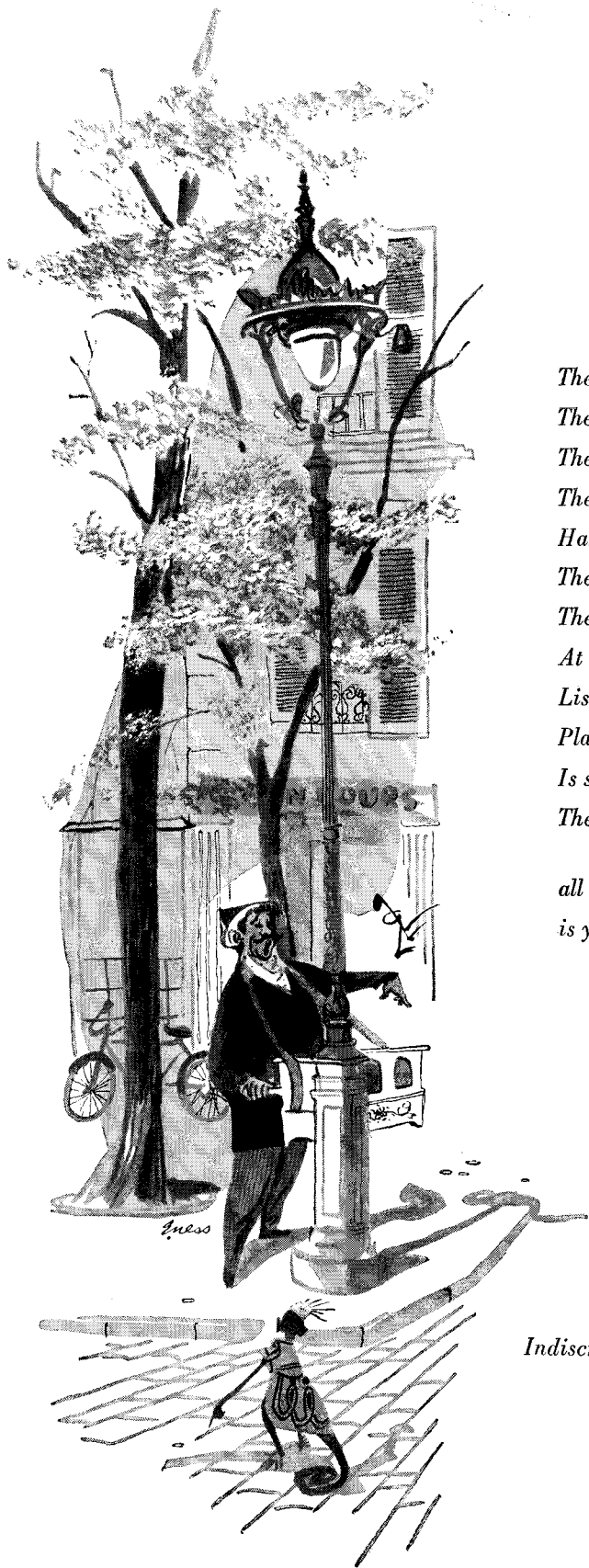
While the devastating effects of Nazism were still before the eyes of the world, the Allies pledged themselves to create a physically and ideologically healthier Germany. Less than a decade later it is apparent that the aim has not been accomplished, nor will it be accomplished. Little is left of all the big social and political reforms that were set in motion after the war. Denazification brought execution of a number of Nazis, imprisonment of an even greater number. But it fell far short of its real and positive objective, the removal of Nazis from positions of public trust and power.

The school reform encountered the resistance of deeply entrenched enemies. The civil service reform became a fiasco. The Western occupying powers tried in vain to persuade the Germans to reform their civil service in order to break the deadly grip which a small, narrow-minded, dictatorial clique had on government and people. But the first act of the new Parliament, constituted in 1948, was to strike the Allied civil service law from the books and replace it with the old one of 1937.

Restrictions on business

The latest casualty has been in the realm of what Germans call *Gewerbefreiheit*, the right of any citizen to establish himself in business. Prior to the end of the war, Germany had a business license system which went back to the medieval guilds, a kind of close corporation anxious to preserve its prerogatives and privileges, restricting opportunities for the masses and limiting the free enterprise of those who did not belong to the clique.

Starting a new business enterprise, whether a carpenter or locksmith shop, a grocery store, a fruit stand, or a shoe repair shop, required a government license. The license was conditioned on the approval of the respective guild. The new applicant had to be approved by a board of his prospective competitors, who could turn him down because in their opinion the new business was not needed or because the candidate was for some reason or other not desired in their organization. As John J. McCloy, former U.S. High Commissioner, once put it: "If the guild members believed they could handle all of the present business, they could, and usually did, refuse to permit a new competitor in the field."

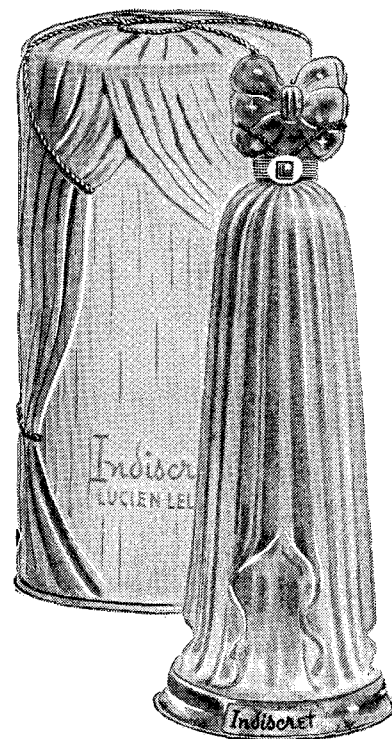


The air's a sparkling rosy wine
The heart a soaring feather
The face wears laughter like a jewel
The lovers walk together
Hand over hand in
The accustomed way
Their footsteps laggard
At the end of day . . .
Listen! the organ grinder
Playing for his keep
Is still softly singing
The little day to sleep . . .

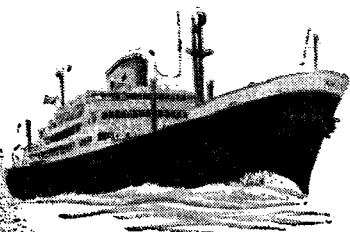
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The American Military Government and later the High Commission used persuasion and coercion to protect free enterprise against this medieval German system. When their pleading failed, the American Military Government issued a directive in the fall of 1948 banning such restrictive licenses. But the guilds and the bureaucracy did not admit defeat. Two years later a bill was introduced in the new Bonn Parliament restoring the former practice. This bill was stalled by determined American opposition until a few weeks ago.

Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, shortly before the elections last September, appealed to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles to withdraw the objections to the German license law. Mr. Dulles agreed, on the condition that the German Supreme Court decide soon whether or not the law is constitutional. There is little doubt that the German judges will find the license law constitutional. Thus the last of the major American reforms has failed to stand the impact of the German rush into the past.

Only a little over a year ago Mr. McCloy in his last report as High Commissioner pointed out that 96,000 new businesses were started in the American zone during the first quarter of 1949, compared with under 15,000 in the same period of the previous year, before the American ban on restrictive licenses. He also wrote: "Estimates indicate that during 1949, 1950, and 1951, approximately 250,000 Germans in the U.S. zone opened new businesses which could not have been opened under the old licensing system. Most of these businesses are retail stores, handicraft shops, wholesale businesses, small manufacturers and independent professions; the vast majority of them are operating successfully." The Chamber of Commerce and Industry in Wiesbaden further disclosed that of the bankruptcies reported, there were three times as many among older firms as among the new ones established after licensing was abolished in 1948.

Mr. McCloy also stated that the British and French zones of Germany never took steps against the license practice and as a result have "at least 500,000 so-called Schwarzarbeiter [unlicensed artisans]. In most instances these are competent and industrious persons who cannot obtain licenses to

work openly in the trade of their choice. They have to go underground, work at night, shift from place to place. Since they must conceal their activities, they are afraid to pay taxes and to discontinue the drawing of their unemployment benefits."

As a further consequence of their underground activities, they are compelled to underbid the legitimate businessmen and artisans, thus lowering prices and wages.

Return to regimentation?

Since the election last September, the trend toward the past has gained new momentum. Trial balloons have been released for the creation of a superministry of the Interior and Security (an ominous reminder of former police power) and for the setting up of a ministry of Information.

This is not entirely new. Less than a year ago, Dr. Ralph Nafziger, head of the University of Wisconsin School of Journalism, made an on-the-spot survey of the German press for the State Department. "I have no doubt," wrote Dr. Nafziger, "that the German Federal Government would shackle the press if it believed it could. . . . The Government attempted to control the press by . . . invoking old laws, some of them never before applied to newspapers."

So far the systematic attack against the freedom of the press on the Federal, provincial, and city level of government has made little headway because of the strong resistance of German publishers and editors, the support they have received from the foreign press, and the determination of the Allied High Commissioners to keep the German press free. But the German public itself is not even aware of the importance of the struggle.

Thus the prospects for democracy in Germany are dim indeed. This does not mean, however, that dictatorship is around the corner. For the present, at least, the political development seems to be moving in the direction of a two-party system.

Communism has been practically eliminated. The Communist Party, which in 1933 rallied roughly 5 million followers, was unable to get a single delegate elected to the Bundestag last September. The explanation is obvious. With millions of prisoners

of war returned from Russia and with 18 million of their countrymen in the Soviet zone, the Germans have come to know too much about Communism to be tempted by it.

Neither will they make another deal with the Soviet Union as the Weimar Republic did at Rapallo in 1922, or Hitler in 1939. They know that today they are dealing with an immeasurably stronger Russia, which would swallow them in no time. No matter what their negotiators may say around the conference table, they cannot cut themselves loose from the West.

Adenauer's coalition

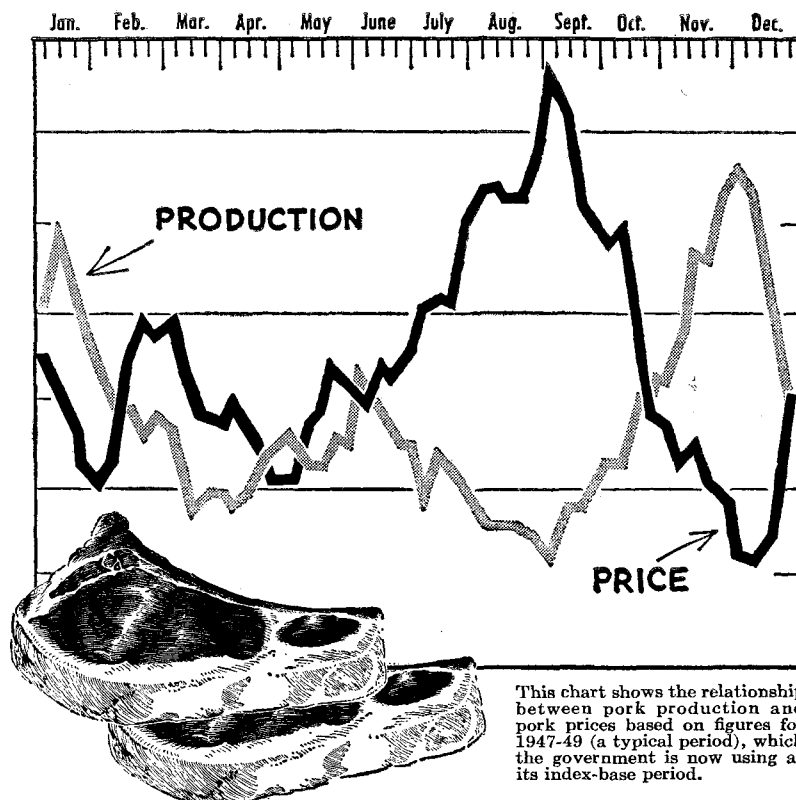
This fact is recognized by Dr. Adenauer's conservative coalition and by the Social Democrats, who for years have been trying to gain votes by their uncompromising demands for a reunified fatherland and their opposition to participation in an anti-Communist alliance unless based on complete German sovereignty. On the question of the Saar, the Social Democrats have been even more nationalistic than the Center and right-wing parties of Dr. Adenauer's coalition.

The 77-year-old Chancellor is now in a strong enough position to push through Parliament almost any measure he desires. But no matter what he may favor deep down in his heart, Dr. Adenauer is diplomatic and realistic enough not to stray from the course which is slightly right-of-center. He is not a dictator, nor would the internal or external conditions permit a dictatorship.

The real danger lies in the return of the Germans to a frame of mind which stymied social and political reforms and preserved feudal government. Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, and Hitler, the totalitarian leader, played on those two strings of social reforms and national greatness. But while nationalism grew fiercer, German society retained its feudal caste structure under the Emperor and under the Weimar Republic.

That is why the German masses fell for Nazism, why Hitler was possible — perhaps inevitable. Eight years after the Nazi Götterdämmerung, Germany has risen from defeat only to return to principles which led her to short-lived triumph, followed by long despair, in 1918 and 1945.

What law makes pork cost less in December than it does in September?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period), which the government is now using as its index-base period.

THE well-known law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend a good 6 months growing to pork-chop size.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *More pork*—lower prices during the winter followed by *less*

pork—higher prices through the summer months.

Summertime is the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

The medical school of a leading university reports a recent study in which a number of overweight people lost up to 100 pounds on diets featuring *double portions of lean meat*. Meat means so much to so many—in so many different ways—that it's good to know meat packers can help put it on your table at a lower service cost than for almost any other food.

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Washington

DESPITE President Eisenhower's support of Secretary Benson in his Kansas City speech, the clamor for the resignation of the Secretary of Agriculture has not abated. Republican politicians, since the by-election returns from Wisconsin, are especially sensitive about Benson. The soft-spoken Utahian is regarded as a distinct political liability.

Actually, Benson is in part a victim of circumstances. The decline in farm prices started long before President Truman and Secretary Brannan left office. Causes lay in the end of the abnormal wartime demand — which shot prices to all-time highs — plus the recovery of foreign production and the inability of other countries to spend dollars on American farm exports. The decline has leveled off during Benson's tenure, with the parity index remaining at about 92.

In fact, Benson has taken many steps to stabilize prices. He voluntarily continued dairy supports at 90 per cent of parity for another year. He intervened to halt the beef decline by purchasing cattle in drought areas. He indicated willingness to continue 85 per cent supports on small grains — in addition to the 90 per cent supports on basic crops provided by law through 1954. That is, the Department of Agriculture stands ready to buy or make loans on crops at 85 to 90 per cent of parity.

All this is evidence that the Administration has no intention of allowing the bottom to drop out of the market. But it has not satisfied the critics. Benson's sincerity is evident in his attempt to solve the price-surplus dilemma; but his tactless and inept remarks have left the impression that he regards price supports as insurance against disaster and nothing more. His proposal to reorganize the Soil Conservation Service along state instead of regional lines was popular with no one, and it stirred active opposition among those who look upon conservation as a sort of religion. Benson angered other critics by remarking that most of the complaints came from the politicians instead of the farmers.

After extensive hearings through the country, the House Agriculture Committee reported almost no sentiment for inauguration of the "sliding scale"

of price supports. This is the system provided in the Anderson Law whereby governmental supports on basic crops would vary from 90 down to 75 per cent of parity, depending on supply. The theory is that lower supports when crops were large would discourage overproduction. Congress, however, has consistently postponed application of the Anderson Law and has left basic supports pegged at 90 per cent through 1954.

What the findings of the House committee amount to is a revolt of the traditional rugged individualist. Apparently many farmers would rather have guaranteed support levels, even with acreage allotments and marketing quotas, than take their chances in the market.

This philosophy conflicts with the repeated inveighing by President Eisenhower, during the campaign, against regimented agriculture. It also reflects a certain political fickleness. Farmers and farm politicians now calling for governmental help, particularly on drought relief, were among the first to object to controls and demand a free market when prices were high.

The cost-price squeeze

President Eisenhower has promised that a new agricultural program will be presented to Congress in 1954 after consultation with agricultural advisory groups. Benson's problem is to come up with a formula that not only will cope with surpluses and export difficulties but also will serve as a psychological reassurance to farmers caught in a cost-price squeeze. There is much speculation that he will be forced to adopt — under a different name — the essentials of the Brannan Plan on perishable commodities.

Under this scheme, crops would be sold on the free market, but the government would make up in direct production payments to the farmer the difference between the market price and what was adjudged a fair income standard. One cartoonist, at the time the Brannan Plan was first broached, depicted it as a cow giving milk at both ends; but now there is increasing acknowledgment that the production payments system makes sense.



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In the December issue read: *Park Avenue* by J. Bryan III, *Three Towns I Love* by Conrad Richter (a portrait of the Southwest), *Opera for Americans* by H. W. Heinsheimer, *University of Michigan* by Arthur (playwright) Miller and many other features. Pick it up at your newsstand now.

The Democrats are enjoying Benson's discomfiture immensely. Meanwhile, Republicans in Congress remain acutely aware that the farm vote helped swing the 1948 election to Truman. Many state flatly that Benson is now anathema to farmers and that, irrespective of the economic merit of what he may recommend, he will have to be sacrificed as a scapegoat.

Nixon looks and listens

The Administration is eagerly awaiting the report of Vice President Nixon on his 38,000-mile air tour of the Far East. The youthful Nixon and his wife are good-will ambassadors of President Eisenhower on their eighteen-nation trip. More important, Nixon is serving as the eyes and ears of the President to help formulate a more consistent American policy toward the Far East.

Unlike Senator Knowland on an earlier tour, Nixon has avoided public pronouncements. His purpose has been to learn and discuss. To encourage frankness, he has talked privately with foreign officials. His views have broadened since the time of his election, when he was inclined to regard the Far East in terms of absolutes. He tended then to agree with Knowland that the United States should enlist every possible country in an anti-Communist crusade.

When he left, Nixon acknowledged that there might be merit in other points of view. He expected to ask questions. Just what is the enemy in the Far East—Soviet imperialism, world Communist conspiracy, or Chinese expansionism? Should we attempt to split China from Russia, or should we view the Chinese Communist regime, in the fashion of Admiral Radford, as something that must be fought unceasingly? Would an attempt to isolate China throw it deeper into the arms of the Soviet Union?

Several Far Eastern nations have been smoldering over the American tendency to equate anticolonialism and new-found nationalism with Communism, and ambassadors in Washington regard Nixon's questioning approach as a godsend. Senator Knowland created bitterness by lecturing officials in Southeast Asia on just what the policies of their countries should be. Southeast Asian nations

especially have resented the "sign on the dotted line" technique.

The rift with India

Whether Nixon can bridge the gap is another matter. The rift with India is deep. Tension over Indian handling of anti-Communist prisoners of war in Korea emphasized the American suspicion of Indian motives toward China. Other Western members of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission protested, incidentally, that the aspersions on the Indian performance were highly unfair.

Indian diplomats complain that there is little understanding in the United States that India can be intellectually anti-Communist and pro-Western and still be unwilling to embark on a program of military suppression. India's neutralism, they maintain, befits a new nation and is not unlike the policy of the United States during its first 150 years. They also assert that as China's immediate neighbors they are better able than others to evaluate what is going on—though outsiders protest with some validity that Indian policy is too ready to gloss over the brutal repression and liquidations which Indian representatives themselves have reported from China.

No one expects Vice President Nixon to end the recriminations between India and this country or to formulate a new policy toward Asia all by himself. At the most, he is expected to bring back information and impressions that will be helpful in evolving a more precise American policy.

American foreign policy toward Europe, despite occasional aberrations, is generally clear enough in its objectives and has achieved a considerable measure of bipartisan acceptance. It is fair to say, by contrast, that there has been no such thing as an agreed-upon set of American objectives in Asia. During the Eisenhower Administration as during the Truman regime, a right-wing clique has established loyalty to Chiang Kai-shek as the test of policy. But another influential segment, composed of Democrats as well as some liberal Republicans, has regarded as disastrous the tying of this country's efforts to Chiang's dim hopes for restoration on the mainland. The first step in removing our Far East

policy from the realm of narrow partisanship is to define the American objectives.

Nixon and the NSC

The evolution of Nixon's open-mindedness on the Far East is symbolic of his growth. He has submerged himself in the interests of the Eisenhower regime; he talks and acts as the understudy of the President. He is perhaps the hardest-working Vice President in a half-century. Not only does he serve as a counselor and liaison man with Congressional leaders; he also participates actively in the making of Administration decisions. He makes few speeches, but he often relieves the President of the burden of dining out. He and Mrs. Nixon set something of a record by attending eighteen official dinners in eighteen consecutive nights.

Nowhere is the Vice President's role more significant than in his acceptance of responsibilities in the National Security Council. The NSC has become the President's war cabinet—or, more accurately, the executive committee of the Cabinet. The concept of the National Security Council, as developed under President Truman, was that of an agency to ensure that American commitments would be reconciled with American power. In practice, however, it sometimes was little more than a loose coordinating committee. During the campaign, President Eisenhower criticized the failure to carry out the policies made by the NSC, and he promised a "revitalized and reconstructed" Council.

In its new version the National Security Council has superseded in importance both the Cabinet and the Legislative Conference. At frequent meetings it considers all essential policies involving defense and foreign affairs, including the American position in the United Nations, the defense budget, the strategic recommendations of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and changes in Far East objectives.

Dulles takes hold

The barometer of Secretary Dulles's reputation has begun to rise. Beginning with his powerful mid-September speech to the United Nations, Dulles has enhanced his stature with foreigners as well as with American observers. He seems to act with more deftness and confidence.



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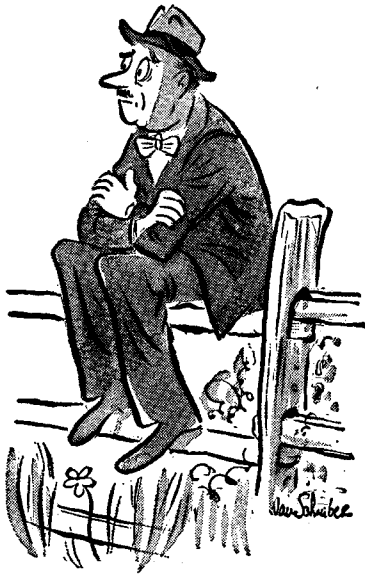


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There is still criticism that Dulles lacks backbone and that he indulges in inconsistencies in order to please different audiences. But this is counterbalanced by the acknowledgment that his long-range strategy often has been right even when the tactics have been objectionable. The State Department also has sought behind the scenes to counter the impression of inflexibility invited by Ambassador Lodge's stands in the UN, especially those involving India.

Dulles's willingness to consider a nonaggression reassurance to Russia on Germany, at the same time that he parried Sir Winston Churchill's demand for a top-level conference, was a sign of the new versatility. Although his verbal intervention in the German election brought a great outcry at the time, after-the-fact appraisals are more charitable in light of the outcome. His single-minded advocacy of European unity has begun to look like statesmanship because of the improved prospects. On one point Dulles has been consistent despite the confusion: any successful American foreign policy must have a solid base of political support.

Buttressing the economy

Fears of a serious downturn in business activity are still discounted in Washington because of the many selective economic stimuli available to the government. The Federal Reserve Board, which manages the money supply, is working in close conjunction with the Treasury. Thus, when the Treasury's action in raising interest rates appeared to tighten credit too severely, the "Fed," as it is called, moved to ease the situation by purchasing government bonds and by lowering reserve requirements for member banks.

In another area the end of the excess profits tax and the cut in individual income taxes scheduled to take effect January 1 are expected to pump more money into the economy and thus to help counter any recession that might develop. The Administration has been vigorously criticized for continuing to indorse tax cuts when the budget is badly unbalanced—though political pressures might have forced the tax cuts in any case.

Unquestionably the Administration is in something of a dilemma as it seeks new sources of revenue for those

abandoned. What is generally overlooked, however, is that the tax cuts do serve a purpose in buttressing the economy against excessive deflation and are part of a premeditated plan.

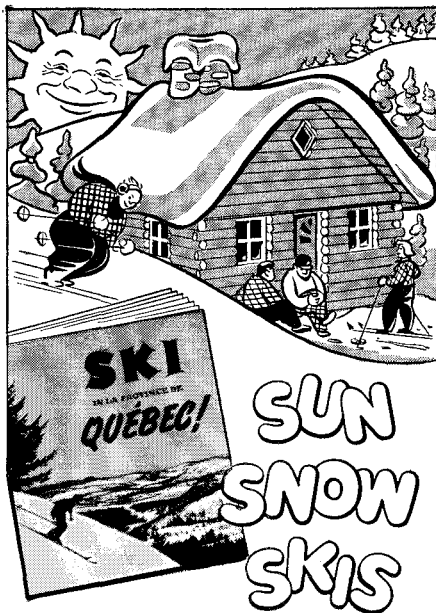
The Eisenhower Administration is committed to use the mechanisms of government—credit controls, tax policy, and the like—to try to keep the economy functioning properly. This is the legacy of the Roosevelt experience, and any Administration would have to move in similar fashion. For example, if home construction should take an alarming slump, the Administration, in addition to easing general credit, might act specifically to lower requirements for mortgages or home improvement loans.

In the judgment of economists it is quite possible that, for a time, the country may undergo both deflation and the symptoms of inflation simultaneously. The economy is still making delayed readjustments to the end of price and rent controls, and some prices may continue to rise gradually even if there should be slight increases in unemployment.

Although the cost of living index is highly regarded as a statistical guide, it is figured on the basis of average retail prices and does not fully reflect such phenomena as discount purchases and increased trade-in allowances which have resulted from more intensive competition. The erratic behavior of the stock market, in part because of too stringent margin requirements, is viewed with some concern, but is no longer regarded as an accurate key to the functioning of the economy at large.

The new economic advisers

The primary job of coordinating governmental policies affecting the national economy belongs to the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Chairman of the Council is Arthur F. Burns, a Columbia University professor who has specialized in economic theory and the business cycle, and in addition has served as research director of the National Bureau of Economic Research. Serving with him is Neil H. Jacoby, the taciturn former dean of the school of business administration at the University of California in Los Angeles, who also has participated in the work of the Committee for Economic Development.



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Three principal duties have been outlined for the new Council of Economic Advisers: 1) current assessments of economic conditions for the benefit of the President; 2) recommendation of immediate measures necessary to stabilize the national economy; 3) recommendation of long-range measures and drafting of legislation to carry them out.

Burns views his job as that of a confidential adviser to the President, and it is unlikely that he will make as many public appearances as his immediate predecessor in the Truman Administration, Leon Keyserling. There is a danger, however, that the over-all coordination of economic policy will be misunderstood—by bankers as well as by the public—unless it is explained. Thus the Administration may be forced to publicize some recommendations of the Economic Advisers, if only as a matter of reassurance.

Mood of the Capital

The Administration's fortunes in the new session of Congress will be largely wrapped up in Senator Knowland. In the House there is the political skill of Speaker Martin to help; but Knowland's ability to push a legislative program through the Senate in an election year remains to be demonstrated. Although the Democrats have not threatened open opposition, it is only natural to expect that their approach to individual measures will become more partisan and critical.

The immediate threat to Knowland's leadership comes from a right-wing group led by Senator Capehart. It has been plugging for an ostensible "reform" of the Republican Policy Committee to include the chairmen of all fifteen Senate committees. The gimmick is that the committee chairmen, who have advanced to their posts through sheer seniority, are for the most part extremely conservative men. Once ensconced on the Policy Committee, they would be in a position to overrule the more moderate group now selected by the Republican Conference.

If Knowland wins this battle, his control will depend upon the help of Senator Millikin—a high tariff advocate—plus more active support by Vice President Nixon and probably by President Eisenhower.

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Malaya

WHILE the French in Indo-China have been losing by driblets in their war against Communism, the British in Malaya have been winning by driblets in theirs. The British residents and all the people of Malaya are getting blasé about their war. The "emergency," as their government euphemistically prefers to call it, is now in its sixth year. Very little happens in it that is new or different.

The army and the police have improved their techniques of jungle fighting, of protecting the vital rubber estates and tin mines, and of starving out the "bandits" by denying them food. But the visible results are meager. It's a big day, with banner headlines in the papers, when as many as three terrorists surrender or are killed or captured. And for every Red who falls, another springs up to take his place. When the Communists first went underground in 1948, British intelligence estimated that about 5000 of them took to the jungle, nearly all of them Chinese. Since that time more than 6500 have been definitely eliminated in one way or another. Yet British intelligence still makes the same estimate — 5000 terrorists in the jungle, 95 per cent of them Chinese.

On the other hand, the Red leaders are also having trouble maintaining the enthusiasm of their followers. Life in the jungle is no picnic. The guerrilla bands can grow little food in the dense tropical forests and swamps. They must depend on getting supplies from outside. And there is every indication that most of the bandits are going hungry.

The Communists change their tactics

The most significant development in the war in the last year has been the complete change in Communist tactics. By hard experience the Red leaders learned that the sensational ambushes and raids of the first four years of the emergency had got them no nearer to control of the country. The unrestrained terrorism they employed to get food and contributions from civilians, both Chinese and Malay, cost them dearly in popularity.

A year ago, according to captured documents, 32-year-old Communist boss Chin Peng ordered the armed guerrillas, the "Malayan Racial Libera-

tion Army," to give up their overt terrorist tactics and to retire deep into the jungle. Their contact with the outside world now comes through their cadres of sympathetic Chinese civilians in the towns and villages. These secret and highly organized groups, known as the Min Yuen, are responsible for getting supplies and fresh recruits to the fighting forces. Terrorism is to be applied only in specific cases and when necessary.

As a result of this new policy, the number of "incidents" so far this year is down by 75 per cent, and the number classed as "major incidents" by nearly 90 per cent. Only one European planter has been killed since last November, as against 77 killed in the first five years of the emergency. Planters now are leaving their armored cars in the garage and traveling freely in their more comfortable cars. Most roads are open to civilian traffic day and night. Rubber and tin production have hardly been affected this year by terrorist activity. Even the British soldiers of fortune who, when Palestine calmed down in 1949 and 1950, came to Malaya to officer the augmented police force are now moving on to more exciting jobs in Kenya.

That is not to say that the army isn't pressing the war. Under the prods of a stern taskmaster, High Commissioner General Sir Gerald Templar, the security forces stay very much on the alert. There are about 40,000 regular troops in Malaya, including 25,000 British, mostly young draftees. The other 15,000 are East Africans, Fiji Islanders, Malays, and the tough, jungle-wise Gurkhas. Troops are continually patrolling the jungle and attempting to track terrorists to their secret camps. The police force numbers 70,000, practically all Malays. Young Chinese have notoriously failed to take advantage of opportunities to join the police and the army. There are also, to be sure, 255,000 home guards, Chinese and Malays, but their effectiveness, even in the simple job of guarding their own villages, is somewhat questionable.

The bandits, now deeply entrenched in the swamps and mountains, get harder and harder to find. Total kills and captures for the year are

down from 1952. An encouraging sign is the upturn of surrenders that started in the fall when the food shortages really began to pinch. In two cases bandits killed their gang leader and turned themselves over to police. The British feel that their psychological war effort, keyed to widening the gulf between the hard-core Communist leaders and their younger, unindoctrinated followers, is paying off.

The promise of independence

Among civilians, politics and economics are much more frequently discussed than the war. Political talk in Malaya chiefly concerns the independence of the country and the relations among the racial groups. Discussions of economics revolve again and again around the prices of rubber and tin.

The British have committed themselves absolutely to a policy of turning over the government to an independent, sovereign Malaya. They have never, however, committed themselves to a date.

The problem of self-government is complicated by the number of Chinese in Malaya. For centuries Chinese traders and coolies have emigrated to all the countries of Southeast Asia, always with the idea of making money and eventually returning home to die among the graves of their ancestors. But during the last twenty years, and especially since the Communists took over in China, the *emigrés* have lost their desire to go home.

In Malaya, where they had come to work on the rubber plantations and in the tin mines, there is a higher proportion of Chinese than in any other country outside their homeland. In the Federation, Malays number 2.6 million and Chinese about 2 million.

Immediately after the Second World War the British attempted to reward the Chinese for their resistance to the Japanese by giving them an equal share in the government of Malaya with the Malays. Among the Malay aristocracy, traditional governing class of the Malay states, there was an immediate outburst of racial nationalism. It coincided to a certain extent with the nationalist revolution in Indonesia.

What Does God's Law Say— "BETWEEN The Lines?"

Few Christians will deny that the Ten Commandments are God's design for human conduct. Some so-called Christians think they are out-moded.

But how many know what they really mean?

"Thou shalt not steal," for example, obviously forbids robbery, burglary and embezzlement. What many evidently do not realize is that this Commandment also forbids evasion of just debts, bribery to gain political and business advantages, lending money at usurious rates, and other sharp practices which are often dishonestly excused as "smart business."

The Commandments speak only in broad, general terms. Their full meaning can be understood only in the light of the teaching of the New Testament. "I am the Lord, thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me," is taken by some to mean only that they must believe in a Supreme Being. Actually, it obliges us to prayer, gratitude, hope and worship, even though these words are not mentioned.

Most Christians agree that The Lord's Day must be kept holy. Yet there is a wide difference of opinion as to how this should be done...indeed, there is some disagreement as to *when* The Lord's Day should be observed.

When God said "Thou shalt not kill," He was not warning mankind merely against murder due to greed, lust or vengeance. He was telling us plainly that He, Who alone had the power to create human life, was reserving for Himself the right to take it away. And He made no exceptions for deliberate abortion and the so-called "mercy killings" which some Christians seek to justify today.

A wide variance of opinion also prevails as to the meaning of the Commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Some apparently



think this is a prohibition only against perjury in a courtroom. Actually, it is a warning against lies of all descriptions and all acts of commission and omission which injure the good name and reputation of another.

You hear people say, with smug assurance: "I keep the Commandments — that's enough." And it would indeed be enough if they truly understood what the Commandments require. But we must read "between the lines" if we are rightly to understand God's instructions and to live according to His design. If you want to be sure...if you want to refresh your mind on the true and full meaning of God's rules of life...write today for our free Pamphlet No. B-12. It will be sent to you in a plain wrapper, and nobody will call on you.

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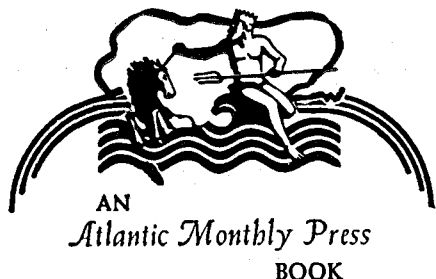
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The British shifted their ground and set up the present Federation of the nine Malay states, each ruled by a sultan or a rajah, and the two former Straits Settlements of Penang and Malacca. Only in Penang and Malacca do the Chinese have equal citizenship rights with the Malays.

On the whole, the Malays have not taken an active part in the sensational economic development of Malaya in the last hundred years. They have stayed in their kampongs, or villages, raising their rice and fishing in the rivers. Only the aristocracy have been educated to run the government and the civil service. The Chinese have worked hard, and many of them have made money in trade, in rubber, and in tin. But until recently they have shown no interest in government. They have the economic power; the Malays have the political power.

Phony alliance

According to political observers, the great bulk of the people of Malaya are far less affected by nationalism than most Asians and don't worry about independence. But the leaders of the two racial groups are pushing hard for self-government for the country as soon as possible. Each group has its own political party. The United Malays National Organization, or UMNO, holds that the country belongs by right to the Malays, who should govern it. The Malayan Chinese Association, or MCA, is headed by a wily old millionaire, Dato Sir Cheng-lock Tan, whose family have lived and prospered in Malacca for nearly two hundred years. He derides the idea of the Malays' owning the country through any claims of priority. MCA wants complete equality for Chinese who make their homes in Malaya.

Both groups are eager to take a crack at governing the country. In an effort to prove to the British that they can get along together, MCA and UMNO this year have formed a working alliance. Each side apparently thinks that for the moment it can afford to compromise.

Privately UMNO leaders say that once they get into political power they will be able to control Chinese economic interests. The MCA is just as confident that in the long run money will talk. Despite their dif-

ferences, leaders from the two sides met this fall and issued a ringing declaration of solidarity, calling for elections for a federal legislative council in 1954. They accused the British of the age-old tactic of "divide and conquer" to delay their departure from the halls of government in Kuala Lumpur.

But much of the British reluctance to turn over the sovereignty of the country is due to a genuine fear of granting self-government to two conflicting groups, as England did in India and Pakistan, or to an unprepared government, as England did in Burma. Nor will the British trust the Chinese community as long as it continues to support, openly or covertly, the cause of Communism in Malaya or in China.

Most British would prefer to see a nonracial political party gain enough prestige to warrant turning over the reins of government to it. The only important group of that type is the Independence of Malaya Party, organized by a senior Malay statesman, Dato Sir Onn. The IMP has a strong intellectual appeal, and its members include many of the Malays and Indians now in relatively high positions in the government and the civil service.

IMP stands for a gradual shift in sovereignty. It is difficult, however, for an IMP candidate to compete on such a platform against the racial attraction and the violent nationalism of UMNO and MCA candidates. In the towns where elections have been held, UMNO and MCA have swamped IMP every time.

Rubber and tin prices

Certainly the British will not turn over the sovereignty of Malaya without firm guarantees for their heavy investments in the peninsula. Rubber and tin are the two great dollar earners of the sterling bloc. Last year Malaya produced 584,000 tons of rubber, slightly over half of the world's natural rubber production, and 62,879 tons of tin, over a third of world production. The rubber brought in about \$370 million, the tin another \$150 million.

This year, with stockpiling in the United States virtually ended and with the armistice signed in Korea, the prices of both rubber and tin

have plummeted. From a high of 77 cents a pound in 1951, rubber has dropped this fall to its pre-Korean price of 19 cents. Tin went to \$2.20 a pound at the height of the boom. This winter it is wobbling around 77 cents.

Throughout Malaya the United States is blamed for the drop in the prices of the two key commodities. Government support of the synthetic rubber industry is looked on as the ruin of the natural rubber estates. Many of the complaints can be written off as untrue. The country is essentially prosperous. Most well-run rubber estates and tin mines are continuing to pay dividends that an American corporation would consider generous. There is little unemployment, and there are no signs of economic distress. Only a few of the marginal tin mines, mostly owned by Chinese who sift the tailings left by the large operations, have been driven to the wall. No rubber estates have failed yet, and the only smallholders who really suffer are those who present their crepe sheets for sale too dirty to be acceptable in a buyer's market.

But some of their arguments are valid. In comparison with pre-war prices, for instance, rubber and tin have not maintained parity with commodities sold by the U.S. to the sterling bloc. Tin at 77 cents a pound is only 50 per cent above its 1939 price. Rubber at 19 cents is hardly up 10 per cent. Two-dollar wheat, on the other hand, is nearly three times its 1939 price. Corn is up 250 per cent, and cotton more than 300.

General Templer has estimated that a drop of one third of an American penny in the price of rubber costs the Malayan government \$690,000 a year in lost export duties and the country about \$4 million in gross national income. This year the price of rubber has dropped more than a nickel, knocking the props out from under the original budget estimates of revenue. The cost of the war this year has been about \$90 million, just under one third of the budget. The budget deficit is expected to run in excess of \$70 million.

Aside from the costs of maintaining an army in Malaya, Great Britain has contributed no financial help

to the war effort. The United States has no aid mission of any sort in Malaya, and has not been called on to give the country financial assistance. So far, Malaya has borne the cost of the emergency itself.

The government also has heavy expenditures on social welfare measures designed to fight Communism at the basic village level. The school system is being rapidly expanded to meet the needs of a growing population. The cost of education this year is \$30 million. Public health, particularly the war against malaria and tropical diseases, takes another \$16 million.

The New Villages

Resettling the squatters from their scattered homes at the edge of the jungle has been an expensive project. The bandits were using these squatters, most of them Chinese, as a source of food. The government forcibly moved 470,000 of them — one out of every eleven persons in the country — into the so-called "New Villages." There, surrounded by barbed wire, they can be protected — and watched.

After four years the New Villages are beginning to pay off. In general the squatters, most of whom hated to move from their isolation into the villages, would now refuse to leave behind the protection, the schools, and the companionship of their new homes. Many of them have formed coöperatives to raise and to market pigs and garden vegetables. Some of the villages have already been allowed to hold elections for their own local officials.

As long as Malaya depends on only two commodities for its economic well-being, it is likely to be visited by booms and busts. Just now it is suffering from the after-effects of a boom. But despite the scare talk, there is no threat, immediate or remote, of unemployed rubber tappers and starving tin miners joining the Communists to revolt against law and order.

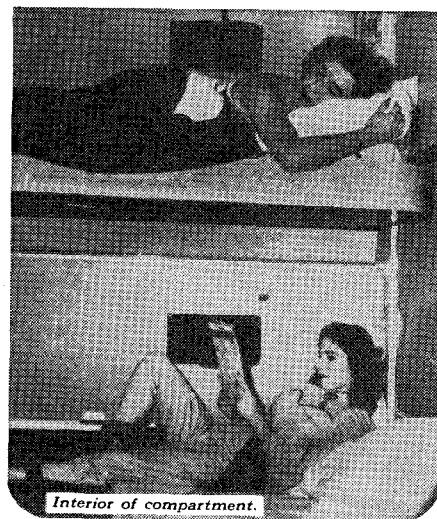
The wisest observers of the Malayan scene, including the director of finance of the Federation, believe that the country could be driven to such a fate in the immediate future by only one contingency: a major depression in the United States.

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ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"India Today"

SIR:

Your supplement on India (October *Atlantic*) is beautifully and interestingly done and I am sure it will be helpful to your readers. My congratulations to you on this new feature, and my good wishes for the success of many subsequent supplements.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
Hyde Park, N.Y.

SIR:

May I give you my heartiest congratulations for the superb job done by the *Atlantic* in bringing out the India supplement.

It seems to me that one of the things we need most in this country is to know our contemporary colleagues in the field of arts and letters in other parts of the world and particularly in Asia. The project upon which you have embarked in collaboration with the Ford Foundation is tremendously important in this respect and will be immeasurably effective.

It is very impressive even to us who know present-day India to see this fine collection of work from present-day Indian artists and writers. Although I liked the contributions by Nancy Wilson Ross and Faubion Bowers, the strength of the supplement comes from the fact that it is made up almost entirely of contributions by Indians. The only suggestion I would make, if a similar supplement is to be published again, is that it be made up entirely of Indian contributors. I hesitate to make even that one, as I am so very enthusiastic about the supplement just as it is.

CHESTER BOWLES
Essex, Conn.

SIR:

I was very much interested to learn of the program which you have undertaken in conjunction with Intercultural Publications, Inc. It would seem to me that a very real contribution could be made by bringing to the attention of the American public contemporary writings of other countries.

It is indicated that in the spring an anthology of materials from Japan will be presented. If the Japan Society could be of help to you in this connection, please do not hesitate to call on us.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, 3RD
President, Japan Society, Inc.
New York City

SIR:

Both the *Atlantic Monthly* and the Ford Foundation are to be warmly congratulated on the admirable Supplement on India Today. I am delighted that this is to be the first in a series of such supplements. Certainly our position vis-à-vis the world makes it more important than ever that we Americans be introduced to the culture of those peoples of which we are most ignorant. On the other hand, the provision by an outstanding American periodical of this vehicle for the wider circulation of the output for the writers and artists of those countries can only have a happy effect on their attitudes toward the United States.

EVERETT CASE, *President*
Colgate University
Hamilton, N.Y.

SIR:

It is very important that we understand India — not only her politics

but her art, her music, her literature, her religions. It is of the greatest importance in the field of politics for us to recognize that India does not want to be patronized, she does not want to be courted; but she wants a place of dignity, integrity, and high expectation in her relation with other nations.

I think your series of presentations is most timely and well conceived. Most of all, I would hope that it might lift our conception of Indians to where the all too prevalent climate of toleration will give way to appreciation and confidence. They have much to teach us. Strength to your arm in promoting this series!

CLARENCE E. PICKETT, *Honorary Secretary*
American Friends Service Committee
Philadelphia, Pa.

I Personally —

SIR:

I think the "Teacher in Japan," Professor Perry Miller, would do well to reconsider the the immense problems he believes Japan now faces. They are, he says, in his article in the August *Atlantic*, "overproduction of goods and of people (the former encouraged by our procurement, the latter by our soldiery), and a desperate need for markets."

Japan's great need for markets, in the presence of hostile (to the West) China is the most immediate problem confronting her. Markets acquired, she cannot "overproduce" — if indeed she can at this time, producing as she is for our procurement. While an immense problem, the lack of land maintaining a long prolific people neither is caused by our soldiery nor is merely a post-war circumstance peculiar to Japan alone.

But Professor Miller's foremost concern seems to be Japanese-American relations in another realm. If Japan wishes to understand us, let her compare soldier with soldier, not combat soldier with poet-in-the-garden; let her remember that our society does not permit the issue of women as standard equipment for our Army; let her review our life-and-death struggle in World War II, our delight in peace above victory, and our subsequent delusion in the contradiction of peace unobtained.

DAVID J. SEIGLE
2nd Lt. QMC
Korea

SIR:

When I read the Washington Report in the September *Atlantic*, I wondered whether the writer appreciated the controlling fact in Franco-German relations — which is, that one in every three Frenchmen had a near relative killed or mutilated in the First and Second World Wars. With this in mind, I suggest that the French are justly apprehensive of a rebirth of the German Army, no matter under whose orders it is supposed to march. Nor can we expect sympathy from the French for the hundreds of thousands of Germans held to slave labor in Russia. After all, the Germans did invade Russia just as they invaded France, and we have to go back one hundred and forty years to reach a time when Russia invaded France.

CHARLES B. COLLINS
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

On February 3 I wrote you a criticism of an article you published entitled "Do American Schools Educate?" by John Garrett (February, 1953, *Atlantic*), and suggested that a positive approach as an aid to your readers in understanding the complex educational problems of the day would be more appropriate for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Now I find in the October issue two funny pieces. One is by a Charles W. Morton under the somewhat inappropriate title "Accent on Living." It is such a skit as might have been written to brighten up a school of education party. (We do kid ourselves, you know.) All good clean fun.

The other, a few pages farther on, entitled "All Gaul . . ." by one John Gould is not so funny because of its supercilious tone. From it, I gather

Would you save this CHILD?

IF YOU SAW THIS CHILD, would you pick him up and save him as Bill Asbury, CCF representative, did in Korea a few weeks ago? We are sure you would not "pass by on the other side" to leave him die. He is now in a CCF orphanage being decently cared for. He is there with other children—children like the baby whose mother brought him to the superintendent, saying she could not find work and could not care for her baby. The baby was accepted and the mother started away and then fell. When the superintendent reached her, she was dead—of starvation. Some CCF orphanage children were pulled apart from the arms of their mothers—the children just faintly alive, their mothers dead.

Bill Asbury is making no complaint about the dirt and discomfort connected with his job or even about the vermin, far more alive on such a child than the child himself. But he is heavy hearted over the many children he can't save for lack of funds.

He will be glad, if you wish, to pick up a starving boy or girl for you and place him or her in one of the 42 Korean orphanages in which CCF assists children. The cost in Korea and in all countries where CCF operates is ten dollars a month and you will receive your child's name, address, story and picture. You can correspond with your child. Children can be "adopted" in CCF orphanages around the world; in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

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They have fought ably for peace, with courage "above and beyond the call of duty." Can we, at home, do something for it, too?

Yes. Beginning now, each of us who earns can put some part of his earnings into United States Defense Bonds. For by these Bonds we make our own families secure, first of all. Then, out of the security of our families, we build the strength of America—to stay at peace in a world where peace still is only for the strong.

You can invest in Defense Bonds best through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Won't you begin—today?



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that the aristocratic tradition with Latin as its insigne is to be commended.

Now I know some good jokes on psychiatrists. And bankers, realtors, Congressmen, and others—even editors—can be made to appear ludicrous. In the interest of fairness, would it not be gentlemanly to admit other professional groups to your clowning acts, if this is your approach? Two skits in one issue aimed at one profession is overdoing it a bit, don't you think?

WILLIAM CLARK TROW
Professor of Educational Psychology
School of Education
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR:

I have always given John Gould credit for having much more than pumpkin pie under his hat. His article in the October *Atlantic* on the new high school in his home town, and the predicament created by a large Latin class which had not been counted on, proves I am right.

Good luck to the twenty-nine valiant youngsters, and bless that teacher! I suggest that Mr. Gould send her a barrel of number one red apples.

GEORGE A. KYLE
Winchester, Mass.

SIR:

The August *Atlantic* carried an article, "The Clamor for Protection," by David L. Hurwood. After leading off with some general misstatements, Mr. Hurwood severely attacks the wool textile industry as one which has overstated its case in opposing lower tariffs on imports of wool fabrics and other wool products.

The fact is that our imports have approximately doubled since 1947

while true commercial exports have declined. There is no serious "gap" between our commercial exports and commercial imports. In 1952 commercial exports were estimated at about \$10.7 billion. This is after deducting some \$4.5 billion in gifts of military and economic aid. Our 1952 imports were valued at about \$10.75 billion of which about 58 per cent entered duty-free, a fact seldom mentioned by the "trade not aid" apostles.

The American tariff level today is one of the lowest, if not the lowest, to be found among the important trading nations. The 1952 average, the ratio of duty paid to total imports, was 5.4 per cent, the lowest in our history. Despite some quotas, principally on agricultural commodities, this country relies mainly on simple import tariffs as a means of regulating trade. Virtually all other nations have so many import licensing schemes, exchange controls, and other curbs that tariffs are of minor importance as trade controllers. World trade barriers, especially against American products, today are the highest in history.

As to the wool textile industry, it is particularly vulnerable to imports because the cost of labor makes up a substantial part of the final price of its products.

Therefore, we seek a tariff which will equalize the difference between the low wages abroad and the high wages here. Mill production workers here average \$1.55 to \$1.65 an hour compared with 40-45 cents in Britain, our principal competitor, and less than that elsewhere. Given such equality, American mills stand ready to compete with anyone.

GORDON GRAHAM, Public Relations Advisor
National Association of Wool Manufacturers
New York City

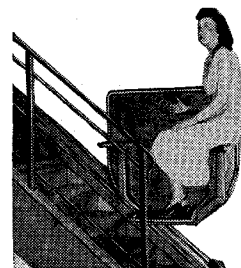
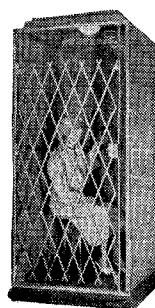
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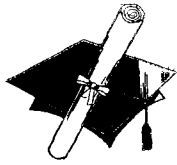
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To All Santas

Is there a child on your list . . . a child to whom you want to give something very special and unforgettable?

One of the most lasting presents you can give is a summer at camp. The anticipation from Christmas morn until vacation finally rolls around, the new-found group of friends—some of whom will be lifelong—the memories of campfires, overnights, blue ribbons, and “the time we pried the counselor’s bed” . . . all these will be your Christmas present to a delighted child.

To make a present of a summer at camp will take special thought on your part. There is a “right” camp for each child, and to find it you must investigate carefully. The child thinks of going to camp as fun; yet wise adults know camping is a valuable part of his education. That’s why you must select this Christmas present with care—so that your child will be under the best possible guidance. The two months at camp will be important ones, for he is now in the most formative period of his life.

As you know, camp directors are professionally trained and experienced men and women. Their programs differ as much as the directors

themselves differ from one another, and the children they serve differ, too. All good camps foster self-reliance, good sportsmanship, and cooperation; they help in the development of skills and the stimulation of new ideas. However, your child will benefit most from a camp that is carefully chosen with his own personality, interests, and present development in mind.

If you make your selection in time to use the registration as a Christmas present, the child will be able to attend the camp reunion (if there is to be one in your area). Attending the reunion will give him a wonderful introduction to the other campers, immersing him in the spirit and tradition of camping and making him eager for summer to come.

If we can help you find the best camp, write us, picturing your child in as much detail as possible. We shall be glad to have a part in making you the unforgettable Santa who gave the unforgettable present of a summer at camp.

Address your inquiries to: Educational Counselor, The Atlantic, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

PUZZLE:



Who got the hundred million dollars?

He walked into our office seven years ago, sat down. We knew the customer. And a wonderful credit rating he had, too.

Said he wanted airplane engines. By that time blueprints were scattered all over the place.

He was taking no chances. Not one engine would he accept without testing first, stripping apart, building up again, and testing once more. Hmm!

And more. Every engine he bought would be overhauled after 15 running hours.

He didn't say so, but he must have known *we* would have ideas, too. (Lights burn all night when engineers at our place see ways to improve things we make.)

The climax was last August. The customer announced that he would allow 1,200 hours flying time from these G-E engines before an overhaul.

In other words, 80 times as many hours without overhaul as seven years ago. And today only every tenth engine is tested twice before delivery because of what has been referred to as the "perfection rate" of G-E jet engines.

Oh, yes. The hundred million dollars. With General Electric engines now giving extended service, not so many are needed. Improvements have saved the customer that much in five years.

P. S. Who's the customer? The U. S. Air Force. And what was the engine? The J-47 jet engine.

And who got the hundred million dollar saving? Who profits from more Air Force per dollar? The taxpayer, everybody. This story is one more example of what happens where research men and engineers are at work. Products gain in efficiency, do more. New products emerge, and the public is always the gainer.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Scholar, author, and teacher, JACQUES BARZUN was born and schooled in France, came to this country in 1919, was naturalized in 1933, and has been teaching history at Columbia University for more than two decades. A writer for the periodical press since the age of seventeen, he has published a dozen volumes of scholarship and social comment. His latest work, to appear in early spring, is God's Country and Mine, which he calls "a declaration of love spiced with a few harsh words."

ENGLISH AS SHE'S NOT TAUGHT

by JACQUES BARZUN

AT an educational conference held in Vancouver last summer, leaders of the Canadian school system generally agreed that from half to three quarters of their students in the first year of college were incompetent in grammar, syntax, and analysis of thought. What was notable in the discussion was that nearly every participant used the English language with uncommon force and precision. Any looseness or jargon heard there came from the three American guests, of whom I was one. Most of our hosts — Canadian teachers, principals, supervisors, and university instructors — had obviously gone through the mill of a classical education; the chairman made a mild pun involving Latin and was rewarded with an immediate laugh. Yet they declared themselves unable to pass on their linguistic accomplishment to the present school generation, and they wanted to know why.

In the United States the same complaint and inquiry has been endemic, commonplace, for quite a while. You come across it in the papers. You hear parents, school people, editors and publishers, lawyers and ministers, men of science and of business, lamenting the fact that their charges or their offspring or their employees can neither spell nor write "decent English." The deplorers blame the modern progressive school or the comics or TV; they feel that in school and outside, something which they call discipline is lacking, and they vaguely connect

this lack with a supposed decline in morality, an upsurge of "crisis." Like everything else, bad English is attributed to our bad times, and the past (which came to an end with the speaker's graduation from college) is credited with one more virtue, that of literary elegance.

The facts seem to me quite different, the causes much more tangled, and the explanation of our linguistic state at once more complex and less vague. For many years now I have been concerned with the art of writing and kept busy at the invidious task of improving other people's utterance, and I cannot see that performance has deteriorated. The level is low but it has not fallen. As a reader of history I am steadily reminded that the writing of any language has always been a hit-and-miss affair. Here is Amos Barrett, our chief source on the battles of Concord and Lexington: "It went long before their was other minit Compneys . . . We marched Down about a mild or a mild half and we see them acomming . . ." and so on. An illiterate New England farmer? Not so, since he could write; he had been taught and in some way represents "the past." The question he poses is, how do people write who are not professionals or accomplished amateurs? The answer is: badly, at all times.

Writing is at the very least a knack, like drawing or being facile on the piano. Because everybody can speak and form letters, we mistakenly suppose that good, plain, simple writing is within everybody's

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power. Would we say this of good, straightforward, accurate drawing? Would we say it of melodic sense and correct, fluent harmonizing at the keyboard? Surely not. We say these are "gifts." Well, so is writing, even the writing of a bread-and-butter note or a simple public notice; and this last suggests that something has happened within the last hundred years to change the relation of the written word to daily life.

Whether it is the records we have to keep in every business and profession or the ceaseless communicating at a distance which modern transport and industry require, the world's work is now unmanageable, unthinkable, without *literature*. Just see how many steps you can take without being confronted with something written or with the necessity of writing something yourself. Having been away for a couple of weeks during the summer, I find a bill from the window washer, who luckily came on a day when the cleaning woman was in the apartment. He has therefore scribbled below the date: "The windows have been cleaned Wed. 12:30 P.M. Your maid was their to veryfey the statement" — perfectly clear and adequate. One can even appreciate the change of tenses as his mind went from the job just finished to the future when I would be reading this message from the past.

Call this bad writing if you like, it remains perfectly harmless. The danger to the language, if any, does not come from such trifles. It comes rather from the college-bred millions who regularly write and who in the course of their daily work circulate the prevailing mixture of jargon, cant, vogue words, and loose syntax that passes for prose. And the greater part of this verbiage is published, circulated, presumably read. A committee won't sit if its drivelings are not destined for print. Even an interoffice memo goes out in sixteen copies and the schoolchildren's compositions appear verbatim in a mimeographed magazine. Multiply these cultural facts by the huge number of activities which (it would seem) exist only to bombard us with paper, and you have found the source of the belief in a "decline" in writing ability — no decline at all, simply the infinite duplication of dufferism. This it is which leads us into false comparisons and gloomy thoughts.

2

THE apparent deterioration of language is a general phenomenon which is denounced throughout Western Europe. One had only to read the Catalogue of the British Exhibition of 1951 to see the common symptoms in England. Sir Ernest Gowers's excellent little book of a few years earlier, *Plain Words*, was an attempt to cure the universal disease in one congested spot, the Civil Service, which is presumably the most highly educated professional group in Britain.

In France, the newspapers, the reports of Parliamentary debates, and the literary reviews show to what extent ignorance of forms and insensitivity to usage can successfully compete against a training obsessively aimed at verbal competence. And by way of confirmation, M. Jean Delorme, a native observer of the language in French Canada, recently declared the classic speech "infected" on this side of the Atlantic too. As for Germany, a foreign colleague and correspondent of mine, a person of catholic tastes and broad judgment, volunteers the opinion that "people who cultivate good pure German are nowadays generally unpopular, especially among the devotees of newspaper fiction and articles. The universal barbarism of language has already gone well into the grotesque."

So much for the democratic reality. But great as has been the effect of enlarged "literacy," it does not alone account for what is now seen as linguistic decadence. The educated, in fact the leaders of modern thought, have done as much if not more to confuse the judgment. For what is meant by the misnomer "pure speech" is simply a habit of respect toward usage, which insures a certain fixity in vocabulary, forms, and syntax. Language cannot stand still, but it can change more or less rapidly and violently. During the last hundred years, nearly every intellectual force has worked, in all innocence, against language. The strongest, science and technology, did two damaging things: they poured quantities of awkward new words into the language and this in turn persuaded everybody that each new thing must have a name, preferably "scientific." These new words, technical or commercial, were fashioned to impress, an air of profundity being imparted by the particularly scientific letters *k*, *x*, and *o* = Kodak, Kleenex, Sapolio. The new technological words that came in were sinful hybrids like "electrocute" and "triphilian," or misunderstood phrases like "personal equation," "*n*th degree," or "psychological moment" — brain addlers of the greatest potency.

The passion for jargon was soon at its height, from which it shows no sign of descending. Every real or pseudo science poured new verbiage into the street, every separate school or -ism did likewise, without shame or restraint. We can gauge the result from the disappearance of the Dictionary properly so called. Consult the most recent and in many ways the best of them, *Webster's New World Dictionary*, and what you find is a miniature encyclopedia filled with the explanation of initials, proper names, and entries like "macrosporangium" or "abhenry," which are not and never will be words of the English language.

Under the spate of awe-inspiring vocables, the layman naturally felt that he too must dignify his doings and not be left behind in the race for prestige. Common acts must suggest a technical process. Thus we get "contact" and "funnel" as work-

aday verbs — and “process” itself: “we’ll process your application” — as if it were necessary to name the steps or choices of daily life with scientific generality. I know a young businessman who makes jottings of his business thoughts; when he has enough on one topic he *folderizes* them.

What is wrong with all this is not merely that it is new, heedless, vulgar, and unnecessary (all signs of harmful vice in a language) but that jargon swamps thought. The habit of talking through cant words destroys the power of seeing things plain. “I’ll contact you to finalize the agreement.” What does it mean? The drift is plain enough, but compare: “I’ll call at your office to sign the contract.” The former raises no clear image or expectation, the latter does. Moreover, the former smells of inflated ego, it fills the mouth in a silly bumptious way.

But who cares? Why fuss? — good questions both. Nobody cares much because — we all think — it’s the deed (or the thing) that counts, not the words. This conviction, too, is a product of modern technology, and its effect is great though unremarked. The power of words over nature, which has played such a role in human history, is now an exploded belief, a dead emotion. Far from words controlling things, it is now things that dictate words. As soon as science was able to chop up the physical world and recombine it in new forms, language followed suit; and this not only among scientists making up new vocables, but among the supposed guardians of the language, the poets and men of letters. It is highly significant that around 1860 writers deliberately began to defy usage and turn syntax upside down. Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear made good fun with it; “obscure” poets such as Rimbaud sought new depths of meaning. There was in this a strong impulse to destroy all convention, for Victorian moralism had made the idea of conventionality at once suspect and hateful. The revolt succeeded and its spirit is still alive; novelty-hunting is now a linguistic virtue, or to express it differently, a common influence is at work in Jabberwocky and James Joyce, in the scientist’s lingo and in the advertiser’s “Dynaflow,” “Hydramatic,” or “Frigidaire” — which end by becoming household words. In short, modern man is feeling his oats as the manipulator of objects and he shows it in his manhandling of words.

This helps to explain why the predominant fault of the bad English encountered today is not the crude vulgarism of the untaught but the blithe irresponsibility of the taught. The language is no longer regarded as a common treasure to be hoarded and protected as far as possible. Rather, it is looted from the enemy to be played with, squandered, plastered on for one’s adornment. Literary words imperfectly grasped, meanings assumed from bare inspection, monsters spawned for a trivial cause — these are but a few of the signs of squandering. To give examples: the hotel clerk giving me a good

room feels bound to mention the well-known person whom “we last hospitalized in that room.” Not to lag behind Joyce, the advertiser bids you “slip your feet into these easy-going *leisuals* and breathe a sigh of real comfort.”

Undoubtedly these strange desires are often born of the need to ram an idea down unwilling throats. We all fear our neighbor’s wandering attention and try to keep him awake by little shocks of singularity, or again by an overdose of meaning. Unfortunately, novelty-hunting proceeds from the known to the unknown by a leap of faith. “It was pleasant,” writes the author of very workmanlike detective stories, “to watch her face and find his resentment *vitate* as he made excuses for her.”

3

THE notable fact is that all this occurs in printed books, written by writers, published (usually) by first-rate firms that employ editors. In speech, the same blunders and distortions come from educated people. It is all very well to say, as one expert has confidently done, that “what certain words really mean is moving toward what they seem to mean,” the implication being that after a while everything will be in place. Actually, this leaves meaning nowhere, if only because we’re not all moving in step. The *New Yorker* spotted a movie theater sign on which “adultery” was used to mean “adulthood.” From an English periodical I learn that some new houses “*affront* the opposite side of the street.” If Mrs. Malaprop is going to become the patron saint of English, what is going to prevent “contention” from meaning the same thing as “contentment” or the maker of woodcuts from being called a woodcutter?

There is no getting around it: meaning implies convention, and the discovery that meanings change does not alter the fact that when convention is broken misunderstanding and chaos are close at hand. Mr. Churchill has told how Allied leaders nearly came to blows because of the single word “table,” a verb which to the Americans meant dismiss from the discussion, whereas to the English, on the contrary, it meant put on the agenda. This is an extraordinary instance, and the vagaries of those who pervert good words to careless misuse may be thought more often ludicrous than harmful. This would be true if language, like a great maw, could digest anything and dispose of it in time. But language is not a kind of ostrich. Language is alive only by a metaphor drawn from the life of its users. Hence every defect in the language is a defect in somebody.

For language is either the incarnation of our thoughts and feelings or a cloak for their absence. When the ordinary man who has prepared a report on sales up to June 30 rumbles on about “the frame of reference in which the coördination campaign

was conceived," he is filling the air with noises, not thoughts.

For self-protection, no doubt, the contemporary mind is opposed to all this quibbling. It speaks with the backing of popular approval when it says: "Stop it! You understand perfectly well what all these people mean. Don't be a dirty purist looking under the surface and meddling with democratic self-expression." To haggle over language *is* quibbling, of course. All precision is quibbling, whether about decimals in mathematics or grains of drugs in prescriptions — fairly important quibbles. The question is whether in language the results justify the quibble. Well, the public is here the best judge, and it is evident that as a consumer of the written word, the public is always complaining that it cannot understand what it is asked to read: the government blanks, the instructions on the bottle or gadget, the gobbledygook of every trade, the highbrow jargon of the educators, psychiatrists, and social workers, and — one must also add — the prose of literary critics. The great cry today is for improved communication, mass communication, the arts of communication, and yet under the pretext of being free and easy and above quibbling, those who do the most talking and writing indulge themselves in the very obscurities and ambiguities that cause the outcry.

They are abetted, moreover, by another offspring of the scientific spirit, the professional student of language. In his modern embodiment, the linguist takes the view that whatever occurs in anybody's speech is a fact of language and must not be tampered with, but only caught in flight and pinned on a card. This is "scientific detachment," and it has gone so far that under its influence in many schools all the categories of grammar, syntax, and rhetoric have been discarded. The modern way to learn English or a foreign language is to absorb a phrase-by-phrase enumeration of all that might conceivably be said in ordinary talk — a directory instead of a grammar.

This brings us back to our first difficulty, how to teach the millions the use of their mother tongue *in composition*. We have made nearly everybody literate in the sense of able to read and write words. But that is not writing. Even those who profess disdain for the literary art and the literary quibbles respond automatically to good writing, which they find unexpectedly easy to read and retain, mysteriously "pleasant" as compared with their neighbors' matted prose. The linguists themselves pay lip service to "effective" speech, approving the end while forbidding discrimination among the means.

Now many thousands of people in the United States today exercise this discrimination; there is amid the garbage a steady supply of good writing, modestly done and published — in every newspaper and magazine, over TV and radio, in millions of ads

and public notices, in railroad timetables, travel booklets, and printed instructions on objects of daily use. Good writing is good writing wherever it occurs, and some of the impugned comics which are supposed to defile the native well of English in our young are far better than acceptable.

It is therefore idle and erroneous to condemn "the newspapers" or "the radio" en masse. Here too one must discriminate, and the failure to do so is one cause of the trouble — the strange cultural trait whose origin I have sketched and which makes us at once indifferent to our language, full of complaints about it, and irresponsible about mangling it still more. In these conditions people who write well learn to do so by virtue of a strong desire, developed usually under necessity: their job requires lucidity, precision, brevity. If they write advertising copy they must not only make it fit the space but make the words yield the tone.

Tone — that is the starting point of any teaching in composition. What effect are you producing and at what cost of words? The fewer the words, and the more transparent they are, the easier they will be to understand. The closer the ideas they stand for and the more natural their linkage, the more easily will the meaning be retained. Simple in appearance, this formula is yet extremely difficult to apply, and even more arduous to teach. You cannot work on more than one pupil at a time and you must be willing to observe and enter into his mind. On his part, the discipline calls for a thorough immersion in the medium. He must form the habit of attending to words, constructions, accents, and etymologies in everything he reads or hears — just as the painter unceasingly notes line and color and the musician tones. The would-be writer has the harder task because words are entangled with the business of life and he must stand off from it to look at them, hearing at the same time their harmonies and discords. It is an endless duty, which finally becomes automatic. The ideal writer would mentally recast his own death sentence as he was reading it — if it was a bad sentence.

4

Now such a discipline cannot be imposed from without, and not everybody needs it in full. But its principle, which suffices for ordinary purposes, should be made clear to every beginner, child or adult. Unfortunately, the school system, even when progressive, makes writing an irrational chore approached in the mood of rebellion. The school does this in two ways: by requiring length and by concentrating on correctness. I know very well that correctness was supposedly given up long ago. The modern teacher does not mention it. But if the teacher marks spelling and grammatical errors and speaks of little else, what is a child to think? He gets a mark with the comment "imaginative" or

"not imaginative enough" and most often: "too short," and he is left with no more idea of composition than a cow in a field has of landscape painting. How *does* one judge the right length and get it out of a reluctant brain? Nobody answers, except perhaps with the word "creative," which has brought unmerited gloom to many a cheerful child. Who can be creative on demand, by next Tuesday, and in the requisite amount? In all but a few chatter-boxes, mental frostbite is the only result.

Meanwhile the things that are teachable, the ways of translating the flashes of thought into consecutive sentences, are neglected. They have been, most often, neglected in the teachers themselves. How do *they* write or speak, what do *they* read? If they read and write educational literature, as they often must for advancement, are they fit to teach composition? And what of the teachers of other subjects, whose professional jargon also infects their speech, what is their countervailing effect on a child to whom a good English teacher has just imparted a notion of the writer's craft? Suppose the teacher of a course on family life has just been reading *Social Casework* and his mind is irradiated with this: "Familial societality is already a settled question biologically, structured in our inherited bodies and physiology, but the answer to those other questions are not yet safely and irrevocably anatomized." Unless this is immediately thrown up like the nux vomica it is, it will contaminate everybody it touches from pupil to public — in fact the whole blooming familial societality.

The cure is harsh and likely to be unpopular, for it must start with self-denial. It can be initiated by the school but it must not stop there. As many of us as possible must work out of our system, first, all the vogue words that almost always mean nothing but temporary vacancy of mind — such words as "basic," "major," "over-all," "personal," "values," "exciting" (everything from a new handbag to a new baby); then all the wormy expressions indicative of bad conscience, false modesty, and genteelism, as in: "Frankly, I don't know too much about it" — a typical formula which tries through candor and whining to minimize ignorance while claiming a kind of merit for it; finally, all the tribal adornments which being cast off may disclose the plain man we would like to be: no frames of reference, field theories, or apperception protocols; no texture, prior to, or in terms of; and the least amount of coördination, dynamics, and concepts.

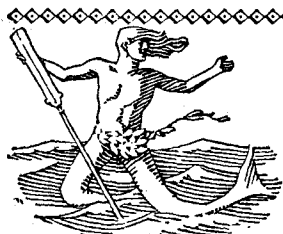
After the vocabulary has been cleansed, the patient is ready for what our Canadian friends at the Vancouver conference deplored the lack of in the modern undergraduate: analysis of thought. To show what is meant and let criticism begin at home,

I choose an example from a New York City report of 1952 entitled "The English Language Arts." It begins: "Because language arts or English is so —" Stop right there! What are language arts? — A perfectly unnecessary phrase of the pseudo-scientific kind which tries to "cover." Besides, "language arts or English" is nonsense: ever hear of another language? Moreover, "language arts . . . is" doesn't sound like a happy opening for a report by and to English teachers. Let us go on: English is so what? Well, "language arts or English is so intimately connected with all knowledge and all living, it is the subject which most often bursts the dikes separating it from others." What do you mean, language is *connected* with living? And how does English connect with *all* knowledge and *all* living? Is the practical knowledge of the Russian engineer intimately connected with English? Do the amoebas speak English? And if this intimacy does exist, then what are these dikes that separate English from other subjects? Are these subjects not part of "all knowledge" with which English is connected — or rather, of which it too is a part?

Cruel work, but necessary if anything akin to thought is to arise from the written word. The Neanderthal glimmer from which the quoted sentence sprang is irrecoverable but its developed form should run something like this: "English, being a medium of communication, cannot be confined within set limits like other subjects; to the peoples whose speech it is, all theoretical knowledge, and indeed most of life, is inseparable from its use."

And this is so true that it justifies the operation just performed on the specimen of non-thought. For although it is possible to think without words and to communicate by signs, our civilization depends, as I said before, on the written word. Writing is embodied thought, and the thought is clear or muddy, graspable or fugitive, according to the purity of the medium. Communication means one thought held in common. What could be more practical than to try making that thought unmistakable?

As for the receiver, the reader, his pleasure or grief is in direct proportion to the pains taken by the writer; to which one can add that the taking of pains brings its special pleasure. I do not mean the satisfaction of vanity, for after a bout of careful writing one is too tired to care; I mean the new perceptions — sensuous or intellectual or comic — to be had all day long in one's encounters with language. Imagine the fun people miss who find nothing remarkable in the sentence (from Sax Rohmer): "The woman's emotions were too tropical for analysis"; or who, trusting too far my disallowance of "contact" as a verb, miss the chance of using it at the hottest, stickiest time of year: "On a day like this, I wouldn't contact anybody for the world."



The Atlantic Serial



A wandering Englishman whose gift of languages and whose audacity remind one of Lawrence of Arabia, PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR was the British Commando who during the war commanded the operation which ambushed, captured, and evacuated General Kreipe, German Commander of the Sebastopol Division in Crete. His book, The Traveller's Tree, a journey through the Caribbean Islands, was awarded the Heinemann Foundation Prize for 1950 and a Kemsley Prize. Now from that same rich and storied background comes this gay and original short novel which the Atlantic is happy to publish in three installments.

THE VIOLINS OF SAINT-JACQUES

by PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

1

LITTLE distinguishes the history of the small island from that of the other French Windward and Leeward Isles except that less is known about it. Saint-Jacques was originally inhabited by the Arawak Indians, later by the fierce Caribs who mounted the island chain in dugout canoes, defeated and devoured the Arawak men, and then married their widows in their usual brisk way. Columbus discovered it on his second voyage and annexed it to the Spanish crown. The Carib name of Twahleiba — the Snake — derived from the terrible trigonocephalus that infested it in swarms, was changed, and the island was christened in honor of the great Spanish saint of Compostella on the vigil of whose feast the island was captured. *Santiago de los Vientos Alizos*, they pricked it down on those early charts; Saint James of the Trade Winds. (Later on it was facetiously known, in the cant of the English filibusters who haunted the inlets of the northern coast, as Jack of All Trades and occasionally, in chanties that are seldom heard nowadays, as Tradey Jack.)

The small island was neglected by Spain, settled by a certain chevalier Hypolite-Hercule du Plessis, an illegitimate kinsman of Richelieu, and annexed to France. Plessis, after whom the capital was named, exterminated the stiff-necked Caribs, imported the first slaves from Africa, and summoned and enfeoffed a swarm of penniless cadets of noble French families from Normandy, Brittany, Gascony, and the Vendée to colonize the island; and in its small way Saint-Jacques soon rivaled Saint-

Domingue and Martinique in prosperity. Rumbold and his West Indian Light Fencibles captured it in the Seven Years' War, and until the Revolution the Union Jack flew from a beautiful little Palladian government house. The English were thrown out at the time of the Convention. During the Terror the guillotine was set up in the Place Hercule, but when the bright blade descended and the first royalist head fell into the basket, a cry of horror burst from the silent throng of Negroes. Breaking through the cordon of guards, they tore the instrument to bits, and the guillotine was never re-erected in Saint-Jacques. A tumultuous period ensued. Order was restored during the Consulate and Saint-Jacques des Alizés thereafter followed the same quiet course as the other French Antilles.

Little was known about Saint-Jacques in the rest of the archipelago; in fact the very name — except for the fabulous beauty of its mountains and forests, the island's richness in sugar cane, rum, molasses, and indigo, the elegance of the old buildings, the charm of the inhabitants and the *brio* with which they availed themselves of the slightest pretext for enjoyment and celebration — seems to have slipped the attention of travelers.

It was in another island, thousands of miles from the Antilles, that I met the person who was to bring to life this vanished world, and especially that baleful and culminating night that singles it out from oblivion.

I first came upon Berthe de Rennes under an

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umbrella pine on a headland in Mitylene two years ago. She was sitting on a rock with a cigarette in one hand and in the other a brush with which she painted in the blue-veined shadows of the Asia Minor coast (which lay just over the water) on a block of cartridge paper propped on an easel. She wore a blue cotton dress and sandals and her gray hair was uncompromisingly arranged. Her intelligent, hawkish, and most distinguished face was shaded by one of those broad wicker hats the Aegean peasants wear in summer. I assumed she was somewhere in her fifties and was surprised to learn, later on, that she was well over seventy. Seeing me hunting in vain for a match, she threw me her lighter to catch — a rough peasant one with a dangling foot and a half of orange wick — almost without looking away from her picture. We were soon in conversation. She talked a lively, descriptive, rather racy French, and her English was of a fluent Edwardian kind scattered with expressions obsolete long enough to be full of charm. Her tales of life in Mitylene, and later on her reminiscences of Fiji and Rarotonga, Corsica and the Balearics, and finally, to my redoubled interest, of the Caribbean from which I had just come back, were interjected every now and then by a deep and oddly attractive laugh with a slight rasp in it, and it soon became clear that she was an excellent mimic. She had a very beautiful voice.

As she talked she went on painting with an unerring competence, screwing her eyes up in aquiline glances at the fading Lydian hills. There was nothing vague or old-maidish about the picture. Bold, fluid pen strokes outlined the trees and the mountains, the forest of caique masts below and the distant villages. They were depicted with a swift and rather out-of-date precision and then filled in with sweeping washes of water color rather in the manner of Edward Lear. When it became too dark to paint, an antelope-eyed girl approached on bare feet over the pine needles and began to collect her painting things. "What a goose that girl is!" Mademoiselle de Rennes sighed. "I tell her every day not to come, but she turns up just the same. She seems to think I'm a hundred." Our paths lay in opposite directions but before we separated she asked me to come to luncheon at her little house next day and "take pot luck." I watched them disappear through the olive groves. Mademoiselle de Rennes was taller standing than I had suspected. Phrosoula padded beside her holding the Asia Minor landscape as though it were a processional ikon.

Drinking a last ouzo before a lonely dinner on the waterfront, I asked the waiter about the French lady who lived outside the town. He sat down at once. "Kyria Mpertha? She has traveled the whole world over and seen everything. It must be about twenty years ago that she settled here to teach the young ladies of the island French and how to draw and play the piano." His fingers rattled along an

imaginary keyboard. "She was very poor then but she still does it a bit, out of pleasure, as it were. And they say she is a wonderful teacher. And intelligent and energetic! Like gunpowder! Everybody likes her, from the governor to the bootblack. And she won't stand any nonsense. We had a bad town clerk here once who quarreled with her, the fool. You should have seen how quickly she got rid of him! *Po, po, po!* He vanished faster than the dew. She has got more to her than most of the people you see about the place in trousers."

2

MADemoiselle DE RENNES lived in a white, thick-walled island house surrounded by flowers in ribbed white amphorae and by pots of marjoram and basil. The headland on which it rested overlooked a steep bay and a wide stretch of the Aegean bounded on the east by the watersheds of Anatolia and to the south by the floating ghosts of Samos and Chios. Mademoiselle de Rennes, with heavy horn-rimmed glasses across the high bridge of her nose, was reading in a deck chair under a vine trellis. Phrosoula, the girl of the evening before, soon appeared carrying a table that was already laid, and "pot luck" turned out to be the best meal I had eaten for months. The wine, too, from the surrounding vineyards which Mademoiselle de Rennes had tended for years, was excellent. The conversation ranged all over the world once more, but even under the shade of this trellis, the afternoon was soon so hot and sleepy that I gratefully accepted my hostess's offer of a room for a siesta.

After the sunlight the inside of the house seemed pitch dark and it took a minute for my eyes to acclimatize themselves. My room was empty except for a bed and a large, faded painting, obviously by my hostess. It was the picture of a volcanic island painted from a ship or a raft a few furlongs out to sea. Beyond the swarming sloops and schooners and a white paddle steamer a long quay stretched, where turbaned Negresses presided over stalls of tropical fruit under brilliant awnings. Beyond this lay a main street where carriages of every kind plied up and down. Women with parasols and men in boaters and top hats were poised in cushioned aloofness over the thin-spoked wheels. Below them bustled a swarm of Negroes with pyramids of fruit or bright green sheaves of sugar cane on their heads. All were dominated by a scattered population, hoisted high on their rococo pedestals, of gray and gravely gesticulating statues. Further back still, beyond a row of elaborate gasoliers, arcaded streets receded in vistas that climbed the hillside through successive strata of eighteenth-century terraces. Their balustrades were lined with urns and statuettes, and awnings shaded many of the windows. The bells of half a dozen church towers were suspended in wrought-iron hampers above roofs of

semicircular rose-colored tiles, and at the summit of the little metropolis, corresponding to a bastion and a lighthouse at the end of the mole, the round tower of a fort aimed cannon from its battlements like the truncated radii of a compass. A tricolor fluttered from the flagpole; slender palm stems raised pretty pale green mops; a froth of creeper and hibiscus overflowed the walls. Above the town, a tropical forest rose in a cone, hiding to its crater the steep and concave flanks of a volcano from whose blunt apex curled a languid blue-gray banner of smoke.

"It's the last thing I painted in the Antilles," said Mademoiselle Berthe as she closed the shutters. "It's not too bad."

When she had left I looked at it more closely. In one corner the signature was neatly inscribed in ink: *B. de Rennes, 1902*, and in the other, to my suddenly heightening excitement: *Fort du Plessis, Le Mouillage et la Salpêtrière, Saint-Jacques des Alizés*. Outside, the scraping of the cicadas rose and fell and a single arrow of sunlight, penetrating the cool shuttered gloom, sent a bright shaft across the towers and statues of Plessis. By the time that I fell asleep in a mood of vague conjecture about the mysterious little town, the trajectory of its aim had slanted upward to the Salpêtrière's smoking cone.

3

DURING the next two weeks, not a day passed without my calling at least once on Mademoiselle Berthe. I would walk along the shore and bathe in the late afternoon and climb to her terrace at ouzo time. Often I stayed to dinner and we would talk till late. She was delightful company and the distant Caribbean island I had never seen, but which she described so lucidly, remains far clearer in retrospect than the beautiful Aegean one in which we were sitting. Berthe seemed to enjoy these long sessions and the chance of talking to someone who had a slight knowledge of the distant waters where much of her youth had been spent. She had a gift for conversational autobiography and I soon had a clear outline of her life.

She belonged to an old and impoverished *chouan* family of the lower Vendée. An only child, she was brought up in a semicastellated manor house in that flat green region. Her father, an ex-colonel in the colonial cavalry, died before she had grown up and left her in the care of an equally impoverished aunt, a lay canoness living in Paris. Unwilling to be a burden on her, she accepted the offer of a distant relation to act as governess to his children in the faraway Caribbean island of Saint-Jacques. She had never met these *cousins à la mode de Bretagne*, but she made ready without hesitation, caught the packet from Le Havre to Guadeloupe, where she took the fortnightly paddle steamer — the same that appeared in the picture — to Plessis: no mean

feat for a girl of eighteen in the 1890s. The entire Serindan family was waiting for her on the quay: a handsome middle-aged couple, a tall boy in his early teens, three girls in huge hats ranging downward at varying intervals, and a little boy. A voluminous Negress held him by the hand and a mongoose's head peered out of the collar of his sailor suit. They all kissed her and called her "Cousine Berthe" and the little boy gave her his mongoose to hold. Negro servants hoisted her meager luggage onto their heads and trotted away, and the party piled into an immense landau. A smart Negro coachman cracked his whip and away they bowled up the steep main street.

I could never tire of hearing her stories about the life of the island. She stayed in Saint-Jacques six years and, had the fortunes of the island turned out more propitiously, she might have been there still. She was entirely happy. Her descriptions were illustrated by a number of commonplace books and albums of sketches and paintings which she had filled, apparently, for the amusement of her old aunt in Paris, dispatching each one on its completion, and receiving them all back years later on her aunt's death. There were about a dozen, and, at my entreaty, she had fished them out of a trunk and lent them to me. How much more alive and revealing they were than the single photograph album which had also survived! There was one photograph, however, to which I often turned back: one of Berthe herself, a slim girl in a riding habit buttoned up to the neck in the fashion of Winterhalter's heroines of a few decades earlier. Her gloved hands were folded over an elegant riding switch. A preposterous curly-brimmed billycock, nesting behind on a heavy golden coil of plaits, was tilted forward over slightly frowning brows and wide eyes set in a grave and lovely face. The photograph had faded to the pallor of khaki drill and insects had freckled it with little holes; yet the fine bone structure was unmistakably that of the slightly sardonic but still rather beautiful features opposite, which the summer sun had scorched.

The sketchbooks covered the entire life of the island. All the fine buildings of the capital were there; views of savanna and volcanic ravine and stifling forest; punctilious flower paintings of hibiscus and balisier, of looping lianas, tree ferns, and dark branches where the night-flowering cereus grew. As I listened and slowly turned the pages, the life of this happy, patrician, slightly provincial minority, into the heart of which Mademoiselle Berthe had suddenly been propelled, took shape. How leisurely and remote it all sounded! The cohorts of Negro servants, the balls and the races, the long rides in cavalcades twenty or thirty strong; the picnics by the ever-smoldering cone of the Salpêtrière, the love affairs and quarrels and duels and reconciliations and marriages; the glimmering in-

door life of the rainy season; the lazy afternoons in hammocks slung between mango trees and the hot nights under milky pavilions of muslin.

The Serindans were drawn so often and Berthe described them in such lucid detail that I soon felt I had known them all for a long time. The family, and indeed the whole of Saint-Jacques, was benevolently dominated by her distant cousin, Count Raoul-Agénor-Marie-Gaëtan de Serindan de la Charce-Fontenay (Berthe smiled as she repeated the prodigious name), the owner of Beauséjour, which was the richest and largest of the Jacobean estates. The Count de Serindan was a descendant of Plessis in the female line, and, though a scorner of Napoleon (and, for that matter, of the Orléans family, which, he often declared, were a band of upstarts and a disgrace to the House of France), he would frequently mention his kinship with Josephine de Tascher of near-by Martinique, the victim of that lamentable Corsican *mésalliance*; and old prints of the ruins of La Pagerie hung on the walls. The news of the death of the Comte de Chambord had struck the Count's ears like a knell and a black crape ribbon still adorned a lily shield in his study.

4

THE Serindans were related to all the French families of the archipelago and their affiliations spread as far afield as the Guianas and Louisiana and Quebec; even to Nova Scotia — or rather, as he still insisted on calling it, to Acadie. Their position in Saint-Jacques was Olympian. The church at Beauséjour, which had been unroofed by a score of hurricanes and a score of times roofed over again, was walled and paved with memorial slabs, each topped by a stone helmet with its frozen foliage of manteling and the emblems of dead Serindans. The orgulous record of their gestures — the carnage they had wrought among the Caribs and the English, their Christian virtues, the multitude of their progeny, their valor in attack and their impavid patience in adversity, the suavity of their manners, the splendor of their munificence, and their pious ends — was incised with a swirling seventeenth-century duplication of long S's and a cumulative nexus of dog-Latin superlatives that hissed from the shattered slabs like baskets full of snakes.

In company with the other creole landowners the Count was not only exaggeratedly vain of his family's long history in the island and its total freedom from any colored admixture — though not all of them, Berthe darkly interjected, could be equally sure on this head — but of its freedom from unarmigerous alliances. Again like his Jacobean compeers, he had frequent outbursts against the Third Republic — a band, he would affirm, flinging both hands into the air, of robbers, atheists, freemasons, Jacobins, traitors, and (at the beginning of the

Affaire) filthy Dreyfusards. He had even been known to box one of his children's ears for whistling the "Marseillaise."

Both his sons were destined for the army, and he himself had achieved some distinction in the Franco-Prussian War. He had finally, at the unanimous insistence of his fellow islanders, accepted the position of mayor of Plessis; but he had only given in after a siege lasting half as long again as that of Troy, and he had always managed, somehow, to avoid donning the tricolor sash. (His first action as mayor had been to design and erect the magnificent gasoliers along the arcaded waterfront. Each little quincunx of white glass globes was held aloft by the spiraling and intertwining tails of five cast-iron dolphins: a measure which, in the eyes of his all-proud fellow islanders, converted their little capital into the glory of the Antilles.) Fountains and drinking troughs rose in abundance, Jacobean holidays assumed a new momentum, and the life of the island profited by numerous solid benefits to which the Count himself liberally contributed. But his many pictures by Berthe — on horseback, asleep in a rocking chair with a cigar and a wide hat tipped over his nose, and, once, slightly absurdly, in a tail coat with a Knight of Malta's cross round his neck — depicted someone different from the forbidding traditionalist one might suppose. Page after page revealed a tall, handsome man with a forked beard and hair growing thin on top, often in disorder; loose tropical clothes, a flowing *lavallière* tie, and an expression of candid and almost childish good humor. For, when nothing occurred to arouse his political bias, all rancor would deflate and the most transparent benignity would take its place.

All his life, indeed, had been devoted to pleasure, and his passion for every kind of sport, his skill at light verses, and his mania for amateur theatricals made him the natural center of the island festivities. He performed competently on half a dozen instruments, on the violin almost with virtuosity. He grasped any pretext for giving holidays to his Negroes, often organizing and participating in these rustic occasions himself. His kindness and generosity were famous and he was an object of affection, suitably tempered with awe, to the whole population.

The Count's sympathy for the colored majority during his younger days was solidly proved in his maturity by the features of many of the mulattoes on his estates and in his houses. The paler complexions of these African faces were modified by the unmistakable Serindan stamp — "of which the most notable sign," Mademoiselle Berthe observed, "was the junction of the eyebrows over the bridge of the nose; ce qui donnait un vrai air de famille à toute la maisonnée. . . ." It was rumored that Gentilien, the grizzled, nearly omnipotent mulatto butler — a man of the Count's age who had served

in Bazaine's army in Mexico — was the result of a similar liberal expansiveness of the Count's father, who had been, by all accounts, as well as the largest slaveowner in the island, as passionate a follower of the two veneries as his son. Nothing was ever made explicit, but an almost fraternal friendship had united the two men since they were children. The Count frequently expressed his failure to understand the bad terms prevailing between planters and their laborers in less fortunate islands; "*Il ne savent pas s'y mettre*," he would observe with a shrug. In later years as a married man, his gallantries were restricted to the white race.

5

IT GOES without saying that the susceptible Count's heart, in unison with those of most of the masculine creole population of Saint-Jacques, thumped faster at the sudden vision of his beautiful and unknown cousin, and when he, like they, received a kindly but inflexible negative, his disappointment was mitigated by thankfulness for his rescue from a situation which, his natural delicacy may have told him, would have been awkward and undignified. He was quite unaccustomed to his overtures ending thus in the past and his feelings changed to admiration and affection and an almost superstitious awe of Berthe's good sense. She became his confidante and his counselor on countless matters, and earned the lasting gratitude of the Countess. Madame de Serindan was a beautiful and kindhearted creature resembling a drawing by Boldini or Helleu. Almost permanently ailing and not particularly clever, she spent much of the year at European watering places. She shared her husband's wonder at Berthe's sagacity. "They looked on me as a kind of oracle," Berthe said. Advising the Count about music and horses and the management of his estate — functions for which her upbringing had qualified her in a measure — and the Countess about servants and cooking and dressmaking, became as important a part of her new life as the bringing up of their children.

It was inevitable, too, that the fourteen-year-old Sosthène, in a slightly more articulate fashion than the blind adoration of the other children, should fall in love with her — "All of which made my task a great deal easier." (There was nothing boastful about these affirmations. They emerged more by implication as incidental illustrations to other points in her narrative than as direct speech.) Their education at the hands of some local Ursuline sisters and a resident abbé — a very nice man it seemed, but rather an old duffer, whom Madame de Serindan had summoned, to be tutor to Sosthène, from her parents' house near Vauclin in Martinique — had been adequate but uninspired. M. l'Abbé's chief activity in his old age was saying grace and acting as partner in the games of whist and picquet and

bezique which helped to fill the Countess's inexhaustible leisure. His instruction went little further than elementary Latin and the use of globes. Berthe, whose own schooling had been rather of the same kind as her charges', but carried far beyond it by the random and hungry reading of a solitary girl in the country and by a year in Paris, succeeded in changing this considerably. The girls were soon reciting long fragments of Racine and Molière, rattling away at the piano, the harp, and the guitar, and drawing and painting and composing with an erratic brilliance that was common to the whole family except the poor Countess.

In Berthe's sketchbook they emerged at first as delightful children, turning, in the years these records covered, into pale beauties with lustrous black hair and large and long-lashed violet eyes. Their natures swung with startling and unpredictable motions from a rather dreamy creole idleness to an excess of animation over which it was difficult even for the capable Berthe to have any control. Everyone else had long since abdicated. Josephine was twelve, Lucienne nine, and Solange eight. The youngest of the family, Anne-Jules, who was five when Mademoiselle de Rennes arrived, was the least tractable of all. He would vanish, in spite of threats of punishment, for hours at a time on mysterious expeditions with little Negro boys of his own age: errands usually connected with animals, which he had a passion for and a curious knack of taming.

It became plain from the number of drawings, following her slow metamorphosis from a pretty little girl into a ravishing wild-eyed creature of eighteen, that Josephine was the governess's favorite. Berthe did everything she could to conceal her preference. In time this became more than a preference and turned into a passionate friendship, protective and possessive on Berthe's side, romantic, adoring, and dependent on Josephine's. Her three years seniority to the eldest of her sisters in a measure separated her from the other girls, and as she grew older, with increasing freedom and permission to stay up late, it flung her more completely into the company of Berthe. After Sosthène's departure for France, three years after Berthe's arrival, to study for Saint Cyr (still desperately in love with his beautiful cousin and ex-governess), the two girls were seldom apart. Their friendship flourished by dint of numberless evenings sitting up late in their rooms at the top of the house. (I knew these upper regions well from the sketchbooks — the tents of mosquito netting, the crucifix on the wall with its plaited palm frond, the rosaries lying about, *images d'Épinal* cut out and stuck on the wall, a toy penguin and a couple of dolls superannuated and pensioned off on top of a cupboard; guitars and paint-boxes, and the faded bindings of the *Bibliothèque Rose*; the elaborate West Indian dressing tables, the upheaval of treetops under the windows.) Their intimacy was fostered by long rides through the

waving avenues of sugar cane and the nocturnal highwoods alive with fireflies. Everything that an idyl possesses that is most primitive and innocent seemed to surround these girls, like a Garden of Eden on the volcano's side. The Atlantic storms pounded to windward beyond the watershed, but the demesne of Beauséjour sloped peacefully down between tree-feathered canefield and parkland. It was bounded by mountains and by ravines where the distant cascades fell through the gloom of the forest like shining horsetails. Its western boundary was the calm leeward shore and the smooth sweep of the Caribbean Sea. For Berthe and Josephine it was a miraculous region suspended in space, where everything — the forests, the sea, the air, and the sunset — united in a favorable conspiracy. "All this may sound a bit silly," Mademoiselle Berthe suddenly broke off, "but it was the happiest time of my life. I asked nothing more than for it to go on forever."

6

IT DID, almost. For as long, that is, as anything was allowed to continue in Saint-Jacques. But, a few weeks before the ball in which all the island affairs culminated, something went wrong.

This was in the early years of the present century. Berthe was twenty-four and Josephine eighteen. Relations between the creole squirearchy and the government administration from France, never very cordial, had been growing steadily worse. It had not been too bad in the past, for the Governor and his staff had been content to take the advice of the creoles on most matters; and, as Saint-Jacques, unlike many of the Antilles, had long been famous for the harmony of its internal affairs, all had gone well.

But two years ago a new Governor, called Valentin Sciocca, and an entirely new staff had been appointed. It was the time when Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes were the most prominent figures in French politics, the era of the Expulsion of the Congregations and the *Affaire des Fiches*; and Sciocca, an affluent professional politician of Corsican origin — formerly implicated, it was rumored, in several shady affairs — was all that was most unacceptable to the Royalist and profoundly Catholic creoles: a radical, an anticlerical, an atheist, a suspected freemason and an open Dreyfusard. ("He was right on the last point of course, as all the world knows," said Berthe, "and the Jacobeans were wrong. But feelings ran very high at the time.") His manner and his general vulgarity, it appeared, were as disagreeable to the creoles as his political associations. What was perhaps stranger at first glance was his lack of success with the Negro population. A herald of reform and a noisy demagogue at every chance he could find for a public speech, he was politely clapped each time, but frustrated in the implementation of his measures by obstructiveness

among the black officials and among the laborers themselves. He was maddened at every turn by the reiteration of "fê dimandé ça à Messié le Comte." As the popular mayor of Plessis, the Count's position was strong. As head of the creoles and a figure beloved by the whole island, it was invincible. He availed himself of it with savage delight. It was the most exciting and satisfactory sport with which he had yet experimented and the administration of the island was soon at a standstill.

"The pity," Berthe went on, "was that Sciocca wasn't a bad fellow really. But he had the manners of a cab driver and less tact than a boot." The whole island began to suffer from this deadlock and soon the administrative body and the creoles themselves began to wish with equal fervor that the feud between the Count and the Governor would end. Something had to be done. "It was patched up in the end," Berthe continued, "partly by me, partly by the Captain."

"Haven't I told you about the Captain?" She turned the pages of a sketchbook and handed it across to me. "There you are: *Henri Joubert, capitaine de frégate en retraite, Beauséjour 1898* — the year he settled in Saint-Jacques. He was a well-known writer and poet, though few people read him now. He specialized in outlandish settings — islands, deserts, pagodas, icebergs, and so on, in a most melodramatic style. I don't expect you have ever come across any of his books — *Dans le Bled, Aurore Boréale, Crépuscule du Bosphore, Chandernagore*, and *Les Tonkinoises*. I never cared for them much, but we were all very fond of the Captain himself."

It was a very detailed sketch. The author's face, one eyesocket expanded with a ribboned eyeglass, gazed deep-eyed from the page. The hair, parted in the middle, swept away in two curling wings, and a little mustache was twisted up musketeerishly above a mouth with many curves whose benignity and humor belied the bristly overshadowing challenge. One hand, emerging from a stiff striped cuff fastened with large cameo links, trailed, limp and gloved, over a rakishly crooked knee; a long quill pen flourished from forefinger and thumb. The other elbow rested on an African drum. The forearm rose perpendicular, and the hand, the gloved ring-finger of which was adorned with a heavy signet, was twisted outward and palm upward, holding a thick cigarette in a foppish gesture.

"Poor Captain!" Berthe said. "He was charming, but in some ways rather absurd. He lived in a little house in the Negro quarter, surrounded by gongs and incense burners and narghile and a host of young Negro servants that he called 'my bronze and ebony Apollos.' They said he smoked opium and he was sometimes known as *le parfumeur* because of the cloud of exotic scents that always followed him about; and his gray hair was dyed a deep chestnut. He had a *fin de siècle* style that one

rarely meets nowadays." Berthe laughed. "He was very kind and everybody liked him, the Count especially — he was such a diverting companion and such an inventive collaborator in the conduct of *fêtes*."

The Captain was a brilliant storyteller, and the family would listen to him with the raptness of a Renaissance court. After dinner on the terrace he would entertain the Serindans for hours with tales of his far-flung adventures on the pampas, in Papua, on the Siberian tundras, or in Madagascar at the court of Queen Ranavalo. His anecdotes of literary colleagues and high life and the stage, and his imitations of Castellane and Montesquieu, of Sarah Bernhardt and Réjane and Eleanor Duse, Coquelin and Mounet-Sully, would set the Count mopping the tears of laughter from his cheeks with a large bandana handkerchief. He was an ardent bicyclist; he had been for a ride in an automobile and had even made an ascent in a balloon, the story of which the Count never tired of hearing.

But he was also — and in this dual function the Captain was unique in Saint-Jacques — a favorite at Government House. Berthe had for some time been exhorting the Count on the folly of his feud with Sciocca, and when she enrolled the Captain in her support ("Come, come, my dear Agénor, you are driving the poor man mad"), the Count gradually began to give way; the more easily as his unbroken string of victories was beginning to rob the conflict of its zest. Also, perhaps, because Madame Sciocca, a flamboyant creature from Marseilles for whom the Count had invented, without a shred of ascertainable foundation, raffish origins on the waterfront of her native town, was by no means ill-looking. The Captain tactfully proposed that, as a magnanimous gesture of forgiveness, Sciocca and his staff should be invited, for the first time since their arrival, to the Serindans' Shrove Tuesday Ball, the apex of the Jacobean carnival and the great social function of the year. The Count's united eyebrows descended in a spasm of disgust and his beard and mustache bristled like the spines of a hedgehog.

"What? Ask that animal into the house with all his Jacobin scum?"

The Captain stood up. "My dear friend," he sighed wearily, "if you were a modern Italian living in Rome instead of a Frenchman in the Caribbean, I really believe your whole life would be spent plotting the return of the Tarquins."

The Count laughed and then, with one of those sudden changes for which he was well known, he threw his hands negligently into the air and exclaimed, "Enfin! Qu'ils viennent! We can always have the house spring-cleaned next day. . . ."

"Agénor," the Captain murmured, as his gloved hand descended lightly for a moment on his host's forearm, "you are goodness in human form." Picking up his straw boater before another change could

occur, he sailed away like a dove crossing and returning to the ark with an olive twig locked in its beak.

7

MEANWHILE, in the private world of Berthe and Josephine, all had not been well. Toward the end of January, Berthe fell sick with an attack of malaria which kept her bedridden for a month. During most of this time Josephine would keep her company; rearranging her pillows, sitting by her bed, and, when Berthe was capable of listening, reading aloud. But the younger girl, who was never able to stay indoors for long, would absent herself on long rides, solitary ones now, returning later and later in the evening. As the severity of the disease abated, Berthe thought she noticed that Josephine came back from these lonely expeditions in a state of elation she found difficult to conceal. One evening she rushed into Berthe's room with shining eyes, threw her hat and whip on the sofa and then, scrambling inside the mosquito net, flung herself flat on Berthe's bed. Leaning on the pillow, she propped her chin in her hands. After gazing wildly at the invalid for a few seconds, she said: "Darling Berthe, I've got a great secret to tell you," and then, after a pause, "I've fallen in love." Berthe succeeded in hiding the sudden stab of anguish that transfixed her, and, forcing a smile, said, "I thought something had happened. Please tell me."

Josephine, it seems, had met this new figure, also on horseback, by chance on the second of her lonely rides, behind the canefields of Savanne de Rohan in the foothills of the Salpêtrière. Since then they had met every afternoon; declared their love; kissed; sworn to marry. "I knew something of the kind was bound to happen," Berthe said meditatively, "and assumed he must be the young La Tour d'Astirac of Savanne, or one of the Tharonnes of Morne Zombi, the estate beyond; perfectly eligible and proper after all, distant relations of the Serindans and admirable matches. Tiresomely, Josephine refused for a long time to tell me his name." At last, hiding her anxiety, and after endless teasing and coaxing, Berthe managed to extort a conditional answer.

"I'll tell you, Berthe darling, if you promise to keep it a secret."

"I promise."

"Well," Josephine said hesitantly, "it's Marcel Sciocca, the Governor's son."

Berthe jerked bolt upright in bed. "Josephine!" she exclaimed. "I hope this is a joke."

"By the terror of the girl's expression," Berthe said, "I must have looked as if I were about to lay hands on her. I managed to control my anger and soon understood that it was far from being a joke. 'But Josephine,' I kept asking her, 'how could it be Sciocca?'"

"For, if his father was perhaps not so bad as he

was painted, his son was horrible. He combined the appearance of a Neapolitan barber with the manner of a prize bouncer and the reputation of a crook; all of which I didn't hesitate to tell her. But no, she insisted, that was all prejudice and part of her papa's political hobbyhorse. This was odd language for her to use. She was passionately devoted to the Count. I told her as well, in the conventional way, that it would kill her father should he ever hear of it. I didn't mention my own savage feelings of jealousy in the matter but I made her promise not to see him again. It all ended in floods of tears until at last she fell asleep."

During the following weeks of Berthe's convalescence, Josephine was seldom far from her side, and everything, except for long abstracted silences on Josephine's part and a terrible anxiety on Berthe's, seemed as it had been before. Their ideas were suddenly changed by the joyful event of Sosthène's arrival from Saint Cyr, where he had had a stormy but not altogether unsuccessful career. He was due to return soon for a course at Saumur before joining a regiment of hussars. He came back with Madame de Serindan, who had been spending the winter between Paris and Contrexéville. Sosthène seemed more deeply than ever in love with Berthe, and she was submitted to an impassioned fusillade of proposals and, alternatively, to threats of suicide. Sosthène looked younger than his age, and his character was an odd and contradictory mixture of youthfulness and extreme precocity. It was plain that his ardor was no longer to be stemmed, as it had been before his departure, by telling him not to be a Silly Billy. If Berthe had consented, the Serindans would have been delighted at the match, in spite of the four years' difference in age. "But it was out of the question," Berthe concluded. "How ridiculous and rather pathetic it all seems now, and what a long time ago. . . ."

8

I KNEW the appearance and the atmosphere of the Serindan house in Plessis so well from Berthe's discourse and her innumerable sketches that it was as though I had been present at the preparations for the Shrove Tuesday Ball she so evocatively described: the great white rooms opening to each other through fluted Corinthian pillars of wood; the crowding, rather primitive portraits of dead Serindans in wigs or, later, in high collars, by Clamart, the student of Liotard; the plaster flourishes and rococo cartwheels of foliage on the ceilings; the chandeliers with their prismatic and melodiously jangling lusters, all of them bright now with innumerable candles and already the meeting place of an army of little moths, which, in advance of the guests, had fluttered in from the forest.

The Serindan house was not only the biggest in Plessis, but the highest perched. It was islanded

among ascending and descending terraces, and the balustrades were adorned with posturing graces and marble nymphs. Beyond their elegant barrier, the forest began: a huge wilderness of tangled ceibas and balisiers and tree ferns that only halted a slanting six miles beyond at the jagged crater of the Salpêtrière. The day had ended in a flaunting sunset so apocalyptic — a Last Judgment, an apotheosis, an assumption, one could have thought — that each falling ray seemed a ladder for the descending Paraclete, and Berthe almost expected to see long-shafted trumpets advance along the slanting beams from the gold and crimson clouds. Then it suddenly died away into night. The volcano had been burning for the last week or so with unaccustomed vigor. Now it hung in the dark like a bright red torch, prompting the island wiseacres, mindful of the terrible eruptions that had coincided over a century ago with the fall of the Bastille, to shake their heads. But such renewals of activity and such gloomy presages recurred every few years. Each minor overflow of lava, heralded invariably by showers of ashes and overpowering heat, was always halted by those intervening canyons known as *les chaudières* — a gray desert region of fumaroles and volcanic gas and half-fossilized trees. "Ga'dez Salpêtrière!" the Negroes said joyfully to each other, "Li pas fâché, li fait bomba pou' Ma'di Gwas, comme nous"; and the carnival drums beat vigorously all over the town. There had been not a drop of rain for many days — a rare event even in this dry season — and the Trade Winds had ceased altogether. The heat was appalling.

But nothing could repress the Count's enthusiasm on such an occasion. (The Countess, ensconced in a rocking chair, gently fanning herself in a cool little room with a pretty Clamart pastoral scene on the ceiling, had long ago resigned from such duties. Lavender- and barley-water and hartshorn stood ready on a little table. Safely embowered there among indoor shrubs, she turned over the pages of *La Mode à Paris*.) He and the Captain and Berthe were directing the decoration of the two great saloons where the dancing would take place. Negroes had been at work all day plaiting thick festoons of bougainvillia and poinsettia, and when the Captain arrived, the Count, Berthe, and Gentilien, with the children and an army of servants, were looping them from the walls to the chandeliers. The Captain's hands had gone up in horror.

"Agénor! Berthe! Gentilien! It's hideous! Pray throw those monstrosities away at once, it's worse than an English Christmas at Cape Town. Nothing but hibiscus and magnolia, I beg!"

The Count was only downcast for a moment and the work had to begin all over again. The new decorations were ready just in time. "No, *not* strung from the chandeliers but like this," the Captain insisted, "hanging in swags from the cornice and twisted in spirals round the curtains and pillars."

The result was charming. The heavy scent of the garlands mingled with that of polish and beeswax. Together they arranged the great sheaves of flowers and chose the places for the branching candelabra. (Each candle was enclosed in the swelling and waisted cylinder of a glittering hurricane glass.) Next they inspected the cold table, with its hams and its quails in aspic, the giant lobsters and crabs, the ivory pyramids of *chou coco* and *chou palmiste*, for each one of which a tall palm tree had been felled in order that the precious heart might be dislodged; the mounds of soursop and mangoes, the pineapples and sapodillas and sweetsops and granadillas and avocado pears; the cold barracks for champagne, where on banks of ice from Nova Scotia the magnums of Aï reclined in green and gold battalions; the arrays of rum and syrup jugs, the lemons and the nutmeg and the newly cut yard-long swizzle sticks for the *punch martiniquais*; the ingredients for the sorbets and sangaree were methodically laid out along a dresser. At noon the Count and Gentilien had descended the spiral to the cellars with the gravity of turnkeys, reascending from the cobwebbed catacombs (which warrenened the volcanic rock on which the house was built) like chaplains bearing a succession of fragile and wonderful reliquaries. Now the Count gazed with the tenderness of a nurse at the alcove where, like sleeping children who must come to no harm, the fabulous clarets, uncorked with almost alchemical skill, lay at rest; cradled there for the last few hours, sleepers of Ephesus all gently waking, they mingled with the Antillean air the quiet breath they had held since their infancy by far-off castles on the banks of the Garonne.

In the kitchen, urchins, sea eggs, and dwarf oysters — the last still clustering in scores on lengths of mangrove stalk — were heaped in pails. The snow-white whorls of the conch shells (each of them opening to display a pink internal helix) were arrayed like a tritons' orchestra announcing, in a silent fanfare, the later delights of *lambi flambé au rhum*. A swarm of little frogs swam agitatedly round their tank; the great shell of a turtle had already been evacuated by its lodger. Horny-backed iguanas, trussed like captured dragons, moved restlessly in their baskets. The Count stopped and gazed at them.

"What beautiful and mythical creatures!" he apostrophized. "To think that our pygmy ancestors trembled before their giant ancestors in prehistoric times!" He picked one up. Its tail swayed in uneasy protest. "And now, poor creatures, how the roles are reversed!" Stooping, he whistled a few bars from the overture to *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and soon the dragon was motionless, as though these notes had mesmerized it into an aesthetic trance. Running his finger along its jagged backbone to the tip of the slender striped tail, he replaced it with a sigh. "They love Donizetti," he said; then,

with a slight change of key, turning to the Captain: "I've discovered a new way of cooking them, Henri," he said. "Don't forget to tell me what you think of it. . . ." Outside under the mango trees a dozen Negroes turned spits on which sucking pigs were impaled over trenches of charcoal. White teeth were bared in greeting among the shadows. "Goutez ça, Messié le Comte," said one of the Negroes, snipping off a crisp ear. "Ou ka volé au pawadis!"

They returned munching to the hall, where the servants were waiting. The Count always dressed them for this dance in the liveries of his great-grandfather's time, which had been preserved in great chests in the attics. Many of them, drawn by Berthe, were familiar figures: Charlemagne, Gratien, Mignon, Ajax, Fortuné, Hyacinthe, Zénon, Félix, Théodule, Sarpedon, Numa Pompilius, Siri-aque, Clovis, and Hiram Abif, a rather secretive young man formerly apprenticed to a bricklayer; and a dozen more. They were dressed in white breeches with a bunch of ribbons at the knee, and their feet and legs were bare. Their white linen shirts had billowing sleeves and ribbons at the collar and the cuff. Broad yellow sashes bound their middles, and their torsos were enclosed in black plush boleros gallooned with gold lace. They wore golden earrings and large black and yellow turbans fastened with plumes, and round their necks hung silver plaques on chains incised with the Serindan cognizance: a shield bearing three greyhounds passant on a bend on a field of cross-crosslets within a tressure flory-counterflory.

Then the girls — Dody, Uldarix, Modestine, Lucette, Baby, La Grande Suzanne, Vénus, Eulalie, Marie Médicis, Léocade, Scholastique, Jug Betty and Joan from Antigua, Bibiane and a swarm of others — lined up giggling. Berthe and Gentilien — the latter dressed in buckled shoes and a black and gold frock coat with epaulettes and aiguillettes, his grizzled hair redundantly powdered — straightened the tall cylindrical turbans of the girls and the huge yellow and black bows down the front; puffed out a pannier here, tightened a sash there, and smoothed the pleated skirts over their bare feet. The Count beamed, exclaiming, "Charmant, mes enfants!" — a familiar mode of address which in three cases, and possibly more, was literally exact in this instance — then clapped his hands, and the girls scuttled off laughing. But the orchestra, assembled and trained by himself at Beauséjour and transported to Plessis for the Carnival, was his favorite care. He had sent for the sheet music of the most recent dance tunes from Paris, and, sitting at the piano, seizing now a violin, now a cello, he went over the difficult passages till all seemed perfect.

"Now, Henri," he said to the Captain, "it's time to change. And, I entreat you, please be here when your Metropolitan friends arrive. We shall all be lost without you."

The Captain shouted from the doorstep that he would rather be late for the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

9

UPSTAIRS in the girls' rooms, all was at sixes and sevens. A flotsam of stockings, petticoats, card-board boxes, and tissue paper smothered the beds and overflowed to the floor. Gentilien's wife, the old and bulky Fanette, who had been the *Da*, or Nanny, of the Serindan children since they were born, presided over half a dozen maids who knelt round the four girls with their mouths full of pins: taking in last-minute tucks, arranging ribbons, brushing and braiding hair. The Count had given all four of them new dresses for the ball. Berthe's was green — "They thought it went best with my fair hair" — Lucienne's pale blue, and Solange's pink. Josephine ran into Berthe's room, pirouetted on one white satin toe with a swirl of skirts, and then stood still with a look of expectancy. It was her first low dress, a stiff pagoda of white taffeta that made the warm olive skin of her shoulders and the dusky smoothness of her cheeks shine with the luster of ivory and burn with the utmost fervor of creole beauty: a warmth accentuated by the pallor of the gardenias along the corsage of her dress and the three gardenias in her blue-black hair.

"Oh, Josephine," Berthe could not help saying. "How lovely you look!"

"Do I, darling Berthe?" she answered in a gasp. "And you!" They held each other at arm's length.

"Josephine had been very excited all day," Berthe explained to me, "and I hoped she had forgotten all about her romance with M. Sciocca. She was the giddiest of the three girls and excitement at the prospect of the ball and her new dress easily accounted for her exaltation. But I could not forget that he would be there with his father, and decided to keep my eyes open. While we were gazing at each other in admiration, Anne-Jules burst into the room. 'You girls may think you're something,' he shouted, 'but you wait. I've got a surprise in here' — he pointed to a mysterious basket — 'that's going to wake everybody up!' He had been more than usually hard to find during the last week, always returning from the woods late for meals, and invariably in the company of a little black boy of his own age, Gentilien's son, Pierrot — though Anne-Jules did not know it, his own first cousin — who now hovered in the background. The other girls came running in and the boys disappeared. They were joined by Sosthène, who emerged from his room looking tall and grave in a brand-new uniform. After suitable exclamations, we joined hands and rustled down the great staircase, all feeling very proud of ourselves. Modestine, Josephine's maid, ran halfway down to give Josephine a fan that she had forgotten. We were only just in time, for the first guests were arriving as we reached the hall."

The first arrivals were cousins and neighbors; the entire vast family of La Tour d'Astirac-Belcastel of Savanne de Rohan. They streamed into the hall with kisses and exclamations of wonder at the dresses and the flowers. After that, the carriages rolled up one after the other, till the courtyard was ringing with trampling and spark-striking hooves. Wheels ground and squeaked on the flagstones. Many kinds of vehicles appeared — modern barouches and victorias, neat flies and coupés, antiquated berlines and *bourbonnaises*, and here and there a smart turnout à la *Daumont* — each unloading at the Count's staircase the denizens of all the *gentilhommières* of Saint-Jacques. With shouts and cracking whips the equipages moved on. The newly alighted groups flowed indoors between two gigantic stone figures of Atlas which stooped with frowning brows and contorted biceps beneath a massive pediment loaded with blazons and cornucopias hewn out of coral rock. Here and there a visiting cousin turned up from another island — a de Jaham or a Despointes from Martinique, a du Boulay from English St. Lucia. A few prominent members of the little Jewish community of Plessis — names like Spinoza, Leon, da Costa, Astrólogo, and da Cordova — arrived together. These were the descendants of Sephardic families that had fled from Ferdinand and Isabella to the Brazilian town of Pernambuco, taking refuge, when the town was captured, in the hospitable Antilles. Most of the sugar and rum and molasses brokerage in Saint-Jacques was in their hands, and they had occupied for generations an honorable position in the island.

The Captain's arrival was greeted with acclamation, for — "with his cheeks a little pinker than usual," Berthe said, "and his eyebrows a little more poignantly dark" — he came swaying along in a painted sedan chair upholstered in purple satin and borne by two of his dark retinue. He swore that the streets where he lived were too narrow for any larger equipage. Alighting with the resilience of an aeronaut, he coiled toward the Count and Countess, and stooped over her hand with a delicate interweaving of compliments. The effluvia of Oriental essences surrounded him. His hair had been brushed and cajoled into an ambrosial nest, his mustache was crisply tonged, and the hand that held the flattened opera hat against his erect and pigeon-breasted torso was gloved in lilac. Screwing in his eyeglass, he peered challengingly round the room with an air of debonair severity, epitomizing, his attitude seemed to say, the fourfold essence of mariner, explorer, man of letters, and balloonist.

The band and the Count's tunes from Paris were a quick success; the floor soon filled with couples, and the intervals were loud with the planters' deep voices and the fluttering and lighthearted tones of their wives and daughters, as bright, all of them, and as lively as hummingbirds. The strange creole diction, whose oddity and charm in Berthe's ears

still survived its six years' familiarity, twittered in the warm candle-lit air. The brilliant dresses of the women were flanked by the high collars and stiff round plastrons, the white clothes and the scarlet sashes of the men. Negroes in their black and gold liveries skimmed among the guests, holding great silver trays laden with champagne glasses or long goblets of Martinique punch high above their turbans. A violet splash betokened the presence of the Bishop of Plessis, deep in colloquy with a dowager from the other side of the island. Every time the music stopped, the sounds of carnival from the rest of Plessis sailed in through the windows.

"Son Excellence le Gouverneur," Gentilien announced in one of these pauses, "et Madame Sciocca." The Count, with the Countess rustling beside him in the new Worth dress she had brought back from Paris, moved to meet them. The august visitors appeared in the doorway. The Governor was a stocky figure in a black evening coat. A broad red ribbon ran across his shirt front and he wore a heavy black mustache, a fringe and pince-nez. Standing hesitantly between the Corinthian columns, he mopped the back of his neck with a silk handkerchief. Madame Sciocca quite overshadowed him. She was a tall and opulent woman with a mass of red hair. Her towering coiffure was crowned with a high mauve aigrette that matched the mauve sequins of her dress and also her long mauve gloves, round one wrist of which a heavy pearl necklace was twisted; a large ostrich feather fan fluttered up and down as languorously as the flabella that once cooled the brow of the Egyptian queen. The Captain, presiding in the midst of the newly formed group by the door, tactfully abetted the meeting of the creoles with the gubernatorial couple and the somber-looking staff attending them. The group moved slowly across the floor to a table by the largest window.

"Madame," the Governor said feelingly, offering one arm to the timid Countess, and mopping his brow, "quelle épouvantable chaleur!" The Count's natural affability was never more apparent. Madame Sciocca rested her hand on his gallantly crooked elbow and gazed round the room. "Mais quelle splendeur chez vous, mon cher comte," she sighed, and her eyelids seemed to move with the same torpid voluptuousness as the long white feathers of her fan. "C'est une vraie splendeur. . . ." The Count's eyes, glancing down at the thick white throat and the monumental curves at his side and catching the glint of the two green eyes now swiveling toward his own, were focused in a masked and

expert appraisal that soon kindled into a bright answering spark of approbation.

A quarter of an hour later, when the party was safely established, Berthe was standing in one of the window recesses talking to the Captain. "Thank God!" he murmured in her ear, "I believe everything is going like a honeymoon." He looked down with satisfaction at the outstretched lilac fingers of one of his hands and smoothed an imaginary wrinkle on the little finger. "I wonder who told la belle dame Sciocca about my new gloves — not that I mind, my dear — far from it. Plagiarism is really very flattering. . . ."

The Count by now was waltzing gaily round and round with Madame Sciocca. Nimble reversing toward Berthe and her companion, his revolutions brought him and his partner close to the alcove. The Count smiled at Berthe over his partner's shoulder, and she thought she could catch the ghost of a wink in his jovial face. She burst out laughing and said to the Captain: "I believe you are right." The Captain placed his hand on his shirt front and rolling his eyes histrionically, said: "C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée!" and, delighted that all was going so well, went off to assist Madame de Serindan with the Governor.

M. Marcel Sciocca — the Governor's son by an earlier marriage that had been dissolved by divorce (it was rumored in whispers), in order to make way for the present Madame Sciocca — sat on the Countess's other side, fluently reinforcing his father's rather cumbrous devoirs with a florid battery of compliments. "He was a tall, blue-chinned brute of about forty," Berthe said, "with a pale fleshy face smothered in rice powder, a deep and modulated voice, an oily address and a permanent flashing smile whose total emptiness was only diversified by half a dozen gold teeth — a dancing master beginning to run to fat, and rigged out in huge diamond studs. He was, in fact, so much a caricature of the ideal *rastaquouère* that Josephine's former infatuation became every minute more difficult to understand. But I was relieved to see that not only did he not ask Josephine to dance, but not a glance was exchanged between them. Josephine had taken refuge at the other end of the room, dancing entirely with her cousins and several times running with Hubert de la Tour, the young man whom the parents on both sides had in mind as Josephine's future husband. I heaved a sigh of relief. The dance came to an end and Cousin Agénor led Madame Sciocca back to his table."

(To be continued)

Point Four

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BILLIONS OR BARGAINS

by JONATHAN B. BINGHAM

IN RECENT years a number of distinguished American liberals who believed that private enterprise would not be able to meet the capital needs of the underdeveloped areas have been calling for the United States government to embark on a multi-billion-dollar aid program.

The figures proposed have ranged from about \$3 billion a year, as recommended by the United Nations Committee of Experts in 1951, to more than \$10 billion a year, as suggested by the late Senator Brien McMahon and Walter Reuther in 1950.

Perhaps it is unfair to say that none of these proposals contained any specific indication as to how such sums could be expended wisely and with lasting good effects. When you are attempting to open the eyes of the apathetic to their danger and exhorting them to take bold and drastic action, you do not call attention to all the obstacles in the way of making your program a success. On the other hand, there is no evidence that those who call for multibillion-dollar programs have any real notion themselves as to what the difficulties are. Significantly, most of America's shirt-sleeve diplomats, who are on the firing line in the battle for world development, don't take the "big-money boys" very seriously. So far as I know, no one who has actually worked at the job of trying to help an underdeveloped country help itself has ever come out for a program in ten figures.

Buying inflation with our dollars

Perhaps the most generally overlooked fact about the capital shortage of the underdeveloped areas is that it is not so much dollars that are needed as, say, rupees or rials or cruzeiros. Major development projects like dams, irrigation canals, highways, and construction work of all kinds cost a lot of money, but most of the bills must be paid in local currencies.

Dollars can be used to pay American personnel and to buy supplies and machinery in the United States, but they cannot be used as such to pay laborers in Nepal or Paraguay, or to buy local materials like cement. The American traveler who has

found dollar bills accepted all over the world will challenge this; and to the extent that only a small amount of dollars are involved, he is right. But when a large number of dollars are pumped into a country's economy and changed into local currency, without any extra imports being brought in, the result is inflation. A lot more money has been put into the hands of the people to spend, but there are no new commodities for them to spend it on.

To visualize the problem in its simplest terms, think of a hundred thousand laborers working on a big earth dam in Iran. At the day's end, they are paid in dollar bills; they promptly go to the local bank to change their dollars for rials; to meet this unprecedented demand for rials, the government has to print extra currency; the laborers spend the rials on food, clothing, and other goods; but the supply of food, clothing, and other goods has not been increased; so prices go up and inflation is on.

The only way this inflationary process can be prevented is for the dollars to be used to buy consumers' goods from abroad. But as we well know in this country, there is a limit to the amount a country can import; the rest of the world is begging us to import more, and we have plenty of money to buy imports with, but still we don't do it.

The inflationary effect of dollar aid has plagued the administrators of our big aid programs from the beginning. The Economic Cooperation Administration and later the Mutual Security Administration used the technique of shipping in commodities (instead of dollars) in the first instance, so that these commodities could be sold to produce the needed local currency (called "counterpart"). The Technical Cooperation Administration did the same thing in Iran. But there is very definitely a limit to the use of this technique. If the amount of dollar aid is less than a country's normal imports, the technique works all right as long as those commodities that the country would normally import are shipped in (which means that the program administrator cannot be too fussy about what he ships in, whether it be perfume, whiskey, or opium). But once the

amount of the aid goes over the level of normal imports, as it would in many cases under a multi-billion-dollar program, you have trouble; the administrator will find himself with commodities on his hands which can't be sold.

The difficulty can, of course, be avoided to the extent that the aid provided is in the form of capital goods, such as machine tools, textile machinery, rolling stock, electrical equipment. But imports of this character can almost never be put to use unless substantial local expenditures are made, in the construction of factory buildings, roads, dams, and the like, which the recipient government may or may not be able to afford. Outside of the realm of straight industrial development, which is generally considered susceptible of private or at least loan financing, it is a rare project in which the larger share of the cost is not in local currency. In an undertaking such as India's community development plan, the ratio is about ten to one.

What this all boils down to is that, in a world economy where currencies are not freely exchangeable, the transfer of capital resources from one country to others is not a simple process. The fact is that, in the last analysis, a country can use dollars only to pay for imports of commodities or talent, and there is a limit to the amount of either it can usefully import at any given time.

Grants versus loans

Another problem facing the administrators of a really big aid program is that of deciding whether to emphasize loans or grants. Each course has its disadvantages.

The difficulty about loans is that they are supposed to be repaid. Both the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and the United States Export-Import Bank have taken this notion quite seriously, with the result that they have uncommitted funds and are actually scratching around for business. Any country's "debt-servicing capacity" is limited. While projects directly productive of increased exports add to that capacity, such projects are exceptional. Accordingly, the number of businesslike loans that a country can absorb is sharply limited, and there is no need whatever for a big new development agency to make sound loans.

On the other hand, if grants are to be the order of the day for all kinds of projects, there is a very great danger that private enterprise will be discouraged, rather than encouraged, and that the banks will be virtually put out of business.

The availability of a small amount of grant aid, falling far short of a country's capital needs, usually has a stimulating effect both on private investment and on loan operations. By providing money for those capital needs which cannot be met either by loans or by private capital, such a limited grant program contributes to a balanced development

which strengthens the country's economy, enables it to borrow more money by increasing its capacity to service the debt, and improves the climate for private investment.

If the amount of grant aid available were very large, however, and were to approach the level of capital needs, the effect would be quite the opposite. Loans would become unattractive when grant aid could be had instead. Private investment would not be encouraged by the recipient countries, since capital obtained from private sources has its price just as public loan capital does: interest and profits have to be paid out, thus using up precious foreign exchange, and eventually the capital may have to be repaid. Moreover, with plenty of grant aid available for industrialization, the natural tendency of some governments toward a socialist type of enterprise would be given full sway.

There is a constant search in Washington and elsewhere for a technique of aid falling somewhere between a loan and a grant, but the magic formula has yet to be discovered.

How much control?

Assuming that the administrators of a large aid program could somehow solve the dollar problem and the loan-grant problem, they could still have a lot of trouble spending their money at the expected rate. They could do so, of course, if they were willing to turn over commodities or currency credits to the recipient governments in accordance with their requests, without attempting to pass on the projects which the countries proposed to carry out, or to supervise the operations themselves. But this method would receive little serious support (except perhaps from some of the recipient nations), since only a small proportion of the funds would achieve any lasting benefits for the masses of the people: the temptation to spend money on flashy and politically popular short-range benefits, to say nothing of the temptation to corruption, would be too great.

The opposite extreme would be for the development agency to maintain complete control, not only over choice of projects, but over project operations as well. The agency would itself carry out all construction work, for example, and would turn over the completed product to the local government. Such a procedure would have the advantage of efficiency, and a fair amount of speed, but it might well be unacceptable to the host government for political reasons. Even if it were not, it would have overwhelming drawbacks: bearing all the earmarks of charity, it would be destructive of the self-respect and pride of the recipient peoples; it would do nothing to strengthen local institutions so as to enable them to carry on the development work effectively; in short, it would violate the self-help principle of aid programs, which is universally recognized as essential.

The obvious answer would be to steer a middle

course between simply turning over cash and retaining complete control — by organizing *servicios*, joint funds, and other forms of partnership operations, and by encouraging local governments to do as much as possible to help themselves; yet experience indicates that by this method the money will not get spent very fast. But if the development agency were too impatient to get its money spent, its bargaining power to insist on the observance of desirable criteria would be correspondingly less.

In Lebanon in 1952, TCA discovered how dangerous it was to be overeager. The Point Four program there got off to a bad start because the shrewd Lebanese gathered the impression that, if they were uncoöperative, they would get what they wanted, which was a program involving a minimum of technical coöperation and a maximum of straight grant aid. Partly because of TCA's eagerness to have some progress to talk about before Congressional committees, technicians were sent to Lebanon in response to informal ministry requests, without waiting for project agreements to be properly executed and without adequate assurance from the government as a whole that it would make the necessary effort to support a Point Four program. The problem was complicated by political unrest and several cabinet shifts. Finally, it became necessary to say to the Lebanese that, unless the proper agreements were signed by a certain date, the technicians would be sent elsewhere. In other words, the United States had to assume a more dignified posture — saying in effect: "This is what we have to offer, on these conditions; we don't really care whether or not you take it. It's up to you." Once that was done, good progress began to be made — but still slowly.

Reform versus noninterference

Perhaps the most difficult of all the problems facing a development agency with billions to spend would be what is sometimes called the dilemma of reform versus noninterference. This dilemma confronts all aid program administrators, but it is most acute when there is a program involving large-scale capital grants. To take a simple example, assume that in a particular country there are only two river valleys suitable for development, and that the area to be irrigated in each instance is owned by one or two big landlords. If the government, in which the landlords and their friends may be powerful, declines to undertake any redistribution of the land or otherwise to spread the benefits fairly, what can the agency do but refuse to go ahead? A more difficult case would arise where the government gave every assurance that land reform would be carried out and then, when the work was almost completed, the agreement was repudiated by a new cabinet.

Such questions have no totally satisfactory answers, and reasonable men would differ about how the program should be administered. It seems a fair

assumption, however, that those very idealists who are most enthusiastic about a multibillion-dollar program would be the ones who would want to insist most strongly on imposing conditions that would slow down the spending of the money and, in some cases, probably block it completely.

It used to be that dollar worship was practiced by those who believed that making money was the *summum bonum*, but in the last twenty years a new type of devotee has appeared in the temple. Although liberals are generally nonmaterialistic in their personal lives, they have somehow developed the belief that plenty of government dollars can solve almost any kind of social and economic problem, whether it be in the field of state or national government, or in the field of international affairs.

The truth is that dollars, no matter how many, will not solve the problems of the underdeveloped areas. In the long run a country's institutions and attitudes will be more important in its development than the amount of wealth it can command. Those institutions and attitudes cannot be bought with dollars, or with any other kind of money; indeed, the availability of too much money may actually be harmful to their growth.

The appeal of a "small" program

At the opposite end of the spectrum from those who urge that the United States embark on a multibillion-dollar program for the underdeveloped areas are those who argue that the job of development can be done at bargain prices.

Many of the Americans who have pushed the idea of a small Point Four program have been connected in one way or another with missionary work. These people have a picture in their minds which they cherish: the picture of a man, or perhaps a couple, going out to a village somewhere and living there, devoting their lives to teaching the village people better agricultural methods, the rudiments of sanitation, and how to read and write. They see Point Four in that image, in effect as an expansion and extension of the kind of work American missions and other private groups have been doing for decades. This type of program is by its nature limited in scope and is long-range in effect.

Perhaps this indicates a fundamental difference between the humanitarian approach to Point Four and the approach of "hard-headed self-interest" which former Secretary of State Acheson talked about. The humanitarian is content to "do what one can," by the person-to-person approach. The realist is not content with that, because he is aware that it will accomplish such a very little; he is oppressed by the urgency of the world situation, and believes that a way must be found to help more people help themselves faster than can be done by the missionary's methods.

When Point Four-type programs are under consideration, the economy bloc is always in a strong

position. In the case of the Marshall Plan, no one said Europe could be rehabilitated after the war for a few millions of dollars. Nobody expects the military side of our national defense to be inexpensive. But when it comes to the development of the less developed areas, at least some of the experts say it can be done cheap.

Thus, the contest is an unequal one. A small Point Four program has everything: it appeals to all kinds; it gives even the most isolationist legislators something to talk about in the foreign affairs field which makes them sound like internationally-minded statesmen. As a result, it isn't even controversial any more. But a \$200 million program for India, say, no matter what its content, no matter how much it may be based on the self-help principle, immediately looks like a "giveaway"; it becomes intensely controversial. Although most of the Congress are agreed on the importance of keeping India in the free world, it takes courage for a politician to say that the job will take a lot of effort and money when others are saying it can be done painlessly.

Advice is not enough

At this point the question "Why won't a small program do the job?" demands an answer.

First, it is necessary to be a little more specific about what we mean by the word "small." There is one group, especially on Capitol Hill, which wants a program costing less than \$50 million a year and consisting exclusively of straight technical assistance without program funds or supporting supplies and equipment in any quantity—a program in the image of those carried on by the United Nations and its specialized agencies. This is the extreme view, and the basic flaw in it is that the technician in the field is in the position of a bystander giving advice. Often, he can only submit reports and recommendations, and the reports and recommendations simply get filed away. Sometimes he can establish a close, continuing relationship with the local authorities. But fundamentally he is in the position of a kibitzer; he is not himself playing any cards. The trouble with this kind of technical assistance is that sooner or later the kibitzee gets fed up and decides he doesn't need any more advice. I believe the time is coming when the governments of the underdeveloped countries will have had enough of programs which offer only advice.

This is not to deny that, on many occasions, advice can be extraordinarily valuable, especially when it is given on the basis of on-the-spot research. Indeed, some of Point Four's most spectacular accomplishments have been in this category. Moreover, in all kinds of developmental programs, advice will always be an invaluable factor. But its role is limited. It cannot ordinarily provide the leverage that is needed to get joint activities under way. It lacks the trigger quality of "seed money."

Many, perhaps most, of the advocates of "pure Point Four" concede the necessity of providing program funds or supplies and equipment to give the technicians something to work with. They are in favor of a program ranging perhaps from \$100 million to \$150 million a year for all the underdeveloped areas. But they are either indifferent, or actively opposed, to making grants which would extend the scope of the program beyond the concept of training and demonstration.

In discussing the problems of the underdeveloped areas, these purists are always inclined to slide over the knotty question of where the crucially needed capital is going to come from. They will concede that technical coöperation alone cannot promote international development except at a painfully slow pace, and that capital is a necessity, even for the effective communication of knowledge and skills to millions of people. But they insist that private investment will provide most of the capital, and that any gap can be filled in through the use of loans. If you point out that up to now these two sources have failed to meet the need — by an appalling margin — they back away, muttering that we could do more than we have done along those two lines.

There is no doubt that we could — within limits. Nevertheless there are many worthy projects, such as the construction of schools, health centers, and highways, which are not self-liquidating. Moreover, those projects which may be self-liquidating in terms of local currency often will not produce any additional foreign exchange. Thus, even when everything conceivable has been done to step up the rate of private investment and of international loans, there will remain a series of acute needs which can be met only through the use of grants in one form or another.

Economic aid crucial in Iran

Consider the case of Iran, for example. Although we were not in sympathy with the way the Mossadegh government handled the oil dispute, we could not stand idly by and watch the country slide over the brink. This is not to say that financial aid should be provided to a government to enable it to meet its operating deficits, even though it may threaten to commit national suicide by turning to the Soviets for help if we do not. That would be a kind of blackmail operation to which there would be no end. But the people of Iran cannot safely be left with the feeling that they have been utterly abandoned by the West and that they have no hope of making any progress except through moving in the direction of Communism.

The usual kind of technical coöperation program is not adequate for this kind of situation. For one thing, the Iranian government has been so desperately short of revenue that it could not make substantial contributions to the Point Four work, and the U.S. government has had to put up most of the

money for the necessary local currency expenses of the program in Iran, as well as for the dollar costs.

In addition, in order to have an immediate quantitative effect on the country, it has been necessary to do things on more than a "pilot project" basis. In the highly successful malaria control program of 1952, for example, the United States put up some \$2.5 million for DDT and other supplies so that a quarter of Iran's villages could be protected. One could say that this was "demonstration" in the sense that it was showing the people of Iran how they could be protected from malaria, but certainly the economic aid component was an unusually large one. Similarly, although one might argue that the provision of a water treatment plant for Teheran would "demonstrate" the value of clean water, that project was mainly of value for its psychological effect on the people of the riot-torn capital city. When American dollars were used to make possible the completion of nearly finished industrial plants, the accomplishment per dollar was great, but here again the technical assistance element was minor.

The net result of "beefing up" the Point Four program in Iran has been a set of achievements which were probably more impressive than in any other country, and the impact on the Iranian people has been correspondingly great. In spite of the government's financial difficulties, tens of thousands of Iranians, especially in the rural areas, have been given a sense of hope for the first time. It is indeed quite conceivable that, had it not been for this program, Iran would have slipped behind the iron curtain by now.

The bitterness of the Arabs

The need for a program comprising a considerable amount of economic aid as a supplement to the work of the technicians is also acute in some of the Arab states. Large amounts of capital are needed for the development of the region's meager water resources and inadequate transportation system. Although some of this capital can be obtained in the form of loans, and some from the United Nations agency for the relief and resettlement of the refugees from Palestine, these sources will not be enough.

In addition to the economic factors calling for grant aid to the Arab states, there is a compelling political reason. Until one has visited in the Arab world, and has talked, not only to Arabs but to Americans who have long been exposed to the Arab point of view, it is difficult to imagine the depth of bitterness toward the United States because of its part in the establishment of the state of Israel. This bitterness has unfortunately been accentuated by the large sums given to Israel, which have made the programs in the Arab states look puny by comparison and which have been regarded by the Arabs as proof of the fact that we were not, as we claimed, impartial. In spite of the efforts of the U.S. government to make our large contributions to the UN

agency for the relief and resettlement of the Arab refugees from Palestine look like a counterbalance to the grants to Israel, the Arabs have refused to regard them as such. Their attitude is: "These 800,000 unfortunates happen to be living within our borders, but they are not our responsibility, they are yours." Whatever one may think of the reasonableness of this attitude, it exists.

Considering how crucial the Middle East is for the security of the free world, the situation is an alarming one. As Moslems, the Arabs tend to be hostile to Communism, but this barrier would scarcely be enough to prevent them from turning for help to the Communist bloc if they once became convinced that they could not expect fair treatment from the West. And the occasional anti-Jewish outbursts among the Communists are well calculated to make the Arabs look upon them as natural allies.

Of course we could mollify the Arabs by withdrawing our support from Israel, but that is unthinkable. Not only are we deeply committed in a moral sense to Israel's survival, but the crushing of this brave and hopeful new state would be an appalling and wholly intolerable tragedy in human terms. That being the case, the only way we can demonstrate our impartiality is by providing the Arab states also with a certain amount of grant aid to be used for developmental projects.

How much is enough?

No one can say with confidence just how much money the United States *should* spend to help the underdeveloped countries. In 1950 a careful study was made at the direction of President Truman by an able group headed by Gordon Gray and Edward Mason; they concluded that "a needed, feasible and effective program" of grants for technical assistance and development in the underdeveloped areas "would require funds of up to about 500 million dollars a year for several years, apart from emergency requirements arising from military action."

The following year the International Development Advisory Board, under the chairmanship of Nelson Rockefeller, confirmed the conclusion of the Gray Report as to the need for about \$500 million for U.S. grant aid, and further recommended that the United States subscribe \$200 million to the capital of an International Development Authority empowered to make partial grants for public works, and another \$150 million to the capital of an International Finance Corporation to encourage private investment.

Whether these figures are precisely correct or not, they indicate an order of magnitude which is commensurate with the problem. My own feeling is that anything over \$1 billion a year would be difficult to spend wisely and with lasting results, and that anything much less than \$500 million is inadequate to the needs.



FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, who retired as Editor of Harper's Magazine on September 30 of this year, began his editorial career as the assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1914. For thirty years he was affiliated with Harper's Magazine and for twelve years was its able and discriminating Editor-in-Chief. At the dinner which was given in his honor, Mr. Allen expressed his credo in words which will be meaningful to all aspirants in American letters. The author of *Only Yesterday*, *The Big Change*, *The Lords of Creation*, *The Great Pierpont Morgan*, he now plans to devote more time to his writing; and in recognition of this we think it appropriate to reprint the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes which follows Mr. Allen's remarks.

AN EDITOR'S CREED

by FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

ON an occasion like this, the target for all these rhetorical posies can't help looking back and wondering what he thinks he's been doing through all these thirty years of work on one magazine, and why he liked doing it, and what he thinks he has been contributing to the gaiety of nations by reading hundreds of thousands of manuscripts and spending tens of thousands of hours talking to authors and revising their stuff, and reading mile upon mile of proof.

It's easy enough, to begin with, to acknowledge my debts. First, to Ellery Sedgwick, who in my first magazine job, on the *Atlantic Monthly*, taught me so much about editing that sometimes I feel that everything I've done since then might be described as variations on a theme by Sedgwick.

Second, to Tom Wells and Lee Hartman, my predecessors at *Harper's*, wise guides and counselors, who knew when to give a junior his head and when to rein him in. And to Virginia Watson, that exacting and indomitable champion of good writing.

Third, to my individually and collectively brilliant colleagues on the magazine — Russell Lynes, Katherine Gauss Jackson, Eric Larrabee, Catharine Meyer, Anne Goodman Freedgood, John Kouwenhoven, and of course Jack Fischer — for the inspiring way in which they have worked together as a productive team, in complete candor, mutual trust, and devotion to our common purpose.

And finally to the management of Harper & Brothers — the only book publishing house which still publishes a general magazine — and especially to Cass Canfield, for setting a model of financial supervision and all-round counsel without the least interference with editorial freedom.

What have we all been aiming at, and why? However you look at *Harper's Magazine*, it certainly has at least three marked characteristics. One is that it does not specialize: for it combines the publication of news — in the wide and long-range sense — and of ideas on public affairs, international affairs, education, science, personal and family life, and practically everything else under the sun, with the publication of fiction, reflective essays, and verse.

Another characteristic is that *Harper's* is not edited for any hypothetical mass audience, but for readers whom we assume to be at least as bright as ourselves, as wide-ranging in their curiosity, as sensitive to good writing, and as willing to go through pretty difficult reading assignments, on occasion, to get at some complex of fact or some nugget of thought that we believe can be reached in no other way. And the third characteristic is that it offers a medium for a variety of opinions, and revels in that fact.

There are many sorts of magazine journalism today in the United States. I should like to pay humble tribute to the way in which the best of the mass-circulation magazines have lifted their standards during the past generation; to their salutary over-all influence in hastening the American approach to a classless society; and to the frequency with which their editors put into print material which in an earlier time would have been considered over the heads of their readers. I marvel, too, at the best of the staff-written magazines, whose organized coverage of the course of human events is so thorough, and so expert, that reading them often makes the rest of us feel like ill-informed amateurs. And then there are the specialized

magazines in all their bewildering variety — shelter magazines, fashion magazines, age-group magazines, trade and technical and hobby magazines, magazines dedicated to this or that cause — some of them splendid in appearance, and many of them extraordinarily useful in broadening and deepening the special knowledge and equipment of their readers. What room is left in this variegated picture for the peculiar sort of general, nonspecialized, limited-audience, contributor-written journalism that *Harper's* represents?

Well, sometimes we get a manuscript at 49 East 33rd Street which puts forth new ideas about the national economy, or about American policy toward Germany, or about the place of science in our lives, or what not, and the author says to us, in effect: "If you don't publish this manuscript, who will? It's probably too highbrow for this magazine, too contentious for that; it won't fit the strict editorial policy of this or suit the special concerns of that; and it bears no well-known name to make it palatable to another. My only chance would seem to be with *Harper's*, or maybe the *Atlantic* — unless it's to go to some somber and little-read review." That's the sort of remark that makes me realize all over again why we believe in what we are trying to do: to facilitate a lively traffic in ideas; in an age of conformity, to welcome satire and dissent, without

ever embracing dissent as a form of counter-conformity; in an age of orthodoxies, to invite unorthodoxies; in the congress of opinions, to offer a hearing not only to the yeses and the noes, but to the yes-buts and the no-buts, and even to those who say that the whole discussion is proceeding on the wrong premises; in short, to nourish, in the realm of ideas, that inventive and fruitful diversity which in the realm of practical affairs is already the peculiar genius of America. For this kind of journalism there is very ample room in the country today. And if America is to set the mark which now appears to be within its possible reach, not only in material progress and economic health, but in cultural and spiritual enrichment, the job must not be left undone.

I think it's the realization that what we have been doing — however fumblingly and inexpertly — is well worth doing, that has given us the wallop that we at *Harper's* have got out of our daily chores on the magazine. I am confident that my successors will hold fast in this faith and in these changing times will find new ways of making their service of it effective. Not only that; I hope, too, that they will never lack for rivals in the business of looking for fresh ways of leavening Western thought. For I am sure that whoever serves our American diversity serves both the republic and the cause of freedom.



CACOËTHES SCRIBENDI

by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

IF ALL the trees in all the woods were men;
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write, and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.



Distinguished for his teaching and for his research in the field of optics, GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON has been Dean of Science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1942. A scientist who can write with clarity for the layman, he is the author of Atoms in Action and How Things Work; and last spring when invited to deliver the Stearns Lecture at Phillips Academy, Andover, he produced this memorable and affirmative address.

FAITH AND THE SCIENTIST

by GEORGE R. HARRISON

1

THIS is the day of the ascendancy of science, for in the past fifty years scientific knowledge and methods have changed our manner of living more than any form of human endeavor has ever changed it in the past. In each decade now we get more new understanding of the processes of nature, and more ability to control them, than became available in any previous century. Science is coming to determine how much men can eat, how comfortable they are, how hard they must work, and even how long they will live. Many people view this dependence on what seems a materialistic and perhaps directionless effort with grave distrust, and feel that scientists should be curbed in their endeavors to set loose little-understood forces which immerse society in problems which they fear may prove insoluble.

Much misunderstanding arises because most of us, through our newspapers and magazines, make contact mainly with the slums of science, the half-world of such things as flying saucers and water dowsing. Some of us may worry about technological unemployment, for where will the workman find a job when all the factories are operated by machines under the surveillance of foremen servo-mechanisms? Or we may feel, with some poets and mystics, that science is making living not only less enjoyable, but more dangerous, in giving man new powers without at the same time helping him to choose between good and evil.

Such fears arise, I think, from a limited understanding of what science is and what it can accomplish. Our concern must be, not only with whether it adds to our comfort and safety, our health, security, and enjoyment of life, but also with whether it adds to our dignity and stature as individuals. We must take, as the ultimate measure of scientific progress, its influence on such spiritual values as freedom, integrity, and justice.

I mean here to discuss, not the machines that

science provides which enable us to travel faster, to amuse ourselves more distractedly, and generally to increase the speed and anxiety of living, but the effect of science on the whole man. First let us consider man broadly as a physical being who receives sense impressions from the external world; then his mind; then, further, his emotional nature; and finally his spiritual nature—all as affected by science.

The demonstration by science of the unity of all Nature profoundly affects us all. When a spectroscope is used to analyze light from any distant star, it reveals there the same kinds of atoms we find on earth. In this confirmation of a *universe*, as contrasted with a billion unrelated stars, the scientist shares with the mystic awareness of that Oneness from which springs our most fundamental feeling of security.

To appreciate the implications of this unity, one should understand how even the most complex and diverse things in our world are built up as different manifestations of the same simple, basic elements. Physicists have found only three forces in the universe: electric, magnetic, and gravitational forces; and every push or pull we know is a combination of these. They hope, with unified field theories, to prove that these three kinds of force are really only manifestations of one elementary force, of which matter is another manifestation. In any case, we know that matter is interconvertible with energy, as demonstrated frequently these days in Nevada, and that matter is itself composed of three basic particles: protons, neutrons, and electrons.

Now imagine a universe filled with particles of these three kinds flying hither and yon, exerting on each other the three basic forces, without direction or interrelation. This indeed would be chaos. Of what use is such a universe? Where now are freedom, justice, and integrity?

To build the universe as we know it, a directive force is needed. This may come from without, or may even be built into the nature of the particles themselves. We now see pairing of electrons and protons, so that hydrogen atoms are formed. These in turn join in pairs to produce hydrogen molecules, which collect as clouds of hydrogen in space, forming great nebulae. Other protons join with neutrons in more complex groupings to form the nuclei of new varieties of atoms, which soon attract to their orbits their respective quotas of electrons. Eventually we see built up atoms of nearly a hundred sorts, and we have the basic elements of chemistry. The completeness of balancing of the forces in the various groupings of particles differs, so that some atoms, still unsatisfied, tend to join together as molecules, while others move about in space alone. Different residual forces, again, extend from the various molecules. Some types hold firmly together at the temperatures of earth and form solid matter like steel. Others cling loosely and form liquids like water. Still others attract each other so little that they bounce apart when they collide, and make up gases like helium and oxygen. Thus from the three fundamental particles have been formed nearly a hundred kinds of atoms, by an innate tendency to order which we may call "coöperation." These atoms in turn combine into several hundred thousand kinds of molecules, which further associate to form the millions of objects we can see.

Thus on the unity of our first picture is superposed the concept of order. The universe now is no longer chaotic; each particle moves not alone, but under the combined and ordered influence of its fellows. From only three kinds of particles with limited individual capacities have been produced millions of new entities forming a physical world. About all that a million electrons can do if left to their own devices is to exert a repulsive force on each other, and so in varying degrees with protons and neutrons. But let these three arrange themselves properly in atoms, and these atoms in molecules, and mold and combine these molecules to form substances, and you can make a spark plug that will help carry a plane across the Atlantic. By arranging selected molecules in still more complex ways nature can produce a bee, and then even a swarm of bees. These bees find that if they will coöperate in a hive, instead of living each to himself, they can keep warmer in winter, and so can gather nectar and spread pollen in spring several weeks before a hermit insect dare show his face.

So we find diversity arising from unity, and complexity from simplicity, through the exercise of a coöperative directing force. Men call this force by different names, but this need not concern us here, for now we are discussing only phenomena which science has revealed.

Physicists have discovered a great rule of na-

ture which they call the Second Law of Thermodynamics. This seems to tell us how to measure our flight from chaos. Boiled down, it says that if you want to do anything especially remarkable in a physical system, you must supply some direction. Molecules left to themselves become chaotic in their motions. A house or a turnip or a man left without orderly control tends to decay; to produce any one of these objects requires directed effort. Every thing we call alive seems to contain such a directing force. A dead seed rots, but a single living seed contains enough directive power to populate — given a few hundred million years — a whole planet, not only with carrots but with men.

This all sounds pretty theoretical, and it is tempting to believe that scientists have really been able to accomplish little in understanding what life is and how to produce and control living things. But the door is being opened, and each day brings new insight. For example, in recent years various molecules have been found, plant hormones and auxins, with which we can cause leaves to drop off plants or to grow larger. Other molecules will make fruit cling more tightly to the branch; still others will start, speed up, or slow down flowering, make stems longer or shorter, induce the growth of roots, or kill one type of plant and not another. These chemical foremen, like servo-mechanisms in a factory, regulate the interactions of the various parts of the plant, so that it can function as a coöperative cherry tree instead of a rotting pool of independent molecules.

A living plant is a factory for storing the energy of sunlight in the fabrication of such complex molecules as starch, cellulose, and sugar from simple molecules of water and carbon dioxide. Eventually we should be able to regulate such factories as handily as we now control a factory for making tractors. Some of the auxins, superintendent molecules which direct the activities of many foremen molecules in a growing plant, are found to act as they do because they hitch on to other molecules through two coupling links instead of one, and act as keys which fit only certain molecular locks. Such a mysterious molecular key as indole-acetic acid, for example, turns out to be merely a special arrangement of carbon, oxygen, and other atoms.

Though chemists have identified in nature only about 100,000 different kinds of molecules, they have already fabricated nearly twice as many new kinds, from the same hundred original atoms. Many of these new molecules are found to have special powers, and it seems probable that eventually we shall find useful new jobs for almost every one, from freon through nylon and far beyond sulfathiazole.

2

Now, what is a man? His body, "in form and moving" so "express and admirable," is made of

protons, neutrons, and electrons; and he thinks with a brain composed of these and operating with the three fundamental forces of the physical world. To say this is not materialism, for if "God works in most mysterious ways His wonders to perform," not the least of His works, as we can see, involve protons, neutrons, and electrons. The study of their combinations helps us to understand our five senses, five paths of awareness to the brain, five "windows of the soul," by which we have our only contact with the external world.

Calling our senses five is an oversimplification, for we have more than five senses; we have at least three types of touch sensation: heat, pressure, and pain; and four types of taste, so that every flavor is a combination of sweet, salty, sour, and bitter. (The child who doesn't mind cod-liver oil and hates spinach is not being ornery; his taste buds merely respond differently from those of his mother.) We also have four types of vision, which all happen to involve the same pairs of eyes. The first type, night-vision, records no color, but paints its images in black and white on the retina; it operates best in faint light and is nearly 500 times as sensitive as the other three types of vision. These combine to give us more than 100,000 different sensations of color.

So sensitive are our retinas to green light — that is, to light whose waves are about one 50 thousandth of an inch long — that they can pick up as little as one 500 thousandth of a millionth of a millionth of a watt of power, and we can see a candle many miles away.

How was this sensitive detecting device developed, which is more elegant than any television camera? It contains a sharply focusing lens, surrounded by light-sensitive molecules which adjust it automatically to give the clearest image; self-regulating diaphragm, the pupil, and a shutter, the eyelid; and uses two projectors with which it introduced 3-D into vision some millions of years before the movies got around to this in 1953.

The marvelous twin cameras which send sensations to our brain from every object illuminated by even a millionth of the brightness of full sunlight sort out light rays so carefully that we get the fullest impact of reality through seeing. If necessary we can in addition verify the existence of an object by touching it, hearing it, smelling it, or tasting it. Beyond this, nature does not take us in contacting physical reality. And she has developed many forms of energy, such as cosmic rays and magnetic fields, which we cannot sense at all, yet which are no less real than those we sense directly.

So our senses are by no means perfect, and after exclaiming about the wonders of the eye, we must now examine its limitations. First, it is blind to more wave lengths of light than it can see. While insects can see somewhat with short-wave ultra-

violet rays, humans cannot. (These insects, incidentally, have eyes consisting of multiple cones especially fixed for judging the direction of the sun for navigational purposes, and sometimes have polarizing filters to help steer by scattered light when the sky is overcast.) Also the sharpness of our vision is limited, and our lenses tend to deform and become cloudy. But now that nature has developed in man the brain needed to think scientifically, he can use this to extend his senses much beyond what nature has done.

Scientists have learned to supplement the sense of sight in numerous ways. In front of the tiny pupil of the eye they put, on Mount Palomar, a great monocle 200 inches in diameter, and with it see 2000 times farther into the depths of space. Or they look through a small pair of lenses arranged as a microscope into a drop of water or blood, and magnify by as much as 2000 diameters the living creatures there, many of which are among man's most dangerous enemies. Or, if we want to see distant happenings on earth, they use some of the previously wasted electromagnetic waves to carry television images which they re-create as light by whipping tiny crystals on a screen with electrons in a vacuum. Or they can bring happenings of long ago and far away as colored motion pictures, by arranging silver atoms and color-absorbing molecules to force light waves into the patterns of the original reality. Or if we want to see into the center of a steel casting or the chest of an injured child, they send the information on a beam of penetrating short-wave X rays, and then convert it back into images we can see on a screen or photograph. Thus almost every type of electromagnetic radiation yet discovered has been used to extend our sense of sight in some way.

The evolution of the other senses is as interesting as that of vision, which nature has developed to nearly the maximum sensitivity permitted by the structure of light itself. Our ability to hear the commonest sound waves has reached its maximum possible sensitivity also. Some persons even are bothered by noises which arise from the random motions of molecules in the nerve endings of their ears. The threshold of sound awareness is said to be about the same in a human being, a catfish, or a bird, and the long-vaunted greater sensitivity of hearing of dogs and other animals probably arises from their ability to hear higher tones than we, and because they have less to distract them.

In many directions of evolution nature is stopped by limitations in her own materials. There are some things that just take too long to work out with protons and electrons by repeated trial and error, as, for example, to develop a wheel on a living creature. But often man can get around such blocks by taking thought. We fasten wheels to ourselves with automobiles, and our sense of hearing has been extended on radio waves so that we

can hear the sound of a dropped pin around the world.

Thus, though we sense directly only a few of the energy manifestations in the external world, science has taught us how to transform many others so as not only to bring them into our ken, but to bend them to our service. And science reveals man's physical body as a fascinating assemblage of the same protons, electrons, and neutrons that constitute a stone, functioning in an even more remarkable coöperative effort. But not yet is this the whole of Man.

3

LET US NOW consider the mind. Man has developed the ability to set up a series of images within the brain which produce a reaction as effective as if they were sensations direct from the external world. Thus we learn to supplement sensation with thought, and can gain from many experiences which need occur only within our minds. Again something new is evolved in nature from the profitable coöperation of lesser elements.

All of our feelings and our thoughts appear to be end products of switching patterns in nerve circuits. To visualize this, consider mathematical computation. From counting on his fingers man has progressed through the stage of counting with stones to sliding beads on wires in the abacus; then to counting on the teeth of rotating gears in mechanical calculating machines; and now to the use of electron tubes with which thousands of sums can be carried out in a single second. Such devices are bulky, to be sure, for modern high-speed calculators, such as Whirlwind II at M.I.T., occupy many cubic feet of space and use thousands of tubes.

The best computing machines do not operate in powers of 10, which we first learned to like because of our ten fingers, but in powers of 2. This is because a simple electrical switch can easily express only two numbers, 0 and 1, or two reactions, "no" and "yes," by being closed to current flow, or open. As few as fifty switches can express 2^{50} numbers or reactions, which is more than a million billion, in terms of various patterns of being open and closed. An electron tube serves as a rapid and reliable switch, for which we need to find a less clumsy substitute. Nature, however, has already succeeded in developing electrochemical switches called synapses to connect nerve endings, which are so small that many billions of them can be squeezed into one human head. Apparently all our thoughts are in terms of remembered sensations and images of the external world, and all we feel or think or dream comes to us as combinations of these electrochemical yeses and noes. It is difficult to think of a colored mental picture as being only groups of stops and starts, until we

remember that Technicolor or television images are nothing more than controlled chemical or electrical patterns, and that seeing red is merely a state of mind.

In addition to vast numbers of switches, a good high-speed computing machine must have a means of storing switching patterns and numbers, and this our brains have in countless cells which can be charged or discharged. Thus we have memory. By substituting for immediate sensation mental images of things we have previously sensed, we can perform all sorts of interesting internal mental experiments. Thus Newton, his optic nerve stimulated by an apple, thought not merely of apples but of planets, and had no need of a space ship to work out his law of universal gravitation.

The process we call learning consists of setting up mental switching patterns over and over, to train certain circuits and groups of switchboards to function together. The circuits of the mind improve vastly with use and exercise. Of course, if need arises nature can add billions of cells to the brain, though this requires a few thousand years. For us this is now unnecessary, however, because most of us are like the Vermont farmer who objected to coming to the lecture sponsored by the Board of Agriculture, on the ground that he already knew how to farm twice as well as was his custom. We have many more switchboards and trunk lines in our heads than we ever use, and spend much of our lives determining how many central exchanges we want to bother to set into operation, and how many we will relegate to the back room.

Cowling and Davidson have listed seven essential qualities which it is the function of a true education to develop. The first is ability to concentrate, which merely means learning to keep stray sensations from messing up the circuits among our mental switchboards. Then comes accuracy of observation, which means learning to connect the nerve endings bringing in sensations with the proper mental circuits. Then comes retentiveness of memory, which involves exercising of the brain's condensers and storage mechanisms so that their charges won't leak out prematurely, keeping their contacts bright so that they will give sharp impulse patterns after many years, and bringing circuits into association. Then comes logical reasoning, which is the exercising of switching patterns in great groups so that currents emerge which will coincide with what the external world reveals. Then improvement in judgment is listed, an even higher faculty that depends on predicting in advance, as a result of experience, which circuits will best lead to a correct set of images. Then we have sensitivity of association, which involves developing the faculty of interconnecting vast swarms of switchboards without confusion, so that each on demand can be made sensitive to useful currents flowing in any others.

Last of all, and most important, comes creative imagination. One of our highest faculties, this involves putting into operation vast new assemblages of switchboards and central stations in the untapped stockrooms of our minds, so that new circuits can learn to conduct merely as a result of the experience of other circuits.

Besides revealing the structure of our brains, science furnishes one of the most effective disciplines for improving our minds. It trains us in conserving the flow of mental current and in discriminating between emotional and intellectual processes. One of the great defects of modern education, especially of progressive education, is its diffuseness. It lacks insistence that the student learn to focus his attention in trains of thought which produce sharp, clear patterns in the brain, instead of a chaotic opening and closing of mental switches at random, governed by the feelings of the moment. Much of this fault comes from our methods of teacher training; the poorest education for an educator, it seems, is the study of education. He should first have interest in a specific discipline with which he can deeply engrave his own mental circuits.

4

LONG before man learned to think, animals had developed emotions like fright and anger, tones of feeling which pervade the organism and produce responses in it. Higher emotions, like response to beauty, appeared later, and new ones are still appearing. Science is making progress in revealing the origins and structure of our emotions, which, affected by sensation and by thought, like them are embodied in electrochemical reactions, and can be profoundly affected by molecules which we call drugs and hormones.

Hazlitt wrote: "Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck by the difference between what things are and what they ought to be." Science is the greatest agency yet discovered for changing things to what they ought to be. Even more important, science can help us decide what they ought to be, for we learn from experience, and science is the systematic production and analysis of experience.

This applies even to such concepts as beauty. The poet, painter, and musician have no monopoly on beauty, for the ardor of the creative artist also fills the scientist when he pursues a discovery. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," said Keats, and science is the systematic search for truth. What tremendous emotions must have surged through Galileo when he saw for the first time through his telescope four tiny moons circling about Jupiter! Immediately his creative imagination saw demonstration of the lofty concept that the earth revolves around the sun, and therefore need not be considered the center of the universe.

This sweep and play of beauty extends throughout the whole of science. Consider the course of evolution. This concept, now well proved, has nothing to do with belief or absence of belief in God, though it has been upsetting in the past to some who were pained by the cracking of the carapace of inflexible theological dogma. The sublime prospect of the upward progress of life over millions of years stirs emotions equal to those produced by the most sublime poetry and art. Scientists who have seen the great paintings in the Sistine Chapel and the Louvre, and have felt that tingling in the spinal cord which comes from observation of truly great art, have received the same inner thrill from the realization that when a bird sits on a bough a tiny locking bone in his foot clamps his claws around the perch so that his muscles can relax without danger of his falling when asleep. The God who notes each sparrow's fall also built something into a proton that keeps the sparrow from falling.

Poets and other creative artists are intuitive, and the mystic is likely to feel superior to the scientist in his reliance on intuition. But the scientist must be intuitive as well. Intuition is the ability to integrate previous experience, without detailed analysis, to produce new awareness. Much of what is commonly called intuition involves merely a confusion of emotion and prejudice with thought, but true intuition consists of that leap forward in the dark, with no solid ground beneath, in which you end up in balance on your feet. Every scientific generalization is intuitive, for while the scientist may see a phenomenon just by looking, as at Newton's apple, he must use creative imagination and intuition to relate this apple to the moon and so discover the universal law.

Even this sketchy picture seems to me to indicate that we live in a universe which is progressing, and I hope it conveys a sense of the endless possibilities of this progress. The accumulation of experience results in an uneven but definite increase in the spiritual qualities which are of most importance to man — truth, justice, love, humility, integrity, and all the rest. Spiritual values distill slowly from the interaction of sensation, emotion, and thought, which we have seen depend in turn on man's physical body, which again is formed by his environment, which depends ultimately on the properties of matter. Science affects all of these. Even if you wish to picture the eternal verities as abstract concepts superposed on the character of man from without (and I do not quarrel with this, though I feel that it detracts from the beauty and integrity of the unified picture), man has demonstrated the power of developing them, and they are basically affected by his physical experience. This is codified and illumined by science, as by religion and art.

The phrase "You can't change human nature" springs from a short-range view. The shape of the

human jaw and the size of the human brainpan change quite markedly in a hundred thousand years. The speed with which a thoroughbred can run a mile has been dropped from two minutes to one minute and thirty-six seconds in less than fifty years, by selective breeding. The patterns governing a young man's operation of his mental switches can be changed quite markedly in a few months. Human nature is not a static thing, for we live in a universe that is dynamic, which offers unlimited opportunity for change. Science teaches us that we can progress from being slaves of our environment to becoming masters of our destinies.

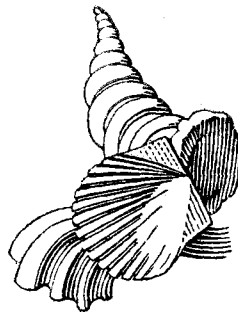
Two thousand years is only a flick of time in which to look for changes in man's intellect, but it is not too short a time to look for changes in his spirit. Take so fundamental a quality as empathy, the ability to put oneself in the other fellow's place. A century ago, even in America, one of the fundamental freedoms was the right to starve to death; a beggar could lie dying in the gutter and people would walk by unconcerned. Today, at least in lands where the standard of living has been raised by science to the point where the scramble to keep alive does not take up most of everyone's effort, empathy has developed to the point that no one is refused food or hospitalization. Over the ages, man's stimuli change, and gradually these change his thought processes and emotions, and through them his spiritual vigor.

The grandeur of human destiny becomes really manifest only when man is released, to some extent, from the battle for physical existence and learns that on a constantly widening scale he can become a small creator. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul" sang Holmes, and science aids religion and art in making this literally possible. The League of Nations was an example of a new kind of attempt at political coöperation, which had a type of experience probably not unlike that

of the first swarm of bees. But a later swarm of bees had learned a little by experience, as has the United Nations. Social and political evolution, like that on all other levels, is continually going on, and those who do not believe that the progress is upward use too short a yardstick.

This brings me to the \$64 question. Of what use is all this building of coöperative entities from simpler ones if the simplest materials of all are not stable? If scientists can arrange their protons and neutrons so that any man can blow us up, what becomes of progress? This view does not take into account the remarkable stability of nature, of science, and of man. Though evil things do happen, any individual evil, being destructive, eventually destroys itself. So there are many checks and balances on the release of nuclear energy, and I am confident that this will emerge as a great new beneficent force when its present political implications are forgotten. It is natural for man to be fearful in the presence of any great new power given him, but he has demonstrated in the past that he has an inherent stability which enables him to win through to ever higher levels of spiritual achievement. Remove science and you remove one of the principal factors in this stability.

The basic tenets of all great religions, the distilled spiritual wisdom of humanity (as distinguished from minor theological details, regarding which many thousands of existing creeds differ), represent closely what science is revealing. The universe is based on ordered progress, not on chaotic change. Man can improve his environment, his own nature, and his opportunities. Through coöperation new entities can be formed from lesser entities which give greater purpose and achievement to existence. There is direction to living, which gives stability in the midst of change. These things the ancient sages knew; science helps to make them apparent to us all.



Gulf Prosperity

It is no coincidence that struggles over control in Louisiana and Texas were keys to the outcome of both Conventions in 1952. These two states especially, in the regions bordering the Gulf, have developed a rich new empire, as dynamic as any this country has seen, and what its future is to be is for a historian to decipher. OSCAR HANDLIN is Associate Professor of History at Harvard and the author of *Boston's Immigrants*, *Commonwealth*, and *This Was America*. His fourth book, *The Uprooted*, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1951.

SECOND CHANCE FOR THE SOUTH

by OSCAR HANDLIN

I

SINCE 1940 a revolution hardly noticed has been transforming a vital sector of the nation. In a great arc along the Gulf of Mexico from Pensacola in the east, through Mobile, Baton Rouge, Beaumont, and Houston, to Corpus Christi in the west, a New South has come into being. Urban and industrial, it has moved away from the agrarian past of the region. Yet this development has not taken on the forms that manufacturing, in earlier decades, imposed on the towns of Alabama or Georgia or North Carolina.

Statistics supply a dramatic indication of the magnitude of the transformation. Between 1940 and 1950, while the population of the rest of the state remained relatively stable, that of Mobile leaped upward by 64 per cent. In the same decade, Baton Rouge, from a city of 34,000, became one of 126,000. Beaumont and Corpus Christi have nearly doubled in size, Texas City and Lake Charles tripled. Houston added 212,000 to its 384,000 residents; and on prairies rose the thriving new cities of Pasadena and Baytown, Texas. These places continue to grow, and every index of productivity and income is evidence of their capacity to expand.

These exciting changes have supplied a dynamic part of the South with the economic resources for solving the ancient problems of the area: poverty, political corruption, and social inequality. But the question remains: Are there the will and the human ability advantageously to apply those resources?

The land has always been rich, and its richness has long been exploited. Fertile soil and a long growing season have given its cotton fields an immense advantage and furnished its ports with a staple export. Today great cotton presses line the streets of Galveston, and the gigantic Anderson plant dominates a section of Houston. Other products from the lush back country add now, as in the past, to the prosperity of the towns along the Gulf. Louisiana sugar and rice move through New Orleans, and Texas beef through Houston. For several

decades also sulphur, alkali, and a variety of chemicals have been swelling outgoing cargoes.

As if these were not enough, fortune in 1901 added still another good that soon outweighed all the rest. The dramatic turn in the history of the region came that year when Spindletop blew in. This mammoth gusher began the process of extracting the enormous resources of oil from the subsoil. The flow has continued for fifty years and shows no sign of slackening. The yield rises consistently, yet the opening of new fields — most recently, those offshore, the Tidelands — keeps replenishing the proved resources. The pipe lines draw the precious oil out of the interior to the coast and through the cities where it is shipped to the world in ever-increasing volume.

The history of the district thus shows plentiful evidence of growth and prosperity. But until less than two decades ago it was growth of a very limited order. The economy was colonial; it produced a number of great staples exported to be processed elsewhere. The capital to finance and the skill to manage these enterprises came from outside the region; native labor was used only in inferior capacities. Despite the emergence of the exotic Texas millionaires, the wealth produced here seemed, like the oil, to flow away rather than to remain to enrich the people who brought it forth.

The last decades for the Gulf cities have been not merely years of rapid development; they have also been years in which the region has moved out of the colonial into a new industrial phase. It no longer simply extracts the products of the earth; it now processes and manufactures them as well. Cattle still graze in the shadow of the refineries, but the whole tone of the area is urban rather than agrarian.

Driving up from Galveston toward Houston, on roads that here and there border the Bay and the great ship channel, the evidence of change is inescapable. The constant hum of unseen activity fills the air, and occasionally a remote spurt of

flame is visible. Then, out of the flat, uninhabited plain, there suddenly rise the massive bulks of the new plants, in Lamarque, Texas City, La Porte, Baytown, Pasadena, and Houston. Often the great looming shapes can be seen only in distant outline; but the private roads lead down to Monsanto, Sinclair, Esso, Du Pont, Shell, Diamond Alkali, Phillips, Ethyl, Pan-American, and Republic. So too, out of Baton Rouge the same names along the Scenic Highway point to the contorted rectifiers and bulbous tanks that seem to have sprung out of a science-fiction writer's dream of the future.

A variety of factors has been responsible for the change. Since the First World War, there had been tentative experiments looking toward the production of synthetic materials from petroleum. In the 1930s these efforts reached the point at which manufacture was technologically and commercially feasible; and a new petro-chemical industry producing nylon and plastics began to thrive around the Gulf while the rest of the nation was still deep in the depression.

In the location of the new plants, there was an obvious advantage in proximity to the oil itself; and the East Texas fields providentially came in at just the right moment. In industries that operated under the open sky, a warm climate and space were also advantages, and ample supplies of natural gas enabled the region to generate power cheaply.

The outbreak of the Second World War accentuated the demand for petroleum products. Plastics and other derivatives were as necessary as the refined oil itself. Furthermore, disruption of the supply of natural rubber from the Far East forced the government to artificial substitutes, and the most convenient process derived synthetic rubber from petroleum. The urgencies of the war minimized every other consideration. The Gulf region therefore profited from the location of a number of great enterprises almost wholly supported by war orders and built with the aid of Federal capital.

Finally, the political context was favorable. The New Deal had, from the start, been solicitous over the condition of the economically retarded South and had hoped industrialization might provide some relief. At the same time, Democratic Party politics that put Jesse Jones and a group of other Texans in key Congressional and administrative posts gave a high priority to measures likely to redound to the advantage of the Gulf states. The result was a full-blown industrial revolution in little more than a decade. The handling of cotton or sugar or oil is now far less important than manufacturing.

2

THE character of the change and the times in which it came spared the new towns many of the difficulties of transition. The petro-chemical industries do not depend upon a cheap, unskilled proletariat. The

machines or, rather, the successive refining devices call for relatively little labor compared with the value of the product. Apart from the construction workers who build the equipment, the plants need mostly technicians and maintenance and service employees who are fairly well paid.

The whole development came in a period of rising prices, of union organization, and of a scarcity of manpower. Wage rates had to be favorable and working conditions good to attract newcomers, to hold them against the temptations of other employers and other regions, and to keep out aggressive labor organizers. In any case, the wage factor was relatively unimportant since the government was one of the chief consumers and all prices were rising.

The attractive power of high wage rates drew the necessary hands out of the rural countryside. Sometimes these former sharecroppers commute; from within a radius of almost 40 miles, for instance, they travel daily to Baton Rouge. Often, however, they leave the farm for good; in many places, fertile acres that once grew cotton have been turned into pastures for want of tenants to till them. The supply is elastic; between jobs men can go back to the country without burdening the industrial communities in which they work.

The new hands have been a remarkably vitalizing factor in the Southern economy, not simply as wage earners but also as consumers of goods formerly far beyond their reach. Every worker who left the cropper's shack for the city developed a new and stimulating desire for a host of products — for new housing, for respectable clothes, for a dependable car, and for a multitude of objects with which urban living made him familiar. The move from the farm opened up an endless series of fresh demands: a diversified diet, furniture, sheets on the beds and curtains at the windows. And dependable pay checks make all these available.

The implications of these changes, therefore, extend far beyond the workers in the new factories. Mounting demands encourage a host of service and construction industries as well as the whole range of distributive enterprises that supply the modern metropolis. The employees of the oil or rubber or chemical plants have benefited, but so have the tailors and grocery clerks, the carpenters and electricians, the auto mechanics and bus drivers. In a decade, retail sales in Houston rose 279 per cent.

Prosperity also radiates to the whole Gulf area. The migration to the cities has relieved the pressure of excess agricultural labor on the farms. Those who commute from rural homes take back wages that transform the way of life of the Southern countryside. Close connections with the city have brought new standards of consumption to the rural regions. Through the back country of Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Alabama, the television aerial waves triumphantly; and though

its owner may still live in a dilapidated shack, a shiny car alongside shows that this population is finding the way out of its hopeless poverty.

Industrialization did not damage the Gulf cities as it did the older urban centers of the South. Here are not the squalid slums of Birmingham or Atlanta. On the contrary, the sprawling communities built in haste, in a period of wartime shortages and high prices, nevertheless escaped the most obvious evils of rapid growth.

The outward features of Houston and Baton Rouge reflect their inner prosperity. Space has not been a limiting element. Earlier cities huddled within the narrow boundaries set by the available facilities of public transportation. Their residents lived in crowded slums to be near the morning's work. The Gulf cities spread luxuriantly outward. The plains are abundantly there and the automobile gives everyone mobility. Houston covers 162 square miles. San Francisco with a larger population is confined to 45 square miles, and Manhattan's 2 million crowd into 22 square miles.

The tenement therefore does not exist in these new Southern centers. Even in a city as large as Houston the multiple family dwelling is unusual. Part of the population does live in flimsy cottages, without baths, and on unpaved streets. In the neighborhood of the ship channel and northeast of the central business district, Negroes, Mexicans, and laboring whites occupy primitive ramshackle huts without conveniences of any sort. But the poorest accommodations are generally in one-family houses surrounded by little plots of their own.

Prosperity has eased the solution of many other urban problems. The growth of population has, for instance, put pressure on the schools; in many districts temporary structures in the yards house the overflow of pupils from buildings completed only a few years ago. But the buildings themselves are new and well constructed and reflect the material well-being of the communities. The De Zavalla School in a Mexican slum would put to shame the ancient buildings of many a New England city.

3

LESS visible but more portentous are the strains of human adjustment. The new cities are not troubled, as the old were, by the diversity of immigrant inhabitants. Their population is drawn almost entirely from their own back country. But they are not thereby spared the tensions and disorders rapid change produces.

The residents of the new cities, only a few years off the farm, have brought with them a pattern of traditions and assumptions which they attempt to apply to the unfamiliar circumstances. Their hopes and fears, far less tractable than their outward manners, will determine the use their society makes of its prosperity.

In Foley's, Houston's great new department store, the shining escalators move a stream of riders from floor to floor. A neat plaque at each landing warns the customers their children must not ascend the escalator barefooted.

In Baton Rouge, in sight of the new state capitol and the new high school stadium, the revivalist's tent spreads wide behind the assuring sign: "Christ heals body and soul." Under "one of the world's largest gospel tents," in Beaumont, A. A. Allen's "faith clinic" cures blindness, deafness, cancer, and epilepsy, while "arms and limbs" are "straightened instantly by the power of God!"

There is pathos in these reminders that the habits of an agrarian society do not simply disappear in the move to the city. Indeed, loneliness among strangers often leads the newcomers to clutch at inherited assumptions, to cherish familiar ways of thinking. Particularly in the South!

A surface optimism characterizes the Gulf cities; after all, within the memory of living men these were empty plains. The depression was not felt here as it was in other parts of the country, and confidence in the potentiality of growth everywhere engenders the boisterous enthusiasm that flings skyscrapers up in the prairie as a kind of gesture.

But beneath the exuberance lurks a gnawing sense of uneasiness. Precisely because the wealth and wages are new, those who hold them are unsure of possession. Were the windfall riches really earned? The same luck that brought in an oil well might shortly dry it up. The fabulous job, with a barely understood function, might end as abruptly as it began. In a sense, all these people move about, like the workers in the refineries, not certain but that a single lit match might blow up the whole works.

These doubts are often expressed in the ritualistic reiteration that agriculture is still the source of the region's wealth and must be stimulated and protected. The same grasping at certitudes puts a strong emphasis upon the homely virtues, upon fundamentalist religion, and upon abstinence and piety. Among the measures pressed upon the Texas legislature this spring were acts to ban beer advertisements on TV, to strengthen the marriage laws, and to suppress books and magazines with suggestive covers.

Generally, it is most comfortable to retreat within a familiar group. It is not only their spatial spread that gives these cities the appearance of being all suburb; more important is the evident desire to minimize contacts with strangers. On another level, the same wish emerges in exaggerated local patriotism; now and then the display of Texan and Confederate flags raises the question of the extent to which these people really identify themselves with the rest of the country. Certainly much of the intensity of feeling on the Tidelands issue originated in such local sentiment.

There is a disturbing streak of violence in these places. Despite its prosperity, Houston marks up more than 130 murders a year, a record that is evidence of lack of control and unwillingness to accept the new terms of life. A reluctance to live in the changing world is revealed in the incessant longing for the good old days and in the occasional gullibility of wealthy men who become involved in attempts to put a halt to the pernicious process of change. Out of Fort Worth, for instance, Judge Armstrong's foundations labor, with desperate lack of success, to defend with his millions an Anglo-Saxon ideal, 1850 style.

Retreat, however, will not further but may retard the solution of the historic problems of the South. The Gulf cities are changing, and in the transformation, they have the opportunity to outgrow the racial, political, and economic difficulties that, in the past, determined the developments of Southern society. If they succeed, the effects will be beneficial for the country as a whole. If they fail, it will not be through want of resources, but through the inability of their people to make the most of the potentialities of the new society.

Need the Negro remain a disturbing element, degrading the standard of life and labor of all? The inherited patterns of segregation and the exclusion from politics still exist, though they run counter to the basic democratic assumptions of the dominant group. But the terms of segregation are significantly different. Forces from outside the region have weakened the lines of separation. If Negroes can ride in the same coaches as whites on interstate trains, it becomes increasingly difficult to keep them apart on local transportation. If Negroes are eligible to enter white professional schools, it may be more difficult to keep them out of the elementary ones.

The injection of the Mexicans has also unsettled the pattern. Although they form a substantial part of the labor force in Houston and elsewhere, they occupy an unclear and anomalous position. They are treated as inferiors, yet cannot be treated as Negroes, particularly in a community sensitive to the necessity of preserving the good will of oil-rich Mexico. They occupy a shifting middle ground, and their mere existence points to the difficulty of establishing a fixed racial classification in an urban society.

Most important, prosperity has eased the adverse effects of segregation. In Houston, Negro children still attend separate schools, but the Negro schools are commodious, as neat and pleasant as the white. Negroes still occupy separate residential quarters, but almost everywhere those quarters are up to the standards of those of whites of the same economic level, and public housing has assisted both races. The very newness of the place is a help; only a small part of the population is compelled to settle for outmoded quarters. Since there is still enough to go round, the advantages of high industrialization

spread to the colored as well as to the white sectors of the population.

In the long run, therefore, industrialization may well permit these cities to work out an adjustment. The percentage of Negroes in their population has been declining. What if separate districts should continue to house Negroes and whites, and their children consequently attend separate elementary schools not through the compulsion of law but, as in the North, through an evolving pattern of accommodating practices? If the accommodations are genuinely equal, as they can be, and if they are unaccompanied by the stigma of inferiority, as they should be, there is hope that the embers of long resentments may at last begin to cool.

4

EASIER race relations will permit a more realistic approach to the weakness of state government. Texas and Louisiana have long suffered from inefficient — and at times corrupt — regimes. The Civil War and Reconstruction left them with one-party systems and without means through which an opposition could assert itself. An undeveloped agrarian society, under those conditions, tended to alternate between periods when it tolerated the control of Bourbon reactionaries and periods when it turned in desperation to demagogic radicals.

The growth of cities at first multiplied these difficulties. The Bourbon bosses feared the possibility that labor might gain a voice in government; the rural following of the Populist radicals hated and distrusted the city. Representation in the state legislatures, therefore, became increasingly undemocratic. In Texas there was no redistricting after 1920, so that the growing cities are still deprived of their proper voice in the legislature. Political control remains heavily weighted in favor of the rural regions. This imbalance has encouraged powerful lobbies which protect special interests, and it has also prevented effective political organization on behalf of the residents of the industrial communities.

Yet the political situation is profoundly unstable. It was no coincidence that struggles over control in Louisiana and Texas were the keys to the outcome of both national conventions in 1952. That the two states deserted the Democratic Party that year also signified a break with traditional voting habits. It may reflect the appearance of a new "middle class," less bound by the attitudes of the past and swayed by the same interests and ideas as their counterparts in Northern cities. It is, however, too soon to tell whether this is the first step in a larger realignment that will bring a genuine two-party system into being. It will be longer still before there are reliable indications of whether the power of the state will be used actively in the public interest.

Only then will it be possible to measure the extent to which the region has freed itself of the domination of outside interests. Too often Southerners have used Wall Street as a whipping boy, charging that the source of all evils was the national corporations which control their great enterprises. Some dividends and profits still flow north, but the Gulf cities receive in return valuable loans of capital and skill. The relationship is disadvantageous only when it obscures the true interests of the people and perverts public policy on behalf of the outsiders and of their local allies. As the gains of industrialization spread through the population, they open the promise, or at least the hope, that these relationships will increasingly advance the well-being of the whole society.

Once before in Southern history the factory seemed the way to salvation. In the closing decades of Reconstruction, the hopeful men of the upper South turned also to the machine. "We are a new

people. Our land has had a new birth," they then exclaimed as the "magic transformation" of industry replaced despair with "the buoyance of hope, of courage, of resolve." But that New South faded into inglorious poverty. The steel and textile and tobacco factories brought forth only the squalid slums of Atlanta and Birmingham.

The first New South failed because it could not cope with the problems it inherited from its past. Race, Bourbon politics, and the inequalities of a colonial economic order brought these hopes to nought.

The forces that corrupted that New South are still at work. Their effect may still be seen in Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas, and they yet threaten to deprive the region of the full enjoyment of its prosperity.

Now the matchless industrial resources of the Gulf cities offer the South a second chance. Will it have the human resources to grasp the opportunity?



THE POET AND HIS POEM

by DILYS LAING

Look at the weird, non-integrated creature,
quite canceled and subtracted from himself,
prowling the streets and searching for his own meaning.

He thinks himself superfluous: an error
in the community's computing.
Suicide, he thinks, is service to his city.

Yesterday, writing, he was happy and whole.
He had the sense that what he did was good,
nor wished to end a self that served so good an end.

Now, Citizens, what will you give for him?
At his own estimation, not a penny.
He'd give himself away, gladly, to Phlegethon.

But look again. We have a transformation!
Somewhere along the way he stubbed his toe
against his own value. He's wielding a pencil!

Hang out your banners, City! Your poor son,
who thought himself an orphan, beams like a politician
newly elected. He shakes off Lethe

in little drops like a gay spaniel, and he shines
with usefulness. His walk's iambic.
Make way, you bankers, for a busy man!

Red Control

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER began his adventurous career as a foreign correspondent on the western front in 1914, little more than a year after his graduation from the University of Michigan. He scored several scoops in Flanders, was twice arrested for espionage, and in 1915 was shifted to Italy, a country of which he now possesses expert knowledge. He left Rome in 1922 when he no longer found it possible to work under Fascist censorship. He covered the last days of the Weimar Republic and in 1932 received the Pulitzer Prize for the "best correspondence from abroad." He was the first American journalist to be expelled by Hitler, but neither dictators nor censors have been able to suppress his pertinent, penetrating, and passionate exposure of the touchy situations in Europe.

CITY HALL POLITICS IN ITALY

by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

1

ITALY today is closer to Communism than at any other time since the end of the war. Despite the billions of economic aid U.S. taxpayers have poured into that country and the earnest if not ideal use that the able and loyal Italian government has made of them, the Communists control every third vote in the country.

Why did we fail? A number of U.S. officials overseas are scratching their heads in bewilderment. I submit that they have overlooked the strongest element in social Communism — its efficiency as a party machine. To see what I mean, let's take a look at a typical Red stronghold in the midst of Italy's "Red Belt."

Halfway between the river Po and the Apennine Mountains, the city of Ferrara snuggles into fat, fertile country. In the center of the handsome town rises the tall and moated *castello* of the onetime ruling House of Este — a symbol of power. Today the *castello* is in the hands of Communist city fathers who have ruled it ever since the end of the war. They not only keep, they increase the number of their supporters from election to election. They do this because they are a smooth-working cog in an effective nation-wide Tammany machine.

Why do the otherwise intelligent and distinctly prosperous Ferraresi vote Communist?

Consider a typical family whom I shall call Bassi. Old Ugo Bassi came from a farm near the birthplace of Benito Mussolini. Long before Fascism, this area was a nest of revolutionary peasants, who had spun a network of Socialist Coöperatives called "Red Leagues."

Ugo was mobilized in 1915, fought well, went A.W.O.L. after Caporetto, and returned home in 1919 in time to take part in an illegal peasant seizure of big estates. When, in 1922, Fascist *squadristi* burned the coöperatives' offices and took over, Ugo moved to rooms in a little street in Ferrara's older

city (the newer part, called the "Addition," was laid out only in the fifteenth century) and set himself up as a mechanic, a trade he had learned in the army. He became first an avowed, then (under Fascist threats) a secret Communist. To the end of his life he lived in anticipation of the day when he could get his strong hands on a Fascist's throat.

His two sons, Michele and Giorgio, had no pre-Fascist memories. To them, the Fascist Headquarters near the railroad station was something like the weather — bad or good. Michele, a Communist like his father, deserted from the army early in World War II and hid in the mountains. His distaste for fighting in "Mussolini's war" vanished, however, when he saw a chance to strike at personal enemies, the Germans whom he disliked and the Italian Fascists whom he hated. With the liberating English, he re-entered Ferrara in triumph. From then on, his troubles were over. He was, so far as his limited intelligence would permit, a personage in the ruling "progressive forces."

Giorgio, on the other hand, remained unmobilized at home all this time, married, had three children, and bet on Mussolini. The victorious Communists eventually pardoned his Fascist party card. By 1947, it was possible for Giorgio to join the Communist Party and be forgiven.

The Bassis of Ferrara live in a Red society almost without contact with non-Communists. The Party is their world. To the "hero," Michele, it has given both importance and a sure income. To pliable Giorgio, it has given the sense of "belonging" which he craves. On Giorgio's frail, overworked wife, Lucia, and her three children, it confers daily benefits.

Giorgio Bassi and his wife live in a three-room apartment and pay about a tenth of the normal rent, for which blessing, in the form of rent controls, the Party takes credit. They buy their *pasta* and

wine at a Communist shop and their eggs from a Communist farmer just outside of town. A Communist dairy delivers their milk and pro-Communist shops supply their groceries. A Communist coöperative can provide them, furthermore, with anything from clothes to a motor-scooter.

They subscribe to the Communist daily *L'Unità*. Since they do not read non-Communist publications, their only source of information about anything outside Ferrara is the governmental radio. This, they believe, specializes in "bourgeois lies" which Communists are too smart to believe.

Mayoress Balboni and her pals know how to reward friends. When a member of the Bassi family is sick, he promptly gets a bed in a hospital and is treated by a Communist doctor at low rates. Last summer, when little Ugo, Lucia's second son, was threatened with tuberculosis, the Party sent him for ten days *free* to a Communist camp in the mountains.

If little Michele, Lucia's eldest son, breaks a window, tears down a non-Communist poster, "borrows" a motor-scooter or otherwise has difficulties with the police, the Party intercedes for him. If this does no good, since the courts and the *Questura* (national police station) are non-Communist, the Party provides a lawyer. If, after all this, young Michele is condemned, the Party will pay his fine.

If the Post Office were to fire Giorgio Bassi as "undesirable," the Party would first contest the decision and, if unsuccessful, see that he got another job, if necessary in some near-by town.

Even more important than the way it looks after "friends" is its ruthless discrimination against anti-Communist or uncommitted citizens. To members, the Party is "the little guy's big brother, the little girl's big sister." For outsiders, it has nothing but indifference — or worse.

Now there are thousands of "little guys" in Ferrara alone — and millions throughout the Italian peninsula. In a country where for two thousand years little guys and little girls have been systematically kicked around, Tammany "protection" is irresistible. Certainly it is enabling the Red city fathers to strengthen their hold on the *castello* in Ferrara from year to year. Despite occasional Party slips. The first elected mayor after the liberation, "Doctor" Giovanni Buzzoni, was suppressed by the Communist Party for assuming an academic title without bothering to earn it.

His successor, Werner Curti, a storekeeper, doubled as president of the municipal Consumers' Coöperative. When it went broke, a court investigation revealed that His Honor had "paid himself" 300,000 liras without authorization. That ended Curti.

For several days, the Communist City Council (which chooses the chief magistrate) sought a successor of impressive respectability to take the curse

off the Party's record. It came up with the wife of a local engineer, who seemed to be just what the members were looking for. Luisa Balboni had opposed Mussolini at a time when that was risky, and she was uncompromisingly "anti-American" and a loyal and zealous champion of the "Left."

Yet her prim respectability, good looks, and pleasant smile make it easy for the townspeople to forget about her Communist predecessors in the *castello*. For anything less "revolutionary-looking" than Mrs. Balboni would be hard to imagine. Fortyish, slim, with short dark hair neatly parted in the middle, almost elegant in her blue suit and white shirt with blue trim, her garnet brooch and pearl earrings, perfumed, she might be a woman doctor — or the high school teacher that she was.

Somehow this "city mother" typifies the attraction of a political party that carefully hides its true nature and — contrary to current American belief — attracts not the poorest but the richest segment of Italy's workmen and farmers.

2

TO RUN smoothly, a successful political machine needs plenty of "oil." The Italian Communist Party has oodles. It started off with a bang after the war by "liberating" the banks and grabbing the dead Duce's personal treasure. Now it collects from each of its two million adult members from 1 to 3 per cent of his income. Better-heeled officials, shopkeepers, professional men, businessmen anxious to have an anchor to windward, contribute more. All "companions" turn out for election work and regularly attend a stated number of meetings. They favor partisans and slur outsiders, keep Party secrets, denounce spies and traitors and even, on safe occasions, beat up overzealous opponents. Also, as under Fascism, they give up independence of speech and action and vote as told.

Yet this severe discipline seems to millions only a reasonable price for benefits received. Italians are too worldly-wise to expect something for nothing. In exchange for loyalty, the Party not only provides for the Bassis. It offers social activities at all levels, from reading rooms and lectures to parties, dances, picnics, excursions, sports, beauty contests, attractive fairs. It gives participation in a society of "like-minded" people.

Giuseppe Dozza, Vice President of Italy's Communist Party and Mayor of Bologna, is the person who made Communism gay as well as profitable. Dozza is a onetime blacksmith of immense strength, with dark eyes, white curly hair, and hamlike hands that he keeps in his pockets when he speaks.

As boss of the entire area from Piacenza to the Adriatic, he specializes in expanding the Red coöperatives. But he is best known for the Red social events that bring in members and money. Held first in Bologna's attractive park, *La Monta-*

gnola, Dozza's fairs and festivals have since been imitated from one end of Italy to the other.

I saw one of these Dozza-type productions in the aristocratic park of *Le Cascine* in Florence. Communist business organizations and coöps had taken booths as a matter of course. Other merchants were participating for the business involved. On the opening day, Communist winegrowers handed out wine free, and when the visitors had their fill, collected their signatures on documents like the Stockholm Peace Appeal. Children got paper hats with Communist slogans, candy, balloons, and toys. Young people danced, strolled, and rode their bicycles and motor-scooters up and down the main avenue lined with billboards.

These billboards — 300 yards of them — advocated peace, anticlericalism, and freedom of the press. They denounced Uncle Sam in turn as a warmonger, as a germ-dropper in Korea, and as a killer of babies (A-bombs). One poster showed a loathsome black octopus with a U.S. top hat and flag, being repulsed, in the act of dropping bombs, by a noble hammer and sickle torch.

The strength of a political machine — whether in Ferrara or Chicago — is its organization. The Party welcomes almost anybody. Not long ago, *L'Unità* urged the enrollment of new members on a family basis — husbands, wives, children, brothers, sisters, sweethearts — as a means of “activating a greater number of militants.” Under this easygoing hospitality (“Join the Party and have a good time”) the organizers concentrate on winning over the two elements they must have if they are to seize power — labor and youth.

Since 1945, they have controlled the official Socialists (half their own number) who vote with them at the polls, in the Parliament, at CGIL (biggest labor federation) conventions, and in the single unions. In addition, they use their formerly direct, now indirect, control of hiring, their leadership of strikes, their extravagant demands, to attract workmen of any persuasion.

The other vital target is the children. Communist leaders do not care whether adult members “believe” or not. They cheerfully let them attend church on Sunday and go to confession. But they miss no chance to indoctrinate young people indelibly by getting them into the Communist Scouts (*Pionieri*) and Youth Federation. Entrance is easy. However, once a child enters a Red organization, no effort is spared in turning him into a do-or-die militant ready to denounce his parents or kill a bourgeois whenever the Kremlin says the word.

Communist mayors have a separate organization of their own. Less publicized are the Italian Politburo and Cominform, top directing bodies on the Moscow model where the real work of preparing future revolution goes on. Totally unmentioned are the Red duplicates of existing governmental organs. Leading Italian officials believe that there

exist a shadow cabinet, a shadow secret police, shadow army cadres, educational and propaganda chiefs, all biding their time but ready to start at a moment's notice. Of all this, ordinary social Communists and hangers-on hear less than nothing.

This pattern of Communism accounts for the strength of the movement, not only in Italy but in other countries. Wherever social Communists manage to get hold of local administrations, dispense local patronage, and create a society within a society, then — just like American city bosses — they seem to become all but impregnable to ordinary political attack. Here lies one reason for our failure in Italy. Properly understood, our experience reveals several useful conclusions.

First, since it thrives on prosperity, Communism of this type cannot be bought out of existence. Pouring in more U.S. billions without careful direction might even strengthen it by providing more plums for the Party's fruit basket.

Second, the movement is proof against the usual types of criticism. It cannot easily be proved to be unpatriotic. Its leaders talk only of patriotism and never mention Russia.

It cannot be proved to be subversive; its professed aim is merely the well-being of the masses. Italy's social Communists established their reputation as fighters against Fascism and are still living on it.

Moreover, membership in the Party is not dangerous to citizens of modest position like the Bassis. If Communism turns out to be the Wave of the Future, they will be riding high when it arrives. If that wave collapses, the Party card will have been a convenient surfboard through stormy breakers. Who later will wish to punish obscure (and doubtless, at that moment, repentant) ex-Communists?

Nor can social Communism of this Italian type be held responsible for failure to realize the Party's limitless promises. For while strong enough to hand out substantial rewards locally, it cannot be loaded with blame for the omissions of a government it does not control.

For all these reasons, the Party may continue its undisturbed development right up to the point where it can aspire to take over the state. At present this is impossible. But let a storm arise (such as a new war or another Fascist March on Rome) and Italy's Reds will certainly make a bid for supreme power.

U.S. taxpayers dare not overlook the lesson of our partial failure here. For no country, however well intentioned its government or its majority, can be a reliable ally of the United States so long as it harbors a powerful center of treason in its midst.

Sooner or later, our Italian friends will — in my judgment — have either to create other parties that will do even more for average people, and so wean them away from the Reds, or they will have to pull the Communists' hands out of the public funds by outlawing them as a party.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



GEOFFREY BUSH is a writer who has lived most of his twenty-four years in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1950 he was graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard; the next two years he spent at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship; and now he is back at Harvard as a Junior Fellow. He has recently completed a critical study of the idea of nature in Shakespeare's plays; and like so many other young American writers who have made a temporary home in universities, he is trying to find out whether the creative and the academic life can be reconciled. This story first appeared in the undergraduate magazine, the *Harvard Advocate*.

A GREAT RECKONING IN A LITTLE ROOM

by GEOFFREY BUSH

To the Most High, Mighty, & Magnificent Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queen of England, Ireland, & Virginia, Her Most Humble Servant Sir Thomas Walsingham Wishes Peace on Earth and Eternal Peace in Heaven:

May it please your Majesty to know that your will has been accomplished: the one you know of is dead.

At two hours after sundown of this day, the 30th of May, the judgment of Heaven was performed upon him at Deptford in a quarrel over a tavern reckoning. His body lies with friends, and the instrument of judgment has been conveyed to France. My lady, the late danger to true religion is removed, the right and lovely order of the commonwealth is restored: thus does God, the true executioner of divine justice, work the end of his enemies. May Heaven bless your kingdom here and hereafter with an everlasting Peace.

The manner of his taking-off is known to only five; in the generations to come it shall be known to no one. The four with me in this work were these:

Nicholas Kyrse, sometimes Skeres, tall, ragged, twice imprisoned; with him Robert Poley, employed formerly to this as a spy upon Babington and the false Mary.

Ingram Frizer, gentleman, thin of body, white-faced and red-eyed, to be known by a knife scar on the right cheek and a cough.

Ephraim Cudworth, old, fat, and drunken, without fixed abode.

Skeres and Poley spied out the movements of the

one we speak of during these latter two weeks; Frizer struck at the last; and Cudworth has witnessed and testified to the manifest guilt of the one who is dead concerning the doctrines of the only true Religion. At this hour Skeres and Poley are riding under guard toward Scotland, Frizer is in France, mortally wounded, and Cudworth lies drunk in a tavern near Oxford.

There are those whose sight, in these disturbed days, may be blinded by a weak natural affection to the justice of this work, done in obedience to a higher command than human love. By your leave, therefore, I here append the several documents of this undertaking: Cudworth's witnessed proofs of the dead one's guilt; Skeres' and Poley's account of the last three days; a catalogue of the papers found afterward in his rooms, the poor trivial things he shored against eternity; and lastly his own Journal of the final three days until his departure for Deptford. One of his papers I must beg leave to keep, a foolish trifle of no importance but to him and me.

My Lady, your kingdom has been cleansed of the devil of Scepticism, Doubt, and vain Reasoning. An enemy to God and to yourself has taken leave of his mortal life, and he was one who allowed himself few hopes of a life immortal. He has lost it now forever; he died unconfessed, his guilt unacknowledged. May God have mercy on his soul: in God's name was this work done.

Whether he recognized me, I cannot tell, but his look has been before me these five hours.

6 *Proofs of the Vile & Filthy Atheism of C. M., Truly Witnessed & Faithfully Set Out by E. Cudworth on this 30th Day of May:*

1. While drinking M. said that in his belief Moses was no more than a Juggler and Aaron a Magician at a Carnival.
2. M. said that the latest doings of the Lord Chief Justice were a sore trial of the established faith in a Divine Providence.
3. M. said the first beginning of Religion was only to keep men's minds in comfort.
4. M. said he could hardly believe God's love was so infinite as to forgive the guilt of the human race.
5. M. swore 7 times by the name of the Blessed Mary and 2 times by the name of Him who rescued us from Death.
6. M. said that he knew not whether there were a God or no, and the doubt was like a shadow or a bad dream, and never in this life to be resolved.

A Report of the Actions of C. M. from the 28th to the 30th Day of May, Observed & Attested by N. Skeres and R. Poley:

May 28. — M. rose at noon, having the night before caroused with the witness Ephraim Cudworth and the Queen's agent Sir Thomas Walsingham. Walked north from his rooms and drank 2 pts. of ale. Swore several times and said he would be damned if he drank again. Returned to his rooms and in the afternoon wrote for 2 hrs. in his Journal.

At nightfall M. studied for 3 hrs. by candlelight. At 10 o'clock as appointed he met the witness and the Queen's agent at the Red Boar, Cheapside. He caught sight of Skeres by lamplight but seemed to take no note of it. At the Red Boar Skeres and Poley sat in a far corner. M. in high spirits argued blasphemously the existence of Our Lord. The witness Cudworth noted all that was said. The Queen's agent Sir Thomas Walsingham spoke seldom, but looked at his hands where they lay on the table.

In appearance the condemned is middling tall, slender, and fair-haired; he dresses fashionably, walks nobly, sings well, laughs often, and as often retreats within himself while others talk around him. He speaks first soft and then loud, and alters suddenly from one mood to its opposite. He shows no sign that he recognizes his guilt.

May 29. — The Queen's agent instructed Poley to discover the witness, who had disappeared during the night following the assignation at the Red Boar. The witness was found at 11 o'clock, in a room above the Crown & Thistle by the river, lying in bed sweating and thrashing and regarding a picture of the Virgin Mary. He was in a fever and was attended by the woman of the house. Poley asked the witness to tell what it was that troubled him. Cudworth said in reply that he refused to bear witness. He then looked at the ceiling and asserted

several times in a loud voice that he saw the Archangel Michael with a flaming sword. Poley sent away the woman of the house and said to Cudworth that there was no one in the room but himself, Poley, and Skeres. Cudworth laughed violently and said that the room was his own conscience, that someone had put out the light and he heard nothing but confused noise. Thereupon he began to cry weakly and said he was betraying the sweetest young gentleman in London, and what did it matter whether there were a God or no, there remained love among men.

Poley and Skeres restored the witness, who promised to be at Deptford at the appointed hour on May the 30th.

May 30. — On the day of execution the condemned rose early and walked through the City, seeming listless and depressed. Once or twice he looked behind him. In the afternoon he wrote in his Journal and began a letter to a Lady which he did not finish. At 9 o'clock he descended to the street. He wore a sword and appeared excited and elated. He took a water ferry to Deptford and went to the Bull & Baby as appointed. There were already at the Bull & Baby the Queen's agent, Cudworth, and another, with a white face and a cough. M. spoke jokingly to Cudworth and drank 2 pts. of ale. At 20 minutes past 10 o'clock the execution was accomplished, a difference having arisen over the reckoning. M. died at once of two knife wounds.

The costs of this surveillance are £2, 4s., and 11d.

A Catalogue of Papers Found in the Rooms of C. M. Following His Accidental Death at Deptford:

1. A demonstration, derived from the miserable estate of the world and the natural guilt of man, that there can be no God.
2. A copy of your Majesty's letter to the University of Cambridge six years previous, when M. was engaged secretly in state affairs, to the effect that he had done your Majesty good service, and that it was not your Majesty's pleasure that anyone employed as he had been in matters touching the benefit of his country should be defamed or refused his degree by those ignorant of the business he went about.
3. Manuscripts of plays, entitled *Edward II*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Tamburlaine*, and *Doctor Faustus*.
4. A long poem, unfinished, entitled *Hero and Leander*.
5. A letter begun to a Lady, and broken off.

And lastly, your Majesty, there was a paper that for these ten years I had altogether forgot, but that he had remembered and preserved, and that I must sue to preserve also. It is a slight youthful thing I wrote myself, when we were both lads at Cambridge, that means nothing to anyone except one or two foolish people:

6. *A Masque of Love*, Written in Celebration of the Nineteenth Birthday of Christopher Marlowe, by Thomas Walsingham.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE TO MARY L.

May 30, at Sundown

MY ONCE DEAREST MARY:

The reason why I should write to you, after so many months, I know not, and the reason why I should hope that you may read what is written, I know less. I could go on with more false antitheses, but I have no heart for them. I fear there is something amiss, but whether in the world or in my mind, I cannot tell. Mary, I am heartsick. I have not spent these seven months with women, but with philosophers, reading and writing and pondering till my head reeled. The voices of philosophers are more shrill, jealous, and various than women's ever were; the winds of doctrine have swept through my mind till it is blown to tatters. I know not whether there be Reason in Heaven, Reason in the world, or any Reason at all in this poor life of mine. I know only that at this shadowy hour of sundown I have a sudden foolish longing for the regard of another human heart. This same silly presentiment in my mind, like a child's fear, bids me tell you that there is a thing I would have you know: though I betrayed the certain simplicity of your affection for the doubts and perplexities of reasoning, I loved you, Mary, and I love you still.

I have been watched these two weeks by a pair of curious eager villains, the one short and the other tall, who rush forward, fall back, scratch their heads, frown and whisper, and pretend an intense interest in objects invisible to others. The shorter now awaits me in the street below my window, disguised as a paving stone. In forty minutes I must keep a rendezvous at Deptford. There is a plot forward: by someone I am deemed guilty of I know not what. The powers of the state are in motion — from my simple service six years ago I am familiar with the gait of their approaches: but I shall meet them like old friends, and so, Mary, shall I condemn their judgment and redden their hands with their own guilt. There is one notion I have found in my philosophy, that redeems all: had I time to speak further —

THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

May 28. — Rose late this morning, having caressed till two o'clock with Tom. The talk was of the ways of God, but though we gave the matter our full attention for the space of two hours, we reached no conclusion. There was a third with us, an odd friend of Tom's, entitled Cuthbert or Cudwart or some similar cowlike name, a fat fellow with white hair and a pious watery bovine eye who spoke no more than to ejaculate "Ah!" or "Oh!" or "Do you so?" or "Is not the green grass, in

respect not only of its greenness, but of its grassiness, a marvelous proof of God's wonderful workmanship of the world?" While he uttered these religious sentences with a profound piety he drank seven pints of ale in half an hour.

I fear I offended Tom with some silly joke of Moses and Aaron. He turned pale, looked at Cudwart, and back to me as if he wished I had not said it for all the world. In the six years since we left the University, Tom has become a respectable man, a husband, a father, and a servant of the Queen; he has no longer this childish undergraduate trick of joking and arguing of mysteries, but knows the Prayer Book and the Articles and where he hung his socks; says "Yes, quite," and "An interesting position," and smiles not once. I have not seen Tom smile for a fortnight. He is so weighted down with affairs of state and Heaven that he speaks like a man of sixty. But I would cut off my right hand rather than offend him; I must hold my tongue firmer; for this Cudwart, he can break his neck on his religious grass and drown in his religious beer, but if Tom will be respectable, let him be respectable, and I will love his respectability.

Now I am twenty-nine; next year I shall be thirty; and so the great world decays, every year a year older. This philosophy will unhinge me wholly. I can moralize on the natural guilt of my left foot, with classical examples from Achilles to King Oedipus. I am afflicted today with the spectacle of Time and Age, and the desire to consider my life. What have I accomplished in this marvelous long life? I have played with boats and cried to go to bed; I have been to University though my father has not; I have made love to a girl whose lower lip would break your heart, who loved me with the awe of a daughter, came when I called, talked when I talked, laughed when I laughed, was silent when I was silent, and I sent her home; I have written a handful of verses so light they would fly upward had I not chained them in a desk drawer, a bushel of treatises on Heaven and Hell so foolish they would make the most inferior devil laugh in his torments, and half a dozen plays of so little volume they would not fill the grave of a field mouse — no, nor my grave either.

The fault cannot be my nurture; my father is an honest man. He has made shoes for thirty years, an honest man in an honest trade, thanking Heaven for an honest wife, giving thanks in the morning for breakfast and in the evening for supper, praising God for good fortune that he may feed his family, and for adversity that he may educate his soul. He speaks little and that roughly, thinks less, and reads nothing. He sent his son to University, and when that same son returned for Christmas, filled with fashion and Aristotle, he looked at his son with amazement and pride while the son sat sullenly in a corner of the kitchen in a new doublet. "A long journey?" said the father presently. "Middling

long," said the son out of his discontented silence. "Cold?" said the father. "Reasonable cold," said the son.

My father has worked long and hard to one end, and that end is to work hard. Here am I, all beginning and no end whatever, that change color with every breeze, not laboring from poverty to prosperity, but launched at full sail. I can go where I please and think what I will; I have a chart of the whole world, but I wander confused in the middle of the sea. For a week I can be a pair of pagan lovers; for two weeks I can be an Asiatic conqueror scorning heaven; for two weeks more I can be a learned doctor in terror of damnation. I have doubts that unseat the stars, and I resolve nothing. I have served the Queen, as Tom does now, but it was no more than a plaything with which to busy the hands while the mind wandered still. I can advocate a case today and its opposite tomorrow, with equal fervor. This tree of knowledge will damn me always: under this curse of thinking I can here spend an hour of God's sunlight in a small dark room recollecting a short and aimless life while Cuthbert improves the day with drinking. I must soon say that this searching intellect, this divine lamp of reason that includes within itself the thousand judgments and betrayals that men have ever conceived, is a light to lead us to drowning. Is a man who thinks a thing of nothing? I shall meet Tom tonight and discuss the proposition, and Tom will say, "Yes, indeed, yes, an interesting opinion."

May 29.—Supped and talked with Tom, and ever with us was the zealous Cudwart. I shall inquire of Tom who this rascal is. I fear he is one of the twelve apostles disguised as a drunken old man, for he will bear witness to the handiwork of the Lord ten times in five minutes, and a falser witness he never had. "Witness the hand of God," Cuthbert cries in his religious chant, "in the delicate decorum of nature, angels before men, men before beasts, locusts before pismires." Yet I begin to have a strange fondness for this Cuthbert, a kind of amiable fascination, despite myself, in this pious monster, though he has looked me in the face not once.

The talk was once more of Heaven and Providence: there are those, and one of them is I, who will vex themselves into their graves with notions, loudly arguing with philosophers two thousand years dead, arming resolutely against shadows, expounding mists, and tilting with reflections. The wretched Codberry drank all in and cast up holy examples with the regularity of a Roman Emperor. Tom, thank Heaven, is grown sensible; he and I have talked from a late dusk to an early dawn at Cambridge, but these vain philosophies trouble him no longer. What lies within the reach of his arm, he discovers and orders; what lies beyond, he cares not for. I have a melancholy voice in my head that

says we shall grow still farther apart; we are on different roads, he and I, and obey different commands. This is a sad thought, that boys are warm and pliable, and soon friends, but men harden into themselves.

At Cambridge Tom was as reckless as anyone in mind and hand. He is so no longer; and I might have seen the signs before, when once or twice he held back from an enterprise. He has hardened into a man of property: he speaks with the gravity of his grandfather; he jokes no more; he keeps accounts; he owns lands; he maintains a wife; he is a model to his son. When he walks into the air after supper he says, "A fine night, Christopher; a lovely night, Kit," as one says to a wife, "A fine gown, my dear, an excellent choice"—speaking with the quiet kindly pride of one who knows that although God made the night, yet he, Tom, must admire it, and though his wife chose the gown, yet he, Tom, paid for it. Then he pulls on his fur gloves and turns up the collar of his cloak and observes with satisfaction that the stars are exactly where he placed them the night before.

And still there is something in Tom which I cannot name, and which I fear in its anonymity, something almost ruthless in that sweet and reasonable friend. I think beyond all things Tom prizes Peace: the established doctrines of religion, the established order of the kingdom, and the due propriety of the family. The necessity is so strong in him for peace and order that sometimes I fear he would betray his own conscience and condemn his own heart. There is a strange irrational violence confined within that respectable Tom, from some terrible dread of disorder; I would give the rest of my life to let it loose harmlessly.

Its marks are on his face. While I and Codfish rattled on with the ways of God, Tom said "Oh" and "Ah" and looked at his hands, betraying nothing. His face was as strained and gray as the Tower of London in a mist from the river. I caught his eye but once in three hours, and in that one look there was a pleading beyond description. If he could only utter what is in his heart, I think he should be saved. I could argue no further; there was that in his look which killed my words.

These are uneasy times. There is a Catholic in every chimney; if a girl drop a handkerchief there is a popish plot. All that a man may talk of in safety is the price of hay, and that only of English hay. Spanish lace is a sly reference to a second Armada; seven old ladies reading aloud the Psalms are disguised Cardinals plotting to overthrow the government and establish all in common. We hunt out priests and atheists, with fine impartiality, as we hunt witches. In courts and street corners, public houses and court balls, there is fear of war. Ministers are condemned; friends are suspected; families are quarrelsome. At our most glorious hour, when we hold in our hand the peace of the world,

we condemn ourselves, and in the name of God: in sixteen hundred years what things have been done by the unhappy human race in their betrayal of that name.

This minute I caught a glimpse from my window of the fellow who walked behind me in the morning. There must soon come an end to this. I am as uneasy as the times. When Tom looked at me imploring, I had a fancy there was one word I might speak to redeem all and save us both: if I knew that word —

May 30. — I write now at sundown. This morning the City was radiant in a white mist: such a mist, no doubt, as surrounds the city of Heaven. Why I think of that second city, and see it so simply and sweetly in my mind's eye, like a child, I know not. I must cheer myself; for a letter pushed beneath my door summons me to meet with Tom in two hours' time at Deptford.

I could bear thinking were it not for the one thought which returns to me daily: that there is no tenant in Heaven, but an empty void, a deserted room, that would mock us to our deaths were it anything more than a great Nothing. In these troubled years I dare say this to none but friends; yet the thought is with me ever, and it stops my heart: that there is no God; that my father labors and thanks Heaven and when he dies will receive Nothing; that the articles of Tom's respectability rest securely on Nothing; that Cudworth shall on the last day march triumphantly into an abyss of Nothing; and that my father's son has spent twenty-nine years thinking of Nothing, to no purpose. These are wild and foolish words; I am shamed to set them down; I would I might go to Church on Sunday and sleep at night the other six days without dreaming. I would I were my father, and an honest man.

I have finished walking in the garden ten minutes and have cooled off somewhat. I think I see my way: if reason is my only instrument, if I have not the honest skill to cut leather nor the true simplicity to worship, I must employ that instrument as well as I may. I shall study further in these matters and resolve myself. If at length there seem indeed to be a Divine Providence, I shall fall down and weep for joy; if there seem to be none, no Reason in the world and no Reason in our short unhappy lives, why, men have looked that emptiness in the face before this, and stared it down and lived honorably. Philosophy is almost as honest a trade as any other; I shall follow it, and not despair.

And yet I have a weariness that stings my eyes. Perhaps before the highest court I am guilty indeed. The streets are darkening, as if this night were the last night of all, and there is no one come to light the lamps. I pray God there is One to light a lamp on that last night; for I cannot find my way alone.

In my folly I tried to write a letter to Mary, and could not finish it. I see no particular cause why she should go so far as to remember my name. It was a silly weakness moved me, but I confess I am calmer to find that natural affection has not altogether died within me. It may happen I shall be forgiven, for having loved truly.

I must set off for Deptford. My watcher awaits me below. I might not go: there is a kind of unease in my mind, such as would trouble a woman. Yet I am ready. Whoever they are that come toward me, I can do no less in politeness than go to meet them halfway.

I put on my sword this instant, that has not slapped my leg in two years. I think that doubts shall end this night.

/ / /

Your Majesty, he reached Deptford at half-past nine o'clock. The stars were clear and the moon was rising. There was a summer wind from the river and water lapped the barges.

In the tavern Cudworth and Frizer sat together. I waited in an alcove behind a curtain. A dozen laboring men were drinking and singing. The room was thick with tobacco smoke and the smell of ale — the place of judgment, dark, confined, and confused with voices. Your Majesty, it was the small perplexed room of a man's conscience.

He entered armed, looked about him in the smoke and noise, saw Cudworth, and sat down beside him. Cudworth told him I would come before long. Christopher clapped him on the back and laughed — I had not seen him laugh so happily in a month — and said, "Inform me of the condition of your soul tonight, Cudbelly; for Cudbelly, I love you, and I joy to see you, and I delight in your soul, and I can think of no other reason but that I wish to see you saved on the last night." Cudworth wiped his mouth, looked at Christopher, but not full in the face, and said, "These are grave matters, Master Marlowe." "None graver, Master Cuthbert, none graver," Christopher said, and all the while Frizer regarded him carefully and coldly, inspecting the white hollow of his neck as a lover studies a woman.

"Will you buy me an ale, Master Cuthbert?" Christopher said. He drank it in three swallows and turned suddenly to Frizer. "Do I know this gentleman, Codberry?" Christopher said, addressing Cudworth but his eye not leaving Frizer, who returned that look but so blankly there was no more expression in it than in a knife blade. "Master Marlowe, Master Frizer," Cudworth said. "God save you, Master Frizer," Christopher said, and looked at him long and hard, as though he recognized his opponent.

Then Christopher turned as suddenly back to Cudworth and said, "Buy me a second ale, Master Codfish, I think we shall have a carousal this night

to put a stop to all our healths." He drank it and laughed and said, "What think you of the works of men, Cudworth?" Cudworth answered, "They shall vanish from the face of the earth." Christopher laughed again, from pure pleasure, and said, "No, not all, Cudworth, not all, there are one or two shall remain." "What are they?" Cudworth said. "Shall I tell you?" Christopher said; and leaned forward as if to whisper, but instead said loudly, "I say that the work of Master Frizer shall be remembered for generations."

Frizer half rose, his hand over his dagger; but Christopher moved not a hair, smiling sweetly at him, and the laborers sang still. "Shall I resolve you upon the question of Providence?" Christopher said to Cudworth. "Do so," said Cudworth. "There shall be a God," Christopher said, "so long as men believe in him." "Ah," said Cudworth, wiping his mouth once more, "you say that God is a mere imagining of mankind." "I say that they imagined him for love," Christopher said softly, "and that that love shall redeem us all."

At this moment the host of the tavern came to them saying there were two ales yet to be paid for. Christopher looked up at him and said, "Master Cudworth has paid for these two." But Cudworth shook his head. I saw Frizer move his hand toward

his knife, draw his chair slowly backward, and gather his feet beneath him. "Shall we quarrel over a reckoning?" Christopher said. "We do all await a greater reckoning than this."

"Friend," he began, and there was something in that single human word that moved me more than religion. I stepped out, but I could go no further. "If I am guilty, though I know not how," Christopher said, "I shall pay my account." Frizer was up, his chair fallen backward and his knife shining. "And Heaven permitting I shall pay yours also," Christopher cried. Frizer leapt upon him, stabbing twice. Frizer stumbled back, and we saw that Christopher's sword was through his stomach. There was no sound in that small room but the two of them separating from that sudden embrace, Christopher turning and falling, and Frizer stumbling back into a table and coughing. The lights were put out and the room was filled with a confused grappling and shouting. He died without a word; but as he fell his head was bowed, like one who sinks to pray on a summer Sunday.

I can write to the Queen no longer. He lies tonight with angels. When he turned he looked full upon me: whether he saw me, I cannot tell, but I shall see that look forever. We are all guilty. I loved him. *God have mercy on us all.*



IDEAL LANDSCAPE

by ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

WE HAD to take the world as it was given:
The nursemaid sitting passive in the park
Was rarely by a changeling prince accosted.
The mornings happened similar and stark
In rooms of selfhood where we woke and lay
Watching today unfold like yesterday.

Our friends were not unearthly beautiful,
Nor spoke with tongues of gold; our lovers blundered
Now and again when most we sought perfection,
Or hid in cupboards when the heavens thundered.
The human rose to haunt us everywhere,
Raw, flawed, and asking more than we could bear.

And always time was rushing like a tram
Through streets of a foreign city, streets we saw
Opening into great and sunny squares
We could not find again, no map could show —
Never those fountains tossed in that same light,
Those gilded trees, those statues green and white.



Physician and teacher, JOHN F. BROCK, M.D., is Professor of Medicine at the University of Cape Town and an authority on the nutritional diseases so widespread in South and Central Africa. A consultant in nutrition for the World Health Organization, he made a far-reaching survey of the equatorial belt from Zanzibar in the east to Dakar in the west; and his findings are clearly stated in the significant paper which follows.

THE RED-HEADED AFRICANS

by JOHN F. BROCK, M.D.

1

Few persons would imagine that a search for red-haired Negroes in Africa could have any far-reaching significance in relation to world food supplies or the health of large numbers of people. Yet the red-headed African has turned out to be an important clue to the most serious and most widespread nutritional disorder of the world.

It is tempting to speculate on the possible effect of food deficiency, especially protein deficiency, on African peoples. Their backwardness has been attributed in the past mainly to the effect of tropical parasitic diseases and the enervating climate. It would now appear that protein deficiency is more important than either of these other factors.

The Negroes of Central and West Africa and the related Bantu people of Southern Africa ordinarily have jet-black, short, tightly curled hair. But under the influence of nutritional deficiencies, the color of the hair may be altered so that it takes on rather a reddish hue and later may become grayish-white even in childhood, and at the same time the texture is altered so that it becomes finer and more delicate and loses some or all of its curl.

The name "kwashiorkor" was first used in medical literature in the Gold Coast Colony in 1933 to denote a disease characterized by these changes in the hair and by failure of growth and development shortly after weaning, together with waterlogging of the tissues, fatty degeneration of the liver, and a characteristic skin rash. The whole picture was believed to be due to some kind of nutritional disorder. In the next fifteen years, similar or related disorders were described from many parts of Africa under a variety of names, including "infantile pellagra." During the same period, nutritional experiments showed that in a variety of animals, serious changes in the liver — among them fatty infiltration — could result from diets deficient in protein. It was suggested by doctors working in Africa and by nutritional scientists in other parts

of the world that kwashiorkor, infantile pellagra, and diseases described elsewhere under a variety of names might all be fundamentally similar and might result from deficiency of protein in the diet.

In 1949, some of these nutritional theories were discussed at an International Nutrition Conference in Central Africa. Subsequently the World Health Organization invited me to undertake a survey of the equatorial belt of Africa from Zanzibar in the east to Dakar in the west, where kwashiorkor and related diseases were prevalent. The Food and Agriculture Organization sent one of its officials, Dr. Autret, to join me, thus ensuring adequate contact with the French-speaking peoples of Africa, and combining the biochemical and agricultural aspects of the problem with the clinical and nutritional. Our two-man team completed its survey in two months by air travel between the principal centers of the African equatorial belt, and subsequently made its report in Geneva.

Briefly, kwashiorkor is a disease of children from six months to five years of age. Throughout Africa the children are often kept at the mother's breast for two or even three years, and it is unusual for the mother to have another child during this period. When another child does arrive, the previous child is displaced from the breast, and the disease has therefore been referred to by many African tribes as the "Disease of the Displaced Child." Recently etymologists have pointed out that the term kwashiorkor, which means literally "red-headed boy," can be interpreted as meaning "possession by a red or very bad devil" — presumably the devil of jealousy in the heart of the displaced child.

Throughout the greater part of the African equatorial belt, cow's milk is not available, since cattle do not survive because of trypanosomiasis (sleeping sickness). African parents cannot afford to purchase canned milk or baby foods, and the result is that for several years after weaning, when

protein is most needed for rapid growth and development, the child is fed an almost exclusively starch diet. The first weaning foods used in Africa vary from region to region but the common ones are mashed cooked bananas and cassava (manioc), both of which are gravely deficient in protein in relation to the needs of a growing child. Even corn when available is unsuitable, because the quality of its protein is defective. In very small areas a mush or pap of beans or nuts is used for the feeding of the weanling child, and there is evidence that this is protective against kwashiorkor because of its considerably greater protein content. Goat's milk is almost unknown in tropical Africa. Eggs are small and scanty and often subject to a taboo, while meat and fish are unsuitable for a child without teeth unless they are premasticated or pretreated in ways that are not known to the average African.

The result of this protein malnutrition when the child is rapidly growing stunts his development and makes him puny, irritable, and apathetic. At first sight the child does not appear to be undernourished because the waterlogging of the tissues gives a false appearance of fatness. Closer examination, however, shows that the muscles are poorly developed. The color and texture of the hair change, and in many cases there is a change in the color of the black skin towards a reddish hue. Any one of a number of skin rashes may be present, but these rashes are variable and inconstant. Their great variety undoubtedly contributed to the delayed recognition of the fundamental similarity of diseases described under many different names.

The great majority of children suffering from kwashiorkor are cured within four to eight weeks by being fed skimmed milk powder reconstituted with water. In a high percentage of cases no other treatment is required until returning appetite leads to the consumption of a good mixed diet. Some very severe cases may result in death in spite of treatment with skimmed milk, but if the nurse in charge is patient and diligent most of the sufferers can be saved. Skimmed milk is better than whole milk because the intestine with its deficient secretions appears to be incapable of handling fat. Five years ago, the mortality from kwashiorkor was 60 to 70 per cent. Today it has been reduced to 5 to 10 per cent through correction of protein deficiency by milk protein. The transition from a miserable grizzling infant to a mischievous imp within four to eight weeks by appropriate feeding is a delight to observe.

How prevalent is kwashiorkor? In the small and primitive hospitals scattered between Zanzibar and Dakar there must at any given time be thousands of cases. For every case in hospital there are probably hundreds of equally severe cases scattered in the hinterland of inaccessible bush country. And for every case in hospital there are probably hundreds, if not thousands, of additional children whose health

and vitality have been undermined, but not to a degree sufficient to induce the parents to bring them to hospitals. In Uganda, where the basic staple is cooked banana, it is possible that every child passes through a phase of kwashiorkor. Further, although Africa may be the worst affected continent, protein deficiency and kwashiorkor described under other names are certainly very prominent in Central America, in India, and in the Far East.

But the far-reaching and insidious effects of protein deficiency do not end with the child. Although he gets some protein from meat, fish, nuts, and beans, protein intakes are marginal throughout the lives of vast numbers of people in the African tropics and elsewhere. In these areas cirrhosis of the liver is very prevalent and appears not to be a result of alcoholism. In some parts of Africa, 60 per cent or more of apparently healthy young adult males are found to have cirrhosis of the liver if they come to autopsy following accidental death. This cirrhosis of the liver is associated with endocrine abnormalities and sterility, and it finally leads to primary cancer of the liver, which is hardly known in temperate climates but is the commonest cancer in African and some other equatorial peoples. Nutritional study in animals in the last decade has shown that cirrhosis of the liver and primary cancer of the liver are due solely or in the main to deficiency of protein. If this also applies to man, then the recovery of the African child from kwashiorkor when he gets his teeth and puts them into solid protein foods is only temporary.

2

How are kwashiorkor and the other probable results of chronic protein deficiency to be prevented in the future? If cattle can be made to thrive in the tropics, a suitable indigenous food for the weanling child will be available. But the cure for cattle trypanosomiasis is not yet available, although extensive research is being done on certain drugs which may turn out to be effective. Goat's milk may possibly be an answer; but unless they are carefully controlled, goats are very destructive of natural vegetation. The importation of canned milk and milk products is certainly no answer, since Africa cannot afford to pay for imported foods.

Vegetable protein mush prepared from indigenous beans and nuts may be one solution. Another plan is to let the mother digest and assimilate those protein foods which her young infant cannot manage, and supply them through her breast milk. This would mean the encouragement of the traditional practice in Africa of prolonging breast feeding into the second or even third year of life. There has been a tendency in the past for missionaries and educators from the West to persuade African mothers that with their poor diet and the heavy work which they must do, it is wiser for them to wean their

children at the six to nine months age which is conventional in Western Europe. Perhaps this has been wrong advice. For one reason or another, the traditional African practice of long lactation has been associated with a degree of family spacing which has been advantageous and which could well be retained. It should not be forgotten that kwashiorkor is a disease of the displaced child.

But apart from the problem of protein foods for the weanling child, there is still the problem of protein foods at all ages in equatorial Africa and in other parts of the equatorial world. Although fish is undoubtedly important wherever people live by the sea or lakes or rivers, it is unlikely that Africa will reach anywhere near enough animal protein production for its population in the next few decades. At present the regular consumption of animal protein is the prerequisite of certain privileged groups in Africa, such as the Batussi aristocrats of Ruanda-Urundi and the Masai of Southern Kenya.

The remedy in Africa lies in stimulating the production and consumption of vegetable proteins such as the legumes. Ruanda-Urundi is the most heavily populated part of Africa but it shows less evidence of protein deficiency than most areas, for the simple reason that every peasant cultivates a small patch of beans. This remedy for protein shortage could be multiplied throughout Africa by well-directed agricultural extension methods.

Kwashiorkor in Uganda has been cured by enriching the banana staple, on which the disease develops, with soya-bean flour. Unfortunately, this striking advance was demonstrated with soya bean which is not indigenous to the African continent. But we may expect that this curative experiment will soon be repeated with the many beans or legumes which are indigenous, and that they will be as effective as the Asian soya bean which was chosen for the tests because its value had already been demonstrated as a vegetable protein supplement to the starving people of Europe just after the close of World War II. In Ruanda-Urundi a missionary has made a collection of more than twenty varieties of indigenous bean. The next step will be to demonstrate that vegetable protein in one or another combination can be an adequate substitution for animal protein as a long-term preventive of protein malnutrition.

Even if some animal protein is necessary as a supplement to diets based on the cheaper sources of vegetable protein, the quantity required as a supplement will be small. And for such supplementation fish will certainly be adequate, for it is one of the richest of animal proteins. Already in Africa nutrition is comparatively good wherever the people live by seas, rivers, or lakes and consume fish. Other parts can gradually be supplied by developing fish-pond farming on the Chinese pattern, and by developing sound and cheap methods

of fish curing which will be applicable in humid tropical climates.

With a little further research the field will be set for the specialists in agricultural extension. There is enough knowledge already to start them off on effective programs.

The great inertia of traditional apathy, superstition, and ignorance will be overcome only with difficulty, but there can be no real awakening of Africa until protein needs are met. The leaders of African nationalism have so far shown great interest in political rights but very little interest in the elementary needs of the malnourished masses. The development of the mind and spirit of the masses towards intellectual and spiritual freedom is certainly necessary. But is this possible among people who are chronically starved of protein, the raw material from which all tissues of the body, including the brain, must be built?

Two questions are often asked. 1) What about tropical parasites? 2) Can programs of rural agricultural extension be made to work among completely uneducated people? Both can be answered with considerable confidence.

Tropical parasites will undermine far more effectively the vitality of malnourished people than of those who have good diets. Tropical parasitism and tropical malnutrition constitute a vicious circle. Ideally they should be tackled simultaneously, but if only one is to be tackled, then it should be malnutrition. Modern drugs and antibiotics show promise of dealing very effectively with the parasites, but without better nutrition the ultimate results will be poor.

As to the second question, examples can be quoted from many parts of the world of the responsiveness of the most primitive peoples to education in food production. The appeal of this kind of education is universal. Even the most superstitious food taboos are easily overcome by demonstration. When I first visited Ruanda-Urundi in 1944 there was a serious famine and people were dying of starvation by the hundreds beside lakes teeming with edible fish. There was a local taboo on the eating of fish. Six years later the same people had shed their taboo against fish with vast benefit to their health and nutrition.

Behind all this looms the unsolved problem of population pressure. Modern drugs are beginning to work wonders in the control of tropical parasites. Better feeding will lead to rapid population increases in Africa. What is to be the future of this population increase? Is it to become the kind of population pressure we already know in some parts of the world, where periodic famine is the only check to the multiplication of millions through the irresponsible spawning that is characteristic of grinding poverty? Or can the Dark Continent lead the world into a new dignity of development among backward people?



Biographer and editor whose roots go back to Bristol, Rhode Island, MARK ANTONY DEWOLFE HOWE is the Dean of Atlantic contributors, having made his first appearance in our columns sixty years ago last spring. Mr. Howe published his autobiography, A Venture in Remembrance, at the age of seventy-seven; in the dozen years intervening, despite the physical handicaps which accompany his sapience, he has worked with unflagging zeal at six books and a postscript to his reminiscences, from which we have selected these appealing pages.

NEARING NINETY

by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

I

IN 1941, when I was a mere boy of seventy-seven, I produced *A Venture in Remembrance*. My book had no more ambitious purpose than to present, against the background of the changing times through which I had lived, some vestiges of influences and interests, of kinships, friendships, and deepest attachments, which made me what I had then become. At seventy-seven I certainly thought I should have no more to say.

Now that my ninetieth year has amazingly begun, I find that certain happenings and reflections have set these past twelve years apart from their predecessors. My father used to quote the objection of one clergyman to the preaching of another on the ground that he had "the gift of continooance." Shall I incur that condemnation if I rescue a few of these thoughts and events from the oblivion to which the course of nature unimpeded would consign them?

The special experiences that provoke my recollections of these recent years bear some relation to hospitals. After a nearly fatal illness of twenty years ago I believed myself done with hospitals. Not so. First there came a broken shoulder due to falling one dark night on unfamiliar ground into a hole, whence I was lifted after the manner prescribed for a neighbor's ass — such indeed I thought myself — which had fallen into a pit. Then there was an operation for cataract on one eye, counted a successful operation for two days, when an inner blood vessel broke and the eye went blind. About six months later a sudden illness drained so much of my own blood away that I had to be sustained by the transfusion of sixteen pints of blood from other veins. I learned that the first two contributors were Irish and Slavic. What other strains were employed to save me I do not know. Perhaps I am a walking exhibit of the United Nations. I do know that after these three experiences the machine that

was still to me had to be shifted into lower gear. But this seemed better than coming to a full stop.

In the general field of experience the first happening of all, bringing many reflections with it, has been the arrival of old age, and the recognition of myself not merely as an old man but as a very old man. My friend Jack Chapman went to the root of the matter in the simple statement that "old age is a bad arrangement." Certainly, in many obvious details, it is. All that can be said about it, *pro* or *con*, has been abundantly said by poets, philosophers, dramatists, and other masters of expression. Shakespeare's definition of all that should accompany old age includes everything that one could ask, and more than anyone short of royalty is entitled to get. If he had included the item of respect he would have named something which, deserved or undeserved, seems to come to some of us through nothing more concrete than the long-continued piling up of years. At ninety the previous five or ten years can have contributed little or nothing to affect one's stature in the eyes of others. Yet it sometimes becomes embarrassing to find that one's opinions, even one's protracted existence, seem to call for a certain deference never manifested before. Can it be that one has become a miracle, or curiosity, of survival?

In earlier years one has to win this respect from the generations younger than one's own by a sort of interchange. It is a stupid old man or woman who does not respect the juniors' right to opinions and ways of their own. There must be many parents who have learned that decisions at which the young, beyond the stage of mere adolescence, arrive are frequently the right decisions — for them. A wise woman has declared that the best way to bring up a girl is to provide her with good principles and a latchkey. A broad application of the truth behind

that dictum would go far to promote confidence and respect between young and old.

For the ninetieth birthday of a brother who in 1949 had nearly four more years to live I made some verses about "The Genarians," whom I divided into the groups of "sexas," "septuas," "octos," and "nonas," each with its own attributes. Before long, as my years were approaching the nonas in number, the matter took on a more serious aspect, and on my own behalf I made an appeal to "Thieving Time":—

Now, thieving time, take what you must —
Quickness to move, to hear, to see.
When dust is drawing near to dust
Such diminutions need must be.

Yet leave, O leave exempt from plunder
My curiosity, my wonder.

These terms began at once to find fulfillment. Quickness to move and see have diminished first, and quickness to hear calls after them, "Wait, I shall soon catch up with you!" Yet time has shown some mercy. I am not yet bereft of curiosity and wonder.

Of what do they avail? Curiosity has to do chiefly with the present and the future. What is happening, and will happen, to my children and grandchildren, to friends and contemporaries, to my country and the world, still engages my intense interest. I am irked especially by having to rely so largely on newspaper headlines and a limited recourse to periodicals and books. But the radio, the phonograph, each with the blessing of music, and that cornucopian gift from the Welfare State, "Talking Books for the Blind"—for these the handicapped, whether from age or otherwise, must feel a boundless gratitude.

The alleviants take some care of curiosity about the present. As for the future, curiosity slips easily into the perilous old field of speculation. The accumulated years seem to have taught me nothing more conclusive than that the common lot, perhaps with unpredictable minor variations in matters of both personal and general concern, is probably the surest thing on which to count. Carlyle's retort to Margaret Fuller, when she declared her willingness to accept the universe, "Gad, Madam, you'd better," is worn so threadbare by quotation that plenary indulgence must be asked for repeating it. But old truths are often kept moving in old vehicles. For living, not speculation, one of these vehicles carries an old truth beside which it is well to keep on marching. This truth persists in the Sermon on the Mount.

If curiosity relates especially to the present and the future, wonder has to do with the present and the past. Persons who have not lived more than fifteen or twenty years are already adjusting themselves to the wonder of change, the acceptance of new conditions. Television affords a single instance

of this. For one who began to notice things in the decade after that of the Civil War—for example, at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, when the Corliss engine and Vienna rolls made their indelible impression on the mind of a twelve-year-old—the acceptance and readjustments have been innumerable. Gerald W. Johnson's *Incredible Tale* and *The Big Change* by Frederick Lewis Allen present a panorama of change—social, economic, political—between 1900 and the present day at which the most hardened observer cannot look without gasping.

2

INSTEAD of touching upon any one of those major changes in detail, or considering what it has meant in the nearest past, and how portentously, to be contemporaneous with the Second World War, the United Nations, Korea, and Stalin's Russia, I should like to symbolize them all by contrasting what used to happen to one who woke up in the night with what happens now. I was well past boyhood when, waking in the dark bedroom of a country house, I had to grope on the bedside table for what was called a "card" of matches, detach one from its Siamese-linked band of brothers—perhaps a dozen—scratch it alight, suffer the pungent, sulphurous fumes it gave forth, wait till the blue flame set its splinter of wood on fire, and then light a candle. That flickering, tiny torch was all one could win from the encircling gloom, and somehow it seemed just as good as the winter gaslight of a city house, a little bud of flame, "turned up" into a flapping yellow fire tending to spurt upward with a whistling sound.

How is it now—not today but tonight? I stretch out my hand knowing just where to find a hanging chain or a switch to flood the room instantly with light. On the table by my side I find a radio set, AM and FM, a telephone, a clock. A buzzer to summon any ministration is close at hand. A small box offers the controls of an electric blanket as comforting to a chilly, solitary old man as that beautiful young Abishag who made herself a blameless hot-water bottle for King David when "old and stricken in years; and they covered him with clothes, but he got no heat."

As if these wonders were not enough I have only to step into the adjoining room, in out-of-bed hours, adjust a record disk to a phonograph, each provided free by the United States Government, and listen to the generally excellent reading aloud of a good book chosen from the extensive library catalogue of "Talking Books for the Blind." To say that in the past year or two I have ranged from *Paradise Lost*, entire, through *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, essays of William James, a novel by his brother, through biography, poetry, and history, to Mark Twain and P. G. Wodehouse, is only to suggest how many smaller things than aviation,

atomic energy, and mass production are standing at attention to remind the very old that they are now inhabiting a very new world.

An old man living alone is in constant peril of thinking and talking too much about himself. His health and his memories provide pitfalls into which he is too likely to plunge. His friends conspire to the same end. One of their favorite admonitions on parting is "Take care of yourself" — just as if that were not an octogenarian's chief occupation, if not his full-time job. These friends do not realize that their visits have so exhilarating an immediate effect as to win for themselves the title of "human cocktails."

Sobering thoughts are bound to follow. An old human mechanism has no more claim to exemption from the repair shop than any other piece of complicated machinery. But a "used car" may still achieve a considerable mileage. The driver must try to get what he can out of the forces still at his command. He had better drop the idea of speed and, in driving the car of his own person, try to keep an open mind, and to count upon friends, such work (or its semblance) as he can still accomplish, and his family (if such there be) for both motive power and satisfaction.

In the article of friends it is discouraging to lose those few seniors who, one by one, must disappear. A. could have enlightened me on this matter, B. on that. Perhaps even more with C. there were bonds of sympathy grown closer through sixty, seventy, or more years. These are not easy to dispense with. Yet one compensating discovery is possible — that new friends can still be made in old age. This is not so likely to happen if you remain rooted in one spot. If you live in Boston, you will do well to visit New York now and then, uncontrolled by that belief of the besotted Bostonians that the best thing in New York is the five o'clock train to Boston. It has never been that best thing to me, though I am tempted to say, like Pope on quitting London, "Dear, damn'd, distracting town, farewell." In New York it is well to go as often as one can to the Century Club, especially if one is familiar with its smaller "opposite number," the Tavern, in Boston. What the visitor will discover is a more metropolitan, more cosmopolitan, assemblage of persons than any Boston gathering-place could draw to itself; and if his affiliations happen to be with Harvard, he will wish that Yale had in Boston so large a representation of delightful graduates as it contributes to the society of New York. This is by no means to suggest that size and diversity offset the advantages of intimacy in a small, homogeneous body of men. To the Century I owe a special gratitude for the beginnings of more than one of the old-age friendships which have meant much to me.

For all agreeable associations in which comfort may be found, there is of course much to be said.

Yet there is a disturbing consciousness, when one has retired from active pursuits, that the effects of "containment" — by which I mean the restriction of human contacts to persons of one's own little section of the social order — leave much to be desired. It was something to have worked, and lived briefly, in a settlement house; to have directed the operations of a farm; to have sat at editorial desks to which all manner of aspiring persons resorted. Sometimes I should like to interrupt my relations with elderly Bostonians and others, old and young, and of both sexes, whom I enjoy and value for our common interests and backgrounds, with excursions into more miscellaneous circles. This must now be done more in thought than in deed. When all is said and done, the unchecked stalking of respectability may be cloying, and only the more when you suspect that you are bearing an unconscious part in it.

Then there is work (or its semblance) in which one may find solace. Fortunate is the man with a hobby, especially if it calls, like carpentry, for manual dexterity. Fortunate too is he who can make a little music for himself, on whatever instrument. Not least fortunate is the writer, who can provide himself, as I am now doing, with a harmless, congenial employment, which will have served that one good purpose even if it stops short of print. The spur of fame, that last infirmity of noble mind, need not be felt. If it happens that some of this writing may interest others, so much the better. Perhaps there is nothing more gratifying than to do what one most enjoys doing, and then to be paid for doing it.

The case for old-age employment in general was put in a nutshell by one of the two brothers Smith, now more than half forgotten, whom fate might have concealed entirely by so naming them had they not written "Rejected Addresses." From the younger brother, Horace, came these lines: —

Crows' feet may plough with furrows deep
My features if I can but keep
My mind without a wrinkle.

3

A FEW years ago the *Boston Herald* printed a short editorial on "The Writing Howes." My three children had added books of their own to a considerable number for which I was responsible. Their additions to the total list have consisted of fiction, biography, and history; nor does the flow seem to have abated. In fact a daughter-in-law and two nephews must now be included in the "Writing Howes." My own children, through broadcasting and direct speech from stage and professor's desk, might be called also "Talking Howes," and by one of those miracles that may attend the easing of pressures on the human system, I appear to have

joined them, in the past few years, through an astonishing fluency of speech — a liberation hitherto unimaginable. Perhaps fortunately for unprotected listeners it has come too late to be used as I should once have used it.

The interests of the younger writing and talking Howes have coincided at so many points with my own that I have had more than a merely paternal concern for their successive undertakings. In the way of help in old age from one's family, what more could be asked? The scenes of one's boyhood and happiest later years provide another stay and comfort. In recent summers I have drifted back to my native Bristol in Rhode Island, especially to the house of a beloved younger brother. At eighty-four he celebrated my eighty-eighth birthday in August of 1952 by a family party at which our older brother in the last of his ninety-three years was also present. The total of our combined ages was two hundred and sixty-five. Our host, in his perennial youth, colored a print of the familiar picture "The Spirit of 1776," turning to gray the hair of the three Revolutionary patriots, and labeled it "The Spirit of 265." This may not be a "conversation piece," but perhaps it will provoke conversation among sons, daughters, nephews, and nieces for some years to come.

My lingering on the stage on which my children are appearing has had one inconvenience, due to an imperfect distinction between my name of four units and my younger son's of only three. Writings of his have been attributed to me, and vice versa. The confusion has not been lessened by my having written a short biography of the older Oliver Wendell Holmes and his dealing, more monumentally, with the younger. I wonder if the annals of biography afford a parallel to the fact that two greater Wendell Holmeses, father and son, have been the subjects of published study by the two lesser DeWolfe Howes, also father and son.

In the year of 1951 the ties with Rhode Island were strengthened through my becoming an elderly

alumnus of Brown University, the college from which five generations of my family have been graduated. It was good, even so late, to find myself no longer outside their academic circle. On Commencement Day in Providence I learned that my father had received his Brown honorary Doctorate of Divinity in 1849, just one hundred and two years before the corresponding degree in Letters was conferred upon the son who bore his name. The long gap may best be explained by the greater precocity of the generation before my own, for my father was only forty-one in 1849, against my eighty-seven in 1951.

It was to Bristol, and to Weetamoe, the family farm, then my home, that in 1899 I brought my wife, a bride. It was in Bristol in 1933, shortly after her death, that I wrote the following lines, long unseen by any eyes but my own: —

Poor fraction that I am, bereft of her,
Only as through the dark her smile returns,
Only as in my heart her spirit burns,
May I pretend the role of integer.

As I uncover them now, time has shown that a smile may keep on returning through the dark, a spirit not my own may still burn in my heart. To whatever my children derived from their mother at birth there was added her influence until the youngest of them reached the age of twenty-seven. Were it not for them, and their inheritance of some of her gifts of perception, feeling, and expression, the smile and the spirit which have come back to revitalize my own memories of her might remain in the realm of lamented things. An indication of what these memories mean to me may be found in the fact that hardly a day passes without my doing or saying something (or abstaining from such act or word) in accordance with what I believe she would have liked. This is but one small token of a larger linking of the present with the past. Yet even by small degrees a fraction may acquire some resemblance to an integer.





Books and Men



FRANCES PERKINS and Harold L.

Ickes sat side by side through the twelve years of F.D.R.'s Cabinet, and she is admirably qualified to appraise his Secret Diary, the first volume of which Simon & Schuster have just published. A Bostonian, Miss Perkins took her A.B. at Mount Holyoke in 1902, made a name for herself as Industrial Commissioner for New York State from 1929 to 1933, and served as Secretary of Labor from 1933 to 1945, the first American woman to hold a Cabinet post.

PRIVATE THOUGHTS OF A CURMUDGEON

by FRANCES PERKINS

THE first volume (representing about one third) of *The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes* (Simon & Schuster, \$5.00) begins with an entry on March 5, 1933, the day after the inauguration of President Roosevelt, and closes with an entry on November 7, 1936, after Roosevelt had been re-elected by enormous majorities.

The preface by the editor, who is the author's widow, fills in certain preliminary facts and explanations of personality and point of view. The book is in the nature of an old-fashioned diary in which the writer confides to "My Journal" personal reactions, feelings, emotions, suspicions, which he would never have made in a public statement.

The writer of the diary, however, did confine himself pretty closely to recording and expressing his reactions to matters which related to his job as Secretary of the Interior or to his political activities and the contacts in government which furnished his political problems. One wishes that he had let more of his other life — his personal, social, and family life — creep into this journal to illustrate the life of the times in which he lived, and also his own personal growth, his hopes, and his satisfactions. Nevertheless, these pages do reveal much of the personality of a conscientious, high-strung, soundly liberal, and high-principled man faced with the confusions and problems of a critical period in American history, and operating in a field which was largely new to him.

One is astounded at the industry which could keep a man as overworked and harassed as was Harold Ickes at his self-appointed task of making systematic entries in his diary every night and every week. This is a book historians will regard as a mine of information about many details of the first four years of the New Deal which are not clear in the available official papers. Students of political science will also read it for its discussion of some of the complicated and extraconstitutional activities of a Cabinet in the United States. The relations

between the President and his Cabinet, between Cabinet officers, between members of the Cabinet and the elected representatives in Congress, are all revealed in an informal and unself-conscious way. Ickes was not writing a thesis on the function of the Cabinet. He was merely recording his own day-by-day experiences and operations. Ickes plunged in on March 5 and accepted political problems and government problems as they arose, confining himself originally to what he conceived to be the duties of the Secretary of the Interior in relationship to the Department of the Interior. It is obvious, however, that his broad interests and naturally inquiring mind led him almost immediately into concern about all parts of the government and eventually to a kind of activity and leadership in thinking and action which was not apparent in his early entries.

Although Ickes constantly says that his primary interests were in conservation of natural resources, which is the largest element of obligation in the Department of the Interior, he nevertheless spent most of his time, thought, and diary writing on public works; methods of administration of public works; the political pressures exerted in an effort to make a straight public works program into a work relief program in which relief was the principal objective; the oil industry and the administration of an oil control program; and, finally, the political movements, problems, schemes, antagonisms, and aspirations that were developing in the United States.

The first quarter of this book contains so many expressions of admiration, affection, and total loyalty to President Roosevelt that this reviewer began to ask: "Is he never going to differ with the President or criticize him unfavorably?" The spell was broken, and Ickes finally exploded in 1935, when he read in a newspaper that the President had signed an order directing him to cease allocations of public works projects and to turn all such matters over to

the emergency program of which Ickes had not approved. In his own description, he "talked up" to Roosevelt "in a way in which he had never expected to address the President of the United States."

There are many incidental revelations of the quality of mind and imagination which Harold Ickes had: a charming description of Hyde Park on the occasion of his first visit, "a place I would dearly love to live in myself"; a touchingly childish appreciation of having been told by a casual acquaintance and again by a member of Congress that he had done very well indeed on the public works administration; the agonies of his social life in Washington (he didn't like the domestic champagne served at the White House and thought the chairs provided for guests during musicales horribly uncomfortable); the exhaustion and fatigue which he suffered almost constantly and which he frankly says through his journal "accounts for some of his ill-humored" attitudes and comments; the excessive and tiresome demands of official ceremonies (one has to realize that Cabinet officers sometimes have to change their clothes twice in one afternoon and again at night, in order to meet the demands of the social functions). His meticulous recording of the dates and places and persons present or involved in certain movements and debates is evidence that he was consciously preparing himself for the possibility of future investigations, when he would not be found guessing in his testimony. He was well aware that public works was a dangerous business and that handling oil was even more dangerous, and was determined to be prepared for anything.

His record as given here so simply by his daily recordings is an impressive one. He was honestly absorbed as well as truly interested in the subjects which were his responsibility. He was bored by the subjects and activities in which other people, sometimes his colleagues, were interested and concerned, and he refers to them so briefly as to make one wonder if he took them in at all. Nevertheless, his record shows that he invariably helped out with such influence as he had on the major items of social progress. In spite of his preoccupation with his own public works program he could not resist the temptation to put his finger into every other problem, and his own record in this diary of the innumerable private appointments he demanded with the President bears out the impression which many had during his lifetime that he was advising the President on matters outside of his department.

Ickes deeply resented Henry Morgenthau's frequent personal and private conferences with the President, but this diary would indicate that he sought and had about as many. He resented, according to his own diary, any effort of other branches of government to enter into his domain either as advisers or coöperators or, as he came to suspect, as rivals for the political prestige and undivided authority with which he administered.

He makes himself perfectly clear through his diary that he does not believe in practicing the "soft answer" technique. "They are less likely to make trouble," he says, "if they know I am not only able but willing to fight back."

One is surprised at the frequency with which he complains of his hard work and exhaustion, for nothing would have kept him from his late hours at his desk and no one could persuade him to delegate more of his duties. Nevertheless he did a good many things that amused him. He took little rides into the country and commented on the beauty of the landscape; he sat on the grass by the banks of the Potomac with Henry Wallace and John Collier (Commissioner of Indian Affairs). He went to a family dinner with the Roosevelts and apparently chuckled to himself at the picture of the Roosevelt family all talking at once, debating among themselves and disputing their father vigorously, even as the children of other families do.

He comments with a good deal of insight on the general ballyhoo with which the New Deal began its work in the National Recovery Administration and points out that General Johnson thought it should be continued as a permanent method of operation. One constantly reminds oneself that this was a private diary, and that if candor is a relief to the writer he is certainly entitled to practice it. But some of his comments, particularly about General Johnson and his associates, are perhaps a little too frank for necessity. His comments on the weaknesses of other people undoubtedly gave him relief, and one is moved to laughter at his expression of the pouting and peevishness of one Cabinet member, of the unctuous and pompous ways of another, the overtalkativeness of a third, and the indirect and perhaps deceitful methods of another. These are not profound revelations, and one wishes that he might have had time for ripe reflection on the varieties of human nature and on the development of his own attitudes and conclusions.

His obvious worries over his troubles with his Chicago brokers and their determination to disgrace him; the effect of newspapers and newspaper comments on actions of government itself; his irritation over the leaks to the public or to the press; his loyalty to his own appointees even when they were under severe criticism; his total innocence, as recorded in his diary, when the President rebuked his Cabinet and the Executive Council for public and semipublic criticism of each other at a time when most people thought the rebuke was meant for Ickes himself, and Ickes records in his diary that it was intended purely for another — all combine to make this book not only a political history but a human-interest story. A personality was being made by the operation of the times. Both these aspects of the book are fascinating, and it will be read for interest in the man as well as in the political and historical document that it is.



Books and Men



Most widely recognized as a poet,

Conrad Aiken has achieved distinc-

tion for his short stories, novels, essays, and recently his autobiographical narrative, *Ushant*. On the occasion of his *Collected Poems*, published this fall by Oxford University Press, the Atlantic invited the distinguished critic and Princeton scholar, R. P. BLACKMUR, to evaluate Mr. Aiken's contribution to letters and to explore the creative process of the poet.

CONRAD AIKEN: THE POET

by R. P. BLACKMUR

1

THE newly collected poems of Conrad Aiken run to so many hundreds of pages no one reader can easily digest them in bulk. Nor can any one reader discriminate the best from the better and the better from the worst with any certainty even of personal choice. Digestion and discrimination must be the gradual labor of many readers. Yet it is good to have all the poems in one place; they make a bulk, and bulk is a great part of Aiken's quality in much the same way it is part of the quality of Swinburne, or Hugo, or Carducci, or Sir Walter Scott, each in his different way. It is not for isolated poems that these poets are remembered; anthologies cannot do them justice or even give a proper sample taste.

Some poets concentrate, compound, and construct their experience into words. Others, like Aiken, expand and extend and exhaust their experience. Their unity is in all their work, not in single efforts, where indeed the unity may evaporate. This is because such poets, and especially Aiken, work in a continuous relation to the chaos of their sensibilities (Houston Peterson called his book about Aiken *The Melody of Chaos*), and each separate poem issues with a kind of random spontaneity: the least possible ordering of experience, what is possible within the devices of prosody (such as the couplet, the quatrain, the sonnet, and so on), never the maximum possible ordering under what Coleridge called the coadunative powers of the mind. There is no generalizing power of the mind. Yet all the poems together make a generalization.

Perhaps we cannot say what that generalization is, though we may feel it. Who can say what the sphinx generalizes? — or a change in weather? — or Jacob wrestling in the stream? Yet we know very well, and try our best to say. So with Aiken. We must see if the shifts and alternations in his weather do not make a climate which generalizes them. Luckily Aiken himself supports this effort. If he did not exactly choose he somehow found it neces-

sary to write in the mode of imagination here described.

In his autobiographical narrative called *Ushant*, Aiken gives an account of a prophecy of his life made to him by an eccentric "Unitarian-minister-and-clairvoyant" one morning in a Bloomsbury boardinghouse. "You have the vision, the primary requisite," said this gentleman. "You will be a true seer: it is, I fear, in the communication that you will fail. You will always tend to rush at things somewhat prematurely: you will see beyond your years, ahead of your maturity, so that continually, and unfortunately the immaturity of your expression, a certain glibness and triteness, will tend to spoil your excellent ideas, leaving them to be adopted and better expressed — better organized because better understood — by others." And he went on: "You will touch [life] at almost every possible point; and, if you do die spiritually bankrupt, you will have known at least nearly everything — known and seen it, even if ultimately without the requisite power, or love, or understanding, or belief, to harmonize it into a whole, or set it into a frame. . . . You will want to taste your own spiritual death."

To this, and the rest of it, Aiken gives full assent: "How devastatingly true!" We all have such an uncle in the cupboard who says such words in our ears, if we listen: it is under such words that we see the divisive nature of our politics, our culture, and our individual selves. Aiken has written one version of the poetry of that condition, just as Eliot has written another version, which Aiken will not quite understand, thinking Eliot's version a betrayal of his. "That [Eliot's] achievement was unique and astounding, and attended, too, by rainbows of creative splendor, there could be no doubt. Indeed, it was in the nature of a miracle, a transformation. But was it not to have been, also, a surrender, and perhaps the saddest known to D. in his life?"

D. is Aiken objectively observed, spun out, de-

veloped, and coiled round himself as endlessly as possible within a single volume. And that volume, *Ushant*, is the best key we have to what Aiken the man was up to in creating Aiken the poet. From *Ushant*, then, it is easy to clarify and support what Aiken (or D.) undertook to believe the prophetic Unitarian from California meant in the Bloomsbury room. At one place Aiken says D. had a bias for form as form, "that inventions of form must keep a basis in order and tradition" and must be related to "a conscious and articulated *Weltanschauung*, a consistent view." On the next page he remarks that through Freud "at last the road was being opened for the only religion that was any longer tenable or viable, a poetic comprehension of man's position in the universe, and of his potentialities as a poetic shaper of his own destiny, through self-knowledge and love." The combination (of the philosopher and the maker) was expressed in the two volumes of "Preludes" which he here calls "serial essays towards attitude and definition."

But there are three other sets of remarks which would seem to clarify the way in which Aiken actually approached his double problem. One is where he refers to himself as the priest of consciousness in flight. A second is where he develops the notion that the true theory of art is, necessarily, the unwritten book; that the true aesthetic is of the impossible, where the act of initiation is taken as an end in itself. The third set of remarks summarizes his underlying philosophy: "One must live, first, by seeing and being: after that could come the translation of it into something else. This constant state of his 'falling in love,' falling in love with all of life, this radiant narcissism, with its passionate need to emphasize and identify, this all-embracingness, must find something to do with itself. Subject and object must be brought together, and brought together in an apocalypse, an ecstasy, a marriage of heaven and hell."

It might be supposed that everyone has a little more life — a little more seeing and being — than he can quite manage; but there is no need to quarrel with Aiken about that. What is interesting here is the "radiant narcissism" which is the radical quality of all his acts of apprehension, or at any rate of those which get into his poems and other fictions. His autobiography is itself an act of radiant narcissism. What he writes shines with the expanded light — perhaps the idiopathic light, perhaps the light of self-healing or idio-therapy — of what he has seen and been; and the hope is that, with the aid of the traditions and forms of poetry, it may be light for others also.

Aiken's life is a self-feast mediated in poetry, and what is so attractive about his poetry is that each of us, by letting his own egoism shine a little, may eat of himself there. This is also why he can speak of his world as a "rimless sensorium," and why the Unitarian prophet was right in telling the young

Aiken that he would never set life into a frame.

But not everybody needs to make frames. If Aldous Huxley complained in 1920 that Aiken would have to find "some new intellectual formula into which to concentrate the shapelessness of his vague emotions," he was not reminding us of Aiken's obligation so much as he suggested our own. So long as this Narcissus remains radiant it will be our business to find a frame or frames for the radiance. The Narcissus is only ourselves at a desirable remove: the heightened remove of poetry in which even our worst selves seem authentic and our best impossible of attainment. For it is poetry like this which teaches us we could never put up with our best selves.

2

WHAT then does Aiken do — what is his radiance — between the double blows of life and theory? What is his music and how does he sing it? He sings on two trains of thought or themes and he sings like the legendary bard, improvising old tunes as if they were his own by discovery or inheritance, or both. To expand into clarity and towards judgment these phrases will be the remaining task of this essay. What are the themes and how does a bard sing?

One theme is the long, engorged pilgrimage of the self coming on the self: the self creating the self as near objectively as possible. The second theme has to do with the dramatization — in theatrical terms, so far as a poem can be a theater — of the selves of others. *The Jig of Forslin* edges towards a fusion of both themes: where the self comes on a dramatization of the self, full-fledged and self-creative. *Turns and Movies*, his next set of poems, represents the second theme; *Senlin*, a few years later, represents the first. If there is a single theme in Aiken's work, it is the struggle of the mind which has become permanently aware of itself to rediscover and unite itself with the world in which it is lodged.

When the soul feels so greatly its own flux — the flow of itself recalling and eddying upon itself — it becomes very difficult to reassess the world other people inhabit. Very difficult and of absolute necessity. Bertrand Russell wrote his most lucid book, *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, while in prison during the First World War as a conscientious objector to that world. In Aiken it is the self that is such a prison; one bursts out of it without ever leaving it, and one bursts into it without ever having been there. It is the contest of our private lives with the public world.

No theme could be closer to us; almost every mode of the modern mind tends to make the private life more intolerable and the public life more impossible. Only what used to be called ejaculations of the spirit suggests the blending of the tolerable with the possible. Arnold thought poetry could do the job of religion, but Arnold had never heard of psychol-

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THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA

ogy (psychiatry, psychoanalysis, and psychosomatics). Aiken could not help having Arnold for an uncle, but he had "psychology" for his other self, the hopeful and destructive brother of his heart.

In his poems there is always the cry: "Am I my brother's keeper?" But it is both brothers who cry, not one: sometimes they cry alternately, sometimes together. The attractive force of Aiken's poetry lies in these joined cries; they make the radiance of this Narcissus. Narcissus is only the personal, anecdotal, and legendary form for that frame of mind known as solipsism: the extreme subjective idealism that believes the mind creates the world when it opens its eyes. It lies in the background of the whole movement in modern art called expressionism (the feeling that what one says commands its own meaning) and is related to make the artist or outsider, as such, the characteristic hero of modern literature. Solipsism is the creative egoism, not of the primitive savage who believes in nothing he does not see, but of the civilized and excruciated consciousness which claims credence for everything it does see and, by the warrant of sincerity of feeling, everything it might see.

This is why we speak of so many levels of consciousness, all of them our own, and for that reason all valid; but none of them dependable for others, none of them showing to others any surety of motive. Dostoevsky invented buffoons who acted out of caprice. Gide invented criminals who made *actes gratuits*. Kafka invented his hero "K" who could not act at all. Aiken's work belongs in this train of thought with his deliberate egoism, his structure by series and repetitions and involutions, his preludes to attitude and definition, the emphasis on the incomplete or aborted act of the incomplete or aborted ego. Your solipsist, because for him no action can ever be completed, is bound to be violent in expression.

Readers of Aiken's novels will easily understand the application of these remarks to all his work. Indeed the long poems will come immediately to seem themselves novels in a philosophico-lyric mode. The chaos under the skin of perception has become both part of the body, its bloodstream, and united with the mind, its creative matrix. For the mass of Aiken's work is deliberately pre-morphous; it is prevented from reaching more than minimal form. He attempts to preserve the chaos he sees and he attempts to woo the chaos he does not see. The limit of form which attracts him is the form just adequate to keep the record with grace: the anecdote, the analysis, and the prelude. He has the sense that as things are finally their own meaning (as he is himself), so they will take up immediately their own form.

This is true with the poems, and increasingly so from the earlier to the later volumes. *Turns and Movies* is a series of dramatic monologues, hard,

rapid, and anecdotal, rather like *Satires of Circumstance* or *Time's Laughing-stocks* by Thomas Hardy, full of murder, open and hidden hatred, wrong marriages, and burning infidelities: an effort to grasp the outside world by its violent sore thumbs. *Punch, the Immortal Liar*, the next volume, is Aiken's first conscious effort to fuse the two halves of his theme, and we get the violence of the inner man seizing that of the outside world. *Senlin*, four years later, is philosophical, meditative, musical, and repetitive, the free onward solipsism of the pilgrim trying to come on himself.

Something like one of these sets of attitudes can be applied to any of the original volumes. *Festus* is part of the pilgrimage. The *Charnel Rose* is a kind of theatrical or *Turns and Movies* version of romantic love. In *John Deth* we have the solipsist working towards annihilation, as in *Osiris Jones* we have him working towards epiphany. *Priapus and the Pool* is free erotic expressionism moving into philosophy. The *Kid* is an historical version of *Turns and Movies*, a frontier version of the civilized soul, remarking tradition as he goes. *And in the Human Heart* is an effort to make the inner violence transform the outer through love. *The Preludes of Attitude and Definition* exhibit in infinite variety both the tension and the distension of the two violences, what keeps the soul together in every moment but the last in its lifelong series of fallings apart.

The attitude breeds the vital chaos of definition. (Which may remind some readers of Aristotle's remark that there is an optimum definition for any point at issue, and one should never define more than necessary. In Aiken's preludes the right amount is reached when the vitality of the chaos is reached.) Lastly, though not last in chronology, the *Brownstone Eclogues* most clearly fuse, join, and crystallize the two violences of Aiken's theme, and it is from them therefore that an example will be drawn.

But a single quotation will not be enough. There is a poem in Aiken's mid-career which is a kind of anterior example of the meaning of the passage chosen from the *Eclogues*. The earlier poem has a lucky title for the purpose. It is classical, Freudian, and as anomalous as the next breath of air you breathe: altogether universal is "Electra" in the human heart. In "Electra" is the trespass of one human upon another; in the eclogue is the trespass into the human of the nonhuman out of which everything human is made. Here is the passage from "Electra": —

'Under this water-lily knee' (she said)
'Blood intricately flows, corpuscle creeps,
The white like sliced cucumber, and the red
Like poker-chip! Along dark mains they flow
As wafts the sponging heart. The water-lily,
Subtle in seeming, bland to lover's hand
Upthrust exploring, is in essence gross,
Multiple and corrupt. Thus, in the moonlight'

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(She hooked a curtain and disclosed the moon)
 'How cold and lucent! And this naked breast,
 Whereon a blue vein writes Diana's secret,
 How simple! How seductive of the palm
 That flatters with the finest tact of flesh!
 Not silver is this flank, nor ivory,
 Gold it is not, not copper, but distilled
 Of lust in moonlight, and my own hand strays
 To touch it in this moonlight, whence it came.'

This is what humans make when their egoisms trespass impossibly into each other's flesh. Here is the passage from *Brownstone Eclogues*; it is the complete poem called "Dear Uncle Stranger": —

All my shortcomings, in this year of grace,
 preach, and at midnight, from my mirrored face,
 the arrogant, strict dishonesty, that lies
 behind the animal forehead and the eyes;

the bloodstream coiling with its own intent,
 never from passion or from pleasure bent;
 the mouth and nostrils eager for their food,
 indifferent to god, or to man's good.

Oh, how the horror rises from that look,
 which is an open, and a dreadful, book!
 much evil, and so little kindness, done.
 selfish the loves, yes all, the selfless none;

illness and pain, ignored; the poor, forgotten:
 the letters to the dying man, not written —
 the many past, or passing, great or small,
 from whom I took, nor ever gave at all!

Dear Uncle stranger, Cousin known too late,
 sweet wife unknissed, come, we will celebrate
 in this thronged mirror the uncelebrated dead,
 good men and women gone too soon to bed.

This is what trespasses into the human, "the bloodstream coiling with its own intent," and it is precisely what makes possible the creation of "the finest tact of flesh." The one trespasses upon as it illuminates the other. The two together make the original warrant for the ego to make whatever artifacts it can. Narcissus is not all of us but at some sore point we are all of us Narcissus. Aiken's theme is his radiance.

3

SO FOR his theme. How does the bard sing? In the easiest language and the easiest external forms of any modern poet of stature. He sings by nature and training out of the general body of poetry in English.

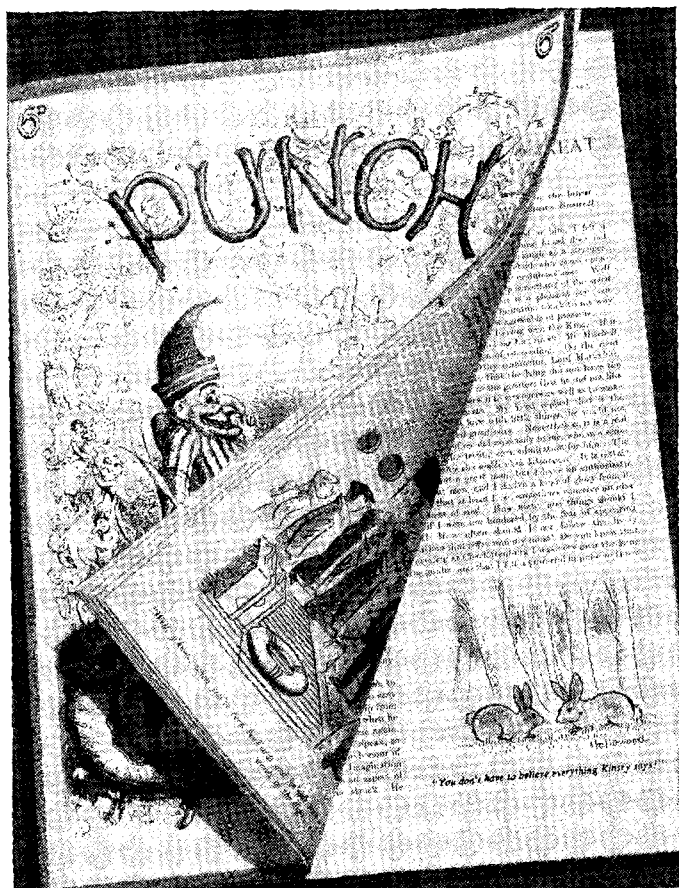
He writes from the cumulus of cliché in the language, always, for him, freshly felt, as if the existing language were the only reality outside himself there were. There is hardly ever in his work the stinging twist of new idiom, and the sometimes high polish of his phrasing comes only from the pressure and friction of his mind upon his metres.

It is hard to make clear, in a period where so many poets play upon their words and so many readers think the play is all there is, that this superficially "easy" procedure with language has long since and will again produce poetry — even the difficult poetry of the soul wrestling with itself. But it is so with Aiken, and it is worth while to end these remarks by trying to make this matter clear. Aiken depends on the force of his own mind and the force of metrical form to refresh his language. The cumulus upon which he really works is the cumulus of repetition, modulation by arrangement, pattern, and overtone. He writes as if the words were spoken to let the mind under the words sing. He writes as if it were the song of the mind that puts meaning into the words.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

TIME was, in my youth, when a man would add up the things he had to be thankful for, and ask for more. The year was 1914 and the man I am thinking of, Rupert Brooke — a poet much quoted after his death, but now in eclipse. Brooke was the most glamorous of the Georgian poets, and his self-aware, self-examining mind had the gift of embellishing simple things. His poem, "The Great Lover," identified for others the beauties of an unbelligerent world, and the most evocative lines in it begin with

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faëry dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood. . .

His catalogue of delight ends with these lines: —

Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass; —
And these have been my loves. And these shall pass . . .

As a manuscript reader in the 1920s, I can testify that many beginning poets did their best to imitate "The Great Lover." Then the mood changed; debunking became fashionable, and in *Life* for 1922 Dorothy Parker began publishing her "Hymns of Hate."

*I hate the Younger Set;
They harden my arteries.*

There are the Boy Authors;
The ones who are going to put *belle lettres* on their
feet. . . .

Then there are the Male Flappers;
The Usual Dancing Men.
They can drink one straight Orange Pekoe after
another,
And you'd never know that they had had a thing. . . .

So the pendulum swings. We who bear the strain of a cold war which has already lasted for eight years, and might outlast the century, can hardly believe that life will ever again be as trustful as when Rupert Brooke wrote. Exasperation, suspicion, and dread close in on us and take the joy out of daily living. Yet integrity and trust in this country are still at large, and the kindness which so many foreigners have remarked as our first virtue. Perhaps the time has come to remind ourselves of what we hold dear.

I love big family gatherings, and the banter, the candor, and the woman's sympathy (whether the mother's, the aunt's, or the older sister's) which bring children to self-confidence.

I love American distance: the wild untapped areas you look down upon from the Smokies or the Shenandoahs, from the plane spanning Maine, or Utah, the Texas plains, or the conifer forests of the Northwest. As you look, you feel the immensity of a growing country.

I love water, not only "the benison of hot water," as Rupert Brooke wrote; I mean water in brooks and salmon rivers, in the cresting surf of Barnegat, Monomoy, or Plum Island.

Of trees I love the beech, the elm, and the oak — the beech for its leafy umbrageous shadow, the elm for grace, the oak for strength; in spring the dogwood, in October the swamp maple and sumac whose blaze lights up New England.

I love the American humor of John Mason Brown, of Fred Allen, E. B. White, and James Thurber.

I love dogs — the mad circles of infatuation a young dog will cut around you on a morning walk, and the paw and muzzle on knee at day's end.

I love the Brahms Fourth, the Schubert "Unfinished," Tchaikovsky's Fifth, the César Franck — and if I had one long-playing record between me and final silence, the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth.

I love quiet — so quiet that you do not look up from your book until the log in the open fire falls apart. So I love the Sabbath, as a time to clear the mind of worries and collect one's thoughts. Sunday is the great restorer; we need such respite, and the best of the year is ahead in those twelve days from Christmas to Twelfth Night.

Women and woodchucks

Of all the young writers whose reputations were made with war books, John Hersey has shown the



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most consistent development as a novelist. In *A Bell for Adano* he showed that he had the power to sustain the longer narrative and the skill to make his story point up a moral issue. *The Wall* was remarkable for its characterization and compassion. Now in *The Marmot Drive* (Knopf, \$3.50), his first book about civilian life (notice how slow our war novelists have been to write about civilians), Mr. Hersey has written the story of a hue and cry in Connecticut with — underscored all through it — the most burning personal issue of contemporary America: the willingness to stand up and testify for what one believes.

To the out-of-the-way village of Tunxis in the summer's heat come a city girl, whose name is Hester, and her Connecticut suitor, Eben Avered. Eben's father is the Selectman of Tunxis, and Eben has come home over the weekend to see what the family think of his intended. The lovers arrive in time to attend the town meeting at which plans are made to wipe out a destructive colony of woodchucks, and they are obliged by the Selectman, much against their will, to take part in the two-day hunt that follows. They are separated in the maneuvers, and Hester, who is hot-blooded and provoked by Eben's Puritanism, makes a pass first at Ros Coit, Eben's boyhood rival, and then at the Selectman himself. She is detected in the second episode, and Mr. Avered goes to the whipping post because she lacks the courage to tell the truth. All Tunxis talks in a spicy nutmeg idiom. The feuds and spite engendered by their close neighborliness are sharply delineated, and the leading characters — the Selectman, Mrs. Tuller the schoolteacher, Aunt Dorcas the old crone, and Hester the outsider — are people who live in the mind.

There are plenty of inequalities here, though they did not for a moment restrain my eagerness to see what was going to happen next. Eben is a will-of-the-wisp — too diffident, it seems to me, to hold, even as long as he has, so lusty a girl as Hester. Hester herself comes out of nowhere; we never do have any understanding of her background. The Selectman is too given to preaching; and when his punishment descends, it sounds as if it were drawn from Hawthorne rather than from contemporary life. Finally, there are times when the Connecticut idioms have too many currants for the bread. But these are minor objections, and they do not seriously detract from the vitality of and the tensions in this woodchuck-ridden, woman-ridden Connecticut village.

Auction this day

There used to be a tradition of Christmas books: Henry van Dyke's *The Story of the Other Wise Man* and the decorative little volumes by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews are what I mean; they were priced at a dollar and they conveyed more affection than a Christmas card. For this year the

perfect Christmas book is *Make Me an Offer* by **Wolf Mankowitz** (Dutton, \$2.00). Women who love shopping, men who pride themselves on their skill in buying and selling, will rock with delight when they read this unique story. The author is a London dealer who specializes in Wedgwood (his father "specialized" in army boots, blacking for grates, iron tonic, and women's hats), and his story is a throat-cutting and amusing exposure of the antique trade. The writing is quick-witted and shrewd; the narrator is likable; the Portland vases glow with beauty; and the auction in the English country house is better than a circus.

The animals came two by two

Animal lover that I am, I have had a picnic with *The Overloaded Ark* by **Gerald M. Durrell** (Viking, \$3.75). The author at twenty-eight is the youngest zoological collector in Great Britain. With his friend and ornithologist, John Yealland, an ancient of thirty-five, the author set forth on a six-month collecting trip in the great rain forests of the Cameroons. Yealland's interest was of course in birds, and Durrell's in mammals and reptiles, and this chronicle is an entertaining understatement of the difficulties encountered in capturing what the native hunters called "big beef" and "small beef." Durrell enlisted a remarkable native team: Elias, fat-bottomed and waddling, and Andraia, who was very tall and quick as a flash. With his Gallagher and Shean he penetrated the thickest undergrowth, the stickiest swamps, and the dankest caves; much of their questing was done at night. In this time-honored fashion "I lowered myself to the ground, hung the collecting bag round my neck, put the torch in my mouth, and proceeded to crawl up the tunnel on my stomach . . . the most painful means of progression known to man."

Young Durrell may have been green to the forests, but he certainly knew the species he was looking for, and his descriptions of the putty-nose guenon, of the pangolin, the squeaking fruit bats, the python, the skink, the bulbul and drill and *angwantibo*, are most engaging. He writes with the light touch of Peter Fleming and with the constant reminder that once an animal is caught, it is your job to keep it alive and well. His text is pointed up with black and white portraits of the leading characters by Sabine Baur.

The Roosevelts and Vermonters

Autobiographies have a way of losing their bloom the closer they come to the present, but this is decidedly not the case with **Nicholas Roosevelt's** very personable volume, *A Front Row Seat* (University of Oklahoma Press, \$4.50). He was a cousin of T.R. and one of seventeen young Roosevelts who were brought up together at Oyster Bay. Archie was his closest friend; he adored T.R.; and his



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Winner of the 1953 Caldecott Award, this "has everything small children will love — imagination, humor, excitement, and beautiful dramatic full-page illustrations." — *Chicago Tribune* \$2.75

Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

sprightly and affectionate account of the days at Sagamore Hill provides a most enticing beginning.

Mr. Roosevelt entered diplomacy at an age when most men are still in college. In 1919 he had a front row seat at the armistice commission in Central Europe. He served as Vice-Governor of the Philippines and as our Minister to Hungary. For a quarter of a century his observant mind and quick, firm prose made him an admirable newspaperman, and he served as an editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* and later for three years as assistant to the publisher of the New York *Times*.

I like his historical judgment, but most of all I admire his gift for characterization. His contrast of Alice Longworth and Eleanor Roosevelt; his thumbnail sketch of young Sumner Welles; his account of the byplay between Frank H. Simonds and Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State; his description of Admiral Kato's poker face at the Washington Conference when the Japanese Navy was obviously not going to be scrapped; his admirable portrait of Willkie; his superb summing up of Carr V. Van Anda, perhaps the ablest managing editor in the history of American journalism — these are just a few of the brilliant vignettes in which this book abounds. The author, of course, writes with the passion and prejudice of the Roosevelts — nothing Woodrow Wilson said or did could be right — but making such allowances, I find this a forthright, likable narrative.

Vermont could ask for no better spokesman than **Dorothy Canfield Fisher**. She has lived in the state, as her father used to say, "ever since 1763." Her great-grandmother was a pioneer in the Green Mountains, and for decades Mrs. Fisher herself has been storing up the history, the living experience, and the characteristic Vermont episodes which are bound together in her new book, *Vermont Tradition* (Little, Brown, \$4.50). She tells how the young veterans of the French and Indian Wars, young men from Connecticut and Rhode Island, having campaigned through the Green Mountains, were drawn back to settle there with their brides and what a different breed they were from the landowning squirearchy of the Province of New York. She tells of the different booms, of the money earned from potash as the forests came down, of the brief, golden prosperity which came in with the Merino sheep from Spain, and of the great days of the Morgan horse. She tells of how badly bled Vermont was by the Civil War, and of how more lifeblood drained away in the migration west by stagecoach and canal. She describes her book as "The Biography of an Outlook on Life," and it will be treasured by those to whom Vermont is a taciturn kind of Paradise. No Vermonter has ever had a good word to say for New York, nor has she. But you expect every good book to show some temper.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

THE HIVE by *Camile José Cela*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50.) A powerful, angry book pictures life in modern Madrid through a series of vignettes linked together by the common elements of poverty, desperation, and shame.

THE BLUE HUSSAR by *Roger Nimier*. (Messner, \$3.75.) A French tank regiment surges into Germany at the end of the Second World War and, despite brutality and disillusionment, retains much of the swagger and exuberant humor of its old cavalry days. Fast-moving, fascinating, and at bottom a very tough book indeed.

GRATEFUL TO LIFE AND DEATH by *R. K. Narayan*. (Michigan State College Press, \$3.00.) The life of an Indian teacher of English makes a delicate tragicomedy in this warm, unpretentious, highly accomplished novel.

Memories

MADELEINE GROWN UP by *Mrs. Robert Henry*. (Dutton, \$4.00.) In her sequel to *The Little Madeleine*, the author describes her experiences in London in the twenties with the same observant sympathy that made her earlier book such a charmer.

MONSTER MIDWAY by *William Lindsay Gresham*. (Rinehart, \$3.50.) Mr. Gresham is an old carnival hand, but readers with no sawdust in their shoes will enjoy his inside report on the business, for it is enlivened with cynicism, wry humor, and plain love.

ALL DONE FROM MEMORY by *Osbert Lancaster*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75.) Witty, eccentric, disrespectful memories of an Edwardian childhood, with wonderfully absurd drawings by Mr. Lancaster, a fine cartoonist as well as a fine author.

SAFETY LAST by *Lt.-Col. W. F. Stirling*. (British Book Centre, \$4.00.) Colonel Stirling has served the British government since the Boer War as agent and general handy man, operating in such hot spots as Africa, Arabia (with Lawrence), and the Balkans, and his autobiography contains the makings of half a dozen wallowing adventure novels.

Between the States

THE RAID by *Laurence Greene*. (Holt, \$3.00.) John Brown's raid is the high point of this semifictional history of Harpers Ferry, but the book demonstrates that many things struck the town besides Osawatimie.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF THE CIVIL WAR by *Allan Nevins*. (Macmillan, \$2.25.) From the question of what constitutes statesmanship, Professor Nevins proceeds to a provocative discussion and comparison of the differing qualities of Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

VICTORY RODE THE RAILS by *George Edgar Turner*. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.50.) The Civil War was the first in which railroads figured importantly, and this account of the strategic part they played is clear, detailed, and revealing.

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CHARLES J. ROLO



SINCE the discovery of the atom bomb, there has been a marked rise of interest in scientific writings for the layman. The huge success of *The Sea Around Us*, the publication in *Life* of a series of articles on the origins of the earth, are but two of many indications that the reading public is in the mood to learn more about the world we live in. This heightened curiosity can be agreeably satisfied, for by and large the popularizations of scientific subjects are of a higher caliber today than ever before. A case in point is *Man, Time and Fossils* (Knopf, \$5.75) by Ruth Moore, a newspaperwoman. Planned as a companion volume to *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*, it is a lucid and engrossing account of the story of evolution, handsomely illustrated with photographs and a wealth of line drawings.

Miss Moore opens with the five-year, round-the-world voyage of the 10-ton brig, *Beagle*, on board of which was a young naturalist, Charles Darwin, who returned with a revolutionary theory about the origin of species. The book focuses in turn on each of the great discoverers — Lamarck; Giard, who, in teaching France Lamarck's greatness, raised one of the major issues that have confronted evolutionists — the view that acquired characteristics are inheritable; Cope, the Philadelphian, who unearthed in the United States a vast collection of prehistoric animals; the Dutchman De Vries, whose meticulous experiments with primroses gave birth to the theory of mutations; the Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, whose monographs on peas, re-discovered after twenty years of oblivion, set forth the principles of heredity; the Englishmen, Haldane and Fisher, and the American, Sewell Wright, who have shown that the theory of natural selection and the theory of mutation are not in opposition, and who have welded them into the modern theory of evolution.

The second half of Miss Moore's book deals with the discoveries of the fossil-diggers, who have both corrected and corroborated the formulations of the theorists. The search for man's earliest ancestors moves from the clay banks of Java to the caves and hills outside Peking; from the south of England to the quarries of South Africa; it is a tale of incredible patience, freakish strokes of luck, and dramatic detective work.

In the past decade, as happens at a few rare moments in the history of a scientific problem, understanding of man's evolution has taken a momentous step forward. In 1946, there appeared the complete report of Dr. Broom's discovery, in the Transvaal, of the "missing link" — the ape-men. Wartime advances in physics led to uranium-dating of the earth's age, and the redating of the last 25,000 years through radioactive carbon 14. By 1950, the physicists and geologists had established that the world is vastly older and man vastly younger than had previously been thought; and already the anthropologists have come through with persuasive answers to the problem of reconciling evolutionary theory with the shortness of man's span on earth.

A learned Prime Minister of South Africa, the late Field Marshal Smuts, once said: "The story of evolution is perhaps the most enthralling romance in all science." Receptive readers of Miss Moore's book will probably agree with him.

From D Day to Potsdam

Triumph and Tragedy (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00) brings to a conclusion Sir Winston Churchill's six-volume history of the Second World War, which has won him the Nobel Prize. It is as magnificent a narrative as the best of its predecessors. As the title suggests, the mood here is a mixture of elation as the war moves to a sweepingly victorious climax and of somber foreboding as the Kremlin's actions lead Churchill to the conviction that Russia has become a menace at least as deadly as Hitlerism.

Poland occupies a central place in this volume, and the record of Churchill's tenacious and heartfelt struggles with Stalin over its future should further discredit the glib thesis that Anglo-American diplomacy cynically "sold the Poles down the river." In the first stages of the negotiations, Churchill clearly had too much confidence in Stalin. But several months before V-E Day, he had realized that the extent to which Stalin could be made to keep his promises would hinge on the military position of the American and British forces in Europe when the post-war order started to take shape. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that that position would have been vastly more commanding had Churchill's counsels, which gave due weight to long-range political objectives, prevailed over the American doctrine that military expediency was the paramount consideration: a doctrine to which General Eisenhower and the other U.S. military leaders cleaved as rigidly as President Roosevelt.

Though nothing if not tactful in the area of Anglo-American relations, Churchill's presentation of the record reveals that his differences with the U.S. viewpoint became acute in the final stages of the war. Specifically, he lost out on at least three crucial issues. He was dead against the landings in the south of France, and fought for a concentration

"I DIDN'T KNOW THAT PRESIDENTS OF WRITING SCHOOLS COULD WRITE...."

from what I have read of this book (*One Winter in Boston*, by Robert Smith, President of the Magazine Institute), Mr. Smith should immediately quit presidenting, which can be done well by millions, and get down to writing, since good writers are few indeed."

—CHARLES DRISCOLL

"*New York Day by Day*"

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*(Letters on file)

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

of strength in Italy which would enable the Allies to speed up their advance and make Vienna their target. He strongly urged on Eisenhower the importance of entering Berlin and Prague, which were both within his grasp. He pressed Truman to set an earlier date for the Potsdam Conference so that the tremendous withdrawal of the Anglo-American armies to lines agreed upon with the Russians would not take place before the conference had tested Stalin's willingness to fulfill some of his commitments.

As in the previous volumes, any reader who has not made a special study of the war will find a host of revelations. Among other things, I did not know that when the V-1 bombardment got under way, all of London's antiaircraft defenses were daringly transferred — in four days — to the coast, and with highly successful results; or that, thanks to a freak accident during trials of the V-2, the British obtained, via Sweden, fragments of the new rocket and knew exactly what to expect.

As Churchill's story comes to a close, the newly won victory was already turning sour; and with a strict fidelity to historical truth the final pages of his monumental work strike a sharply accented note of anticlimax. On learning the results of the British election, Churchill tells us he was "discontented" that the power to shape the future would be denied him. When his wife remarked that his defeat might be "a blessing in disguise," he replied: "At the moment it seems quite effectively disguised."

Education of an American

Out of These Roots (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00) by Agnes Meyer is an autobiography with several facets. It is the story of an American woman who has combined a happy marriage and the raising of five children with an extraordinarily active career. It is the account, rich in human awareness, of a "process of regeneration" which gradually changed a "priggish, introverted, and . . . not uncommon type of self-centred American girl" into a mature woman whose energies flowed into rewarding channels. There is in it, too, a tract for the times. Mrs. Meyer, a Republican and also a hard-hitting liberal, affirms that political responsibility begins with community initiative and that fierce independence, the courage to resist the current pressures for conformity,

is crucial to the democratic spirit. In all of this, Mrs. Meyer strikes no jarringly sententious notes, never bogs down in stuffy platitudes. *Out of These Roots* is a spirited book, and if the writing is at times a trifle heavy-handed, there are times when it has a trenchant edge.

After Agnes Ernst (as she then was) graduated from Barnard, there came a stint on the New York *Morning Sun*, then travels in Europe on a shoestring. Married in 1910 to Eugene Meyer, who for eighteen years held a succession of important government posts and who since 1933 has been owner of the *Washington Post*, Mrs. Meyer has made a name for herself as a responsible and forceful crusader — for cleaner government, decentralization, improved public education and medical care, fair play for the underdog. Her newspaper articles helped, among other things, to break the power of Boss Crump of Memphis and to free twenty-one young Negroes arrested without evidence during race riots in Columbia, Tennessee.

Out of These Roots is the memoir of a woman of wide culture. Mrs. Meyer vigorously champions the philosophy of John Dewey, her onetime teacher. She discusses her studies of Chinese art and thought (on which she has published a monograph) and their influence on her. She writes about her warm friendship with two utterly opposed giants of letters, the proselytizing Catholic, Paul Claudel, and the humanist, Thomas Mann; about meetings with Veblen, Leo and Gertrude Stein, Brancusi, Milhaud, Rodin, Steiglitz, Jung, Paderewski. She writes, too, about the importance of deep roots; the status of American women today; the lessons she learned from William L. Ward, the "good boss" of Westchester.

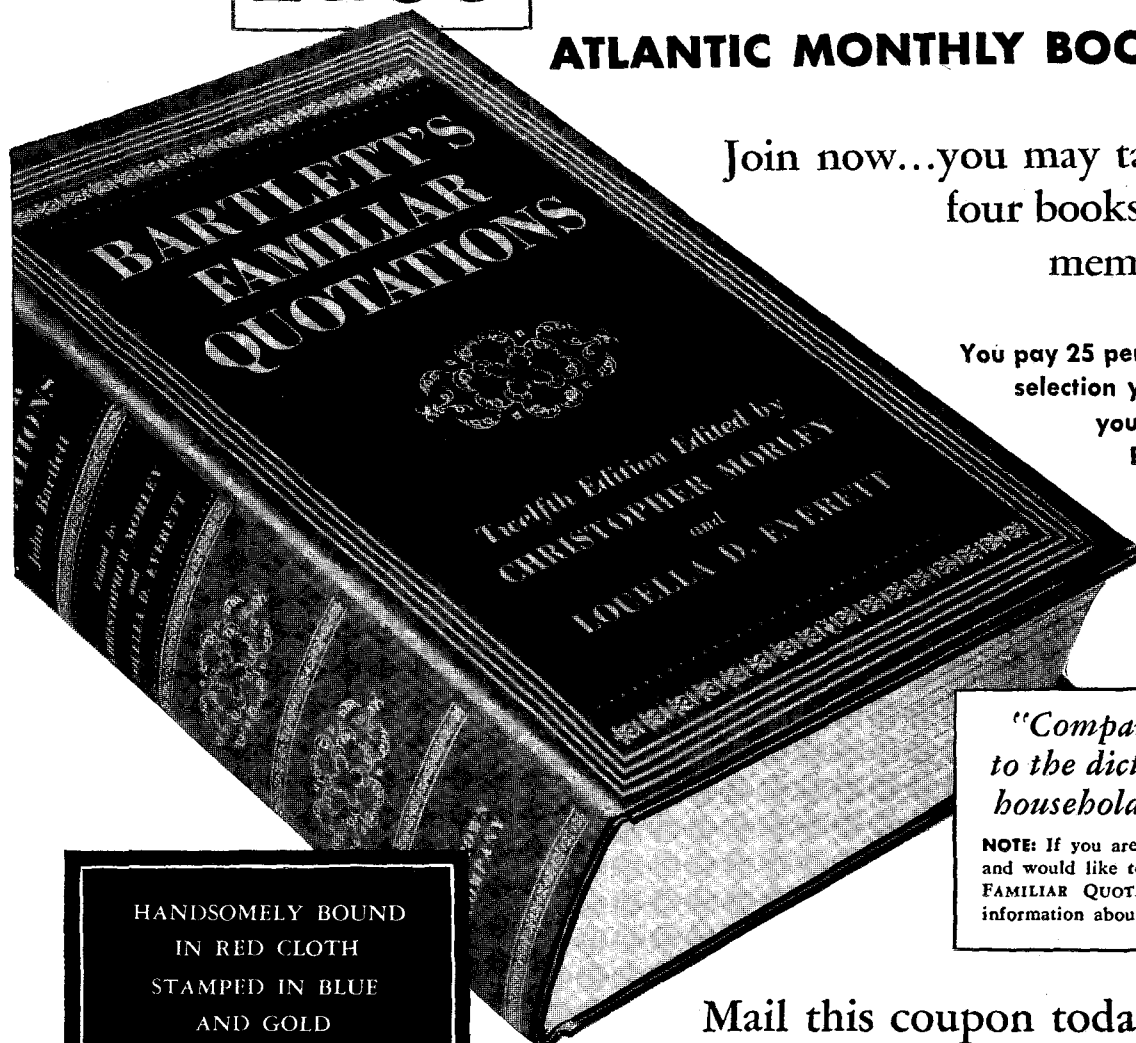
Mrs. Meyer's opportunities and experience have been far richer than the norm. But her memoir as a whole transcends the particular and achieves a universal statement. Her personal history gives concrete expression to the credo that the promise of American life is most fully realized through a truly active commitment to democracy — that is, through working for "the coming into existence of the better" and through cleaving to a fearless freedom of spirit.

The Prince Regent

The Great Corinthian (Oxford University Press, \$3.50) by Doris

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A-23

Leslie — a portrait of the Prince Regent, George Augustus Frederick, heir of George III — is popular biography of the highest order. It is first-rate historical writing and choice entertainment, a stylish work whose scholarship is invested with color and movement and wit. Around her flamboyant central figure, Miss Leslie has painted a vastly animated canvas of the period — the period of Beau Brummel and the Regency Rakes; of awesomely high stakes at the gambling table and abysmally low morals in the *grand monde*; the period, too, of the Napoleonic wars and of popular stirrings which were to set England moving on the path of reform.

When Prince George was still a boy, a certain bishop observed: "He will probably be the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe. Possibly both." The "both" was prophetic; and Miss Leslie keeps the two facets in perspective as she chronicles the career of the bewitching young prince who was to become, at fifty, the caricaturists' fat figure of fun. It is a garish tale of lifelong conflict with his father, debauchery, debts, a succession of intense liaisons attended by scandal

and hysteria, a secret illegal marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert which was supplanted by a catastrophic marriage to Caroline of Brunswick, mountebank tricks, lapses into dishonesty, and touches of paranoia. But the youthful frequenter of the Duke of Cumberland's saturnalia was also the friend of Charles James Fox, Burke, and Sheridan; the lecherous glutton was an impassioned lover of art; and some of the charm and graces of "The First Gentleman of Europe" continued to glint through his progressive grossness.

With an unobtrusive use of modern psychology, Miss Leslie suggests the inner springs of the Prince's character and conduct. Idolized by his mother as a child, and later bitterly rebellious against the stern authoritarianism of his lumpish father, George set his face against everything the King stood for and, in his pursuit of love, repeatedly sought out a "mother image." Until middle age, he was most profoundly stirred by women older than himself. When he forsook the matronly bosom of his infinitely beloved Mrs. Fitzherbert it was to surrender himself to a spritish grandmother, Lady Jersey; and after re-

turning to Maria Fitzherbert, he was again torn from her by the irresistible enchantments of another grandmother.

Miss Leslie's biography ends with the Prince's accession to the throne. As George IV, he vanishes from the historical limelight. As Prince Regent, "he represents an era unique in its splendor and essentially his own."

Unhappy Queen

My lack of enthusiasm for most historical fiction — and it has just been powerfully reinforced by sampling a couple of the best-selling maestros — unfortunately caused me to by-pass **H. F. M. Prescott's** *The Man on a Donkey*, which was, according to critical consensus, one of the superior literary products of 1952. Miss Prescott, a professional historian who has lectured at Oxford, is now represented by the expanded version of a biography, *Mary Tudor* (Macmillan, \$5.00), which was published in a small printing in 1940 by the Columbia University Press. It is a full-dress study of the Queen and her era — not a book one restfully consumes in a few evenings. But judging from the considerable success of *The Man on a Donkey*, there must be a good many readers who would find this distinguished biography a rewarding discovery.

The salient aspect of Miss Prescott's book is its attempt to correct — through understanding, compassion, and a fuller reconstruction of Mary's unhappy story — the damning legend summed up in the nickname, "Bloody Mary."

At the age of eleven, Mary was separated from her beloved mother, Katherine of Aragon, whom Henry VIII set about divorcing after two decades of marriage. Her adolescence was poisoned by news of her mother's persistent persecution and humiliation; by the spite of Anne Boleyn; and by her father's treatment of her as a bastard daughter. At twenty she was compelled to recognize publicly her illegitimacy and to repudiate, against her deepest principles, the Roman Catholic Church.

Not all persecuted children grow up into persecutors. But Miss Prescott makes one feel, in Mary's case, a necessary and inevitable connection between the miseries of her early years, the forced betrayal of her faith which scarred her conscience, and the dark course which she pursued as Queen with the passionate intent of



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redressing past wrongs and restoring the Roman Catholic religion.

Miss Prescott writes with a magnificently fluent command of detail, a nice sense of drama, and imaginative power. She is a scholar with an outstanding talent for bringing history vividly to life.

Potpourri

THE ALLEYS OF MARRAKESH by Peter Mayne. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75.

Mr. Mayne is an Englishman who went to Morocco to write a novel and immerse himself in a culture that seemed to him more satisfying than the European way of life. A sensitive, good-humored, and witty observer, he has given us a picturesque and diverting account of the year he spent in the native quarter of Marrakesh. His diligent efforts to learn Arabic soon enabled him to achieve communication. The friends he made are a captivating bunch — 'Abdeslem, the charcoal seller, victim of the evil eye; 'Aysha, the affectionate ex-prostitute who gave parties at which her guests' mint tea was spiked with drugs; Idrees, a *simsar* or fixer who would negotiate a deal in anything; and other raffish types. Mr. Mayne's book is full of comic conversations; amusing and bizarre incidents; the sights and sounds and smells of Marrakesh. It has a sharp and pleasing flavor that is all its own.

i: six nonlectures by e. c. cummings. Harvard University Press, \$3.00.

Six marvelously unconventional lectures delivered at Harvard. Loosely speaking, they constitute an aesthetic self-portrait and a definition of Mr. Cummings's "stance" as a writer. Full of originality, high spirits, and aphoristic dicta, they express a credo of intense individualism. The central motifs are the importance of feeling ("You've got to come out of the measurable doing universe into the immeasurable house of being") and "the eternal fight of selfhood against mobism." Mr. Cummings pokes fun at censorship, Puritanism, the *Reader's Digest*. He quotes from his works and from the great poets — Dante, Shakespeare, Donne, Wordsworth. He appears to be having a fine time and so did I.

NEW WORLD WRITING: 4th Mentor Selection. New American Library, \$50.

When the first number of *New World Writing* appeared, it seemed a very daring idea to present to the paperback market a collection of writings with a somewhat highbrow or advance guard accent. The experiment has been a remarkable success. Each number has sold more than 100,000 copies; each has come up with some arresting items and a good deal of

worth-while material; and in general the editors have succeeded in maintaining liveliness and variety. This fourth selection presents five American and ten Irish poets, and ten pages of "Drawings of this Hemisphere." Among the outstanding prose offerings are a chapter from William Sansom's new novel; a short story by one of Japan's leading writers; a piece by Mark Shorer on the Florentine villas of Sinclair Lewis and D. H. Lawrence; and a notable essay on the spiritual meaning of art by the philosopher, Suzanne Langer. The pseudonymous article on current novelists and critics, though often fanciful and wrongheaded, is amusing reading; and there are contributions by Nadine Gordimer, Shelby Foote, James Farrell, and several interesting newcomers. All in all, a big 50 cents' worth.

DEAR MRS. BOSWELL by Marie Muir. St. Martin's Press, \$3.50.

A novelized account of Boswell's married life. First we see him, after his return from his European travels, darting from Auchinleck to Edinburgh and to Glasgow as he tries to decide who is most fitted to become Mrs. Boswell. Eventually he married the unlikely candidate, his timid cousin, Peggy, who had long been in love with him. Their marriage turned out to be a sorry affair. Mrs. Boswell was soon made miserable by her husband's heavy drinking, his infidelities, and his long absences from home in the company of Dr. Johnson; and presently ill-health intensified Peggy's unhappiness. Miss Muir's novel, unfortunately, is a pretty wooden job. Its only interest is that it satisfies the curiosity about Boswell's life in Scotland aroused by the *Journals*.

ONE by David Karp. Vanguard, \$3.50.

This first novel offers us a chilling vision of the kind of Utopia that might take shape if the aims of our zealots for conformity were carried to their logical extreme. In Mr. Karp's state of the future, virtually flawless conformity prevails. Countless state spies file daily reports on their associates in which the slightest sign of heresy is meticulously noted. Those guilty of heresy are patiently "reclaimed" by a process of brain washing; hopeless cases are reluctantly destroyed as carriers of infection. Mr. Karp's story centers on a mild-mannered professor who is found to be the worst sort of heretic. The "Department" concludes that he must be killed, but one of its most brilliant and inhuman officials is granted a chance to try to "salvage" him. "I'm going to pulverize this man's identity," says inquisitor Lark. "I'm going to reduce him to a cipher — from one to nothing." How Lark goes about doing this, and with what results, makes a gripping and provocative story. Mr. Karp is no George Orwell, but his book is a superior thriller which dramatizes a point that cannot, at this juncture, be dramatized too often.



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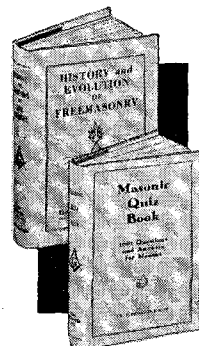
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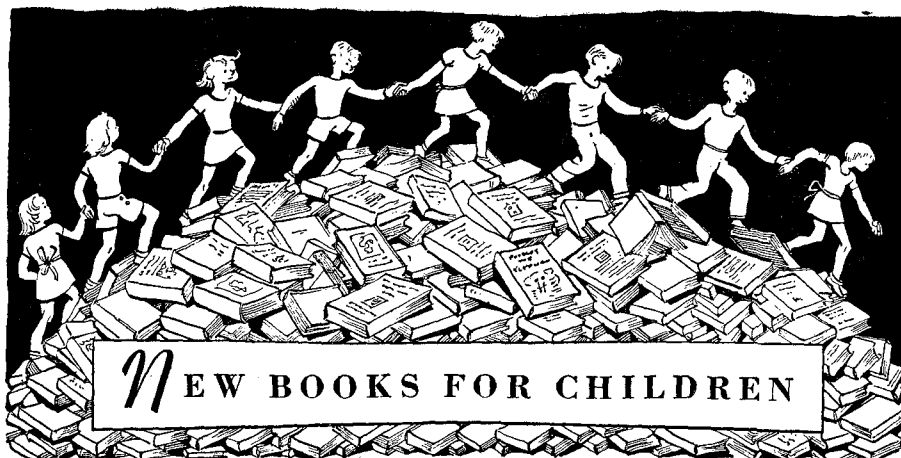
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MARGARET FORD KIERAN

MARGARET FORD KIERAN was *Children's Page Editor of the Boston Herald for twenty-three years. She is the author of a juvenile, David and the Magic Powder, and at present is working with her husband, John Kieran, on a young people's Life of Audubon.*

I CANNOT understand why going over hundreds of children's books each year puts me into such a state when I arrive at the point of recommending a few to you. After all, mine is just one person's opinion and you can ignore the selections and make your own if you are so inclined.

But would it be the wise thing to do?

Think of all the wear and tear you avoid by having a little memo pad by you as you look over this list. You can sit quietly at home feeling properly sorry for people who are herded in bookshops where the hot breath of Christmas shoppers is always on their necks.

Here, then, are my 1953 choices, and I pass them on for Christmas sampling.

Christmas sampling? Much of my sampling was done in Gloucester, Massachusetts, this past summer — where, incidentally, I had no young readers to help me as in other years at Nantucket. Gloucester is a place for sailing and picnics in the pines; a place for diving into sun-warmed quarries after clamming; it didn't seem to be the right place to corral an associate reviewer, age thirteen.

"Oh groans! Can't I read it tomorrow instead?" was what one of my intended always asked. So I had a go at the books alone, and by late fall, after I had scrutinized several hundred, I found it helpful to divide and appraise the new juveniles in selections for the Little, for the Middle-sized, and for the Big age groups.

There was a time when publishers

tried to back one into a corner and say that such a book was for boys and girls of a certain age. But with a growing realization that many children cannot be easily pigeonholed, some publishers have even gone so far as to come right out with a declaration that their book is "for all ages."

Walt Kelly's *Pogo*, published in book form by Simon & Schuster, unquestionably has that irresistible ageless appeal. *Mr. Revere and I* is another example. In a general way, however, it is helpful to have at least this Little, Middle-sized, and Big grouping.

FOR THE MOPPETS

I'll start off first with the moppets' picture books and give a loud "Huzza!" to *Florina and the Wild Bird* by Selina Chonz (Oxford University Press). Perhaps you remember *A Bell for Ursli* by the same author. If you do, it will not be necessary for me to whip up your enthusiasm for the story or for the beautifully fluid illustrations of Alois G. Carigiet. The setting here, as in the earlier book, is the Swiss Alps, and the lilting verses recount an adventure that has all the suspense of the poem known familiarly as "The Night Before Christmas." Translating *Florina and the Wild Bird* from the German must have been a tantalizing task, but it has been well done by Anne and Ian Serrallier.

When a new book by Munro Leaf appears, it is not necessary to say much about it except that there is a new one. His latest, *Reading Can Be Fun* (Lippincott), is right up to standard in concept and presentation. Through it one can feel a child's excitement upon seeing letters form words, and words form stories. As the dust jacket indicates, it ought to answer, once and for all, that frightening question of young people today: "Why should I bother to read if I can

find out about
the **BLUES**
in the
**STANDARD DICTIONARY
OF FOLKLORE
MYTHOLOGY AND LEGEND**
Edited by Maria Leach

{Partial Excerpt}

BLUES: A type of sorrow song of the American Negroes which emerged in the South shortly after the Civil War, growing out of the work songs, hollers, and spirituals, and popularized about 1912 by the publication of some of the songs by W. C. Handy. First essentially a vocal music, the blues have spread over into instrumental types, such as boogie-woogie.

The great blues singers have been mostly women — Ma Rainey, "the mother of the blues," Bessie Smith, "the empress of the blues," Trixie Smith, Victoria Spivey, and numerous others — whose singing was accompanied by the instrumental virtuosity of the great jazz players. Among the songs they made popular are Careless Love, Levee Camp Moan, Empty Bed Blues, Young Woman Blues, Pallet on the Floor, Moonshine Blues, See See Rider, etc. {Read the full article on page 151, Vol. 1}.

2 VOLS. at all bookstores \$ 20.00

FUNK & WAGNALLS

listen to the radio and watch television?" Mr. Leaf tempts them subtly and leads them on with an introduction to Alice in Wonderland, Mary Poppins, Robin Hood, and other characters whom they will surely grow to love. Please star this on your memo list.

For a younger child there is **Little Frightened Tiger** by **Golden MacDonald and Leonard Weisgard** (Doubleday). Here a salutary lesson is taught, I think, by showing that fear isn't too important, because everyone is afraid of something. Elephants are supposed to be afraid of mice, and mice (they do say) are afraid of their own shadows. So, if you have timid youngsters in the house, though goodness knows they seem to be a dying race what with space rockets a dime a dozen — but if you *do* happen to have some that cling to Mummy too much, this is for you. As a matter of fact almost any boy or girl under five would be amused by it, and if it fills a deeper need, so much the better.

Have you become acquainted with the series of "First" books that Franklin Watts publishes? They are fine introductions to such things as automobiles, baseball, bees, plants, and indeed to almost any subject about which a small child asks questions. Plenty of illustrations and good-sized type are other reasons for endorsing them.

Television is the agent responsible for another new series — the Ding Dong School books which are based on stories told by Dr. Frances Horwich, the "Miss Frances" of the NBC-TV show, "Ding Dong School." They resemble somewhat in text and format the Little Golden books and are bound to attract attention.

The Golden books this year, by the way, especially the new Giant ones, are sure to be popular. One of the favorites will be **Elizabeth Coatsworth's Dog Stories**, beautifully illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. (Rand McNally publishes the Ding Dong, Simon & Schuster the Golden.)

Now we come to a slim little picture book by **Ruth Krauss** illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper). **A Very Special House** it is called. If you recall *A Hole Is to Dig*, which they did last year, you will get ready automatically for chuckles and cheers. Miss Krauss really penetrates a child's mind. She knows he wants wild animals and she knows he wants them jumping over all the furniture —

which is pretty well messed up by cracker crumbs anyway. It's a light-hearted book and I loved it, but I have a strong feeling it will win the approval of fond uncles and aunts more than of parents. It's not quite orthodox, as this excerpt shows.

The child says: "I'm bringing home a giant and a little dead mouse. . . . Everywhere is music and the giant spilled his drinking and it went all over the floor . . . and everybody's yelling for MORE MORE MORE!"

You can see it is no handbook for deportment, but in the blowing-off-steam department it deserves an award — and, as I say, I loved it.

FOR THE MIDDLE-SIZED

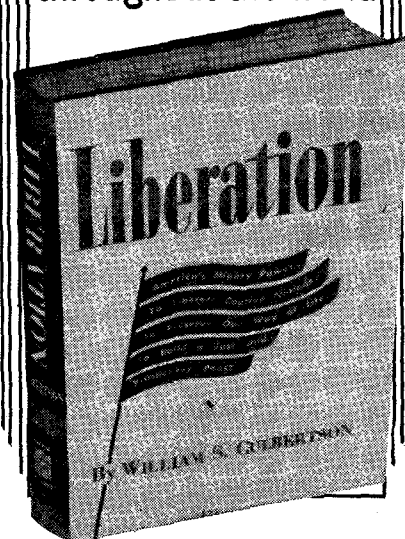
Now for boys and girls a *little* older I heartily recommend **The Journey of Josiah Talltatters** by **Josephine Balfour Payne and Joan Balfour Payne** (Ariel). The gray and sepia illustrations are very fine. The setting (Mississippi in the early 1800s) is background for the saga of one gentle clergyman who journeys with his nephew from Philadelphia to Natchez in order to build a church in that Mississippi settlement. The adventures that befall them on the way, the funny additions to the caravan, and most of all the old-fashioned fable *style*, put it way above the average juvenile in my opinion.

Then a beautifully told story is **The Boy Jesus** by **Pelagie Doane** (Oxford University Press). The Christ Child and His Family are portrayed in a familiar way which, nevertheless, achieves a nice feeling of reverence in this familiarity. It seems to me that young people of any creed would be richer for reading it. Did I say that the author was also the illustrator?

Mama Hattie's Girl by **Lois Lenski** (Lippincott) I hail as an outstanding book of the season, and I predict that it will be read with relish by your children and *their* children. This story of little Lula Belle who lives with her Negro grandmother in the South is a warm and rich portrayal of not only one child or one family, but of an entire social question. I cannot imagine that any other juvenile I read this year will linger as vividly in my mind.

One always has a good solid feeling about asking for a Lois Lenski book, just as one does when picking up a new story by **Ruth Holberg**. This year I was charmed by Mrs. Holberg's **Tam Morgan** (Doubleday). She has a facile and engaging way of

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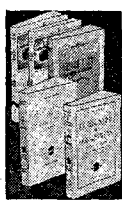
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making a child of the past seem contemporary. Her young readers always take more interest in history after putting down one of her tales — an added attraction for parents.

In a rollicking vein William Morrow has published another by **Beverly Cleary**. Remember her *Henry and Beezus*? Well, *Otis Spofford* is the new one and it has just as much small-boy deviltry and nonsense as the first. Probably won't be endorsed by P.T.A. groups, but it certainly has enough of a *Peck's Bad Boy* quality to make children between eight and twelve chuckle in secret, sympathetic glee.

Then it seems to me that a gold star for the most unusual juvenile should go to *The Borrowers* by **Mary Norton** (Harcourt, Brace). In the first place the idea is distinctive. She gives you little people living below the floor of a house, supporting themselves by "borrowing" all kinds of things. A pillbox made a fine table, for example, an old *pâté de foie gras* jar a bathtub; matchboxes were chests of drawers, and a postage stamp of Queen Victoria hung as a living-room portrait. These people aren't fairies, you understand; or gnomes or elves or leprechauns. They are just little people about as high as a pencil.

The book is a specialized sort of thing in style as well as in theme. While some children might be delighted by it, others might think it silly. In other words, it has an *Alice in Wonderland* quality that puts it in a class by itself. I think you'd better examine this yourself before you take my endorsement, even though it won the Carnegie Medal in England as the outstanding children's book of 1952.

With unqualified approval, however, I give you **Mr. Revere and I**, set down and illustrated by **Robert Lawson** (Little, Brown). Here is the story of Paul Revere and his times as told by his rather snobbish horse. If the device doesn't attract you off-hand, it must be because you don't know how adroitly Mr. Lawson used the same method in *Ben and Me*. This latest (I think grownups will enjoy it as much as children) is easily one of my 1953 favorites.

All About the Sea by **Ferdinand C. Lane** (Random House) will serve as a fine introduction to that "All About" series which is interesting the average wide-awake young person between nine and twelve or thereabouts. Though the books contain much in-

formation and are presented with clear, attractive illustrations, they do not claim to be an end in themselves. Rather they serve as a springboard to more advanced books on the same subjects. If you give a child *All About the Sea*, for instance, you won't be a bit surprised to learn, a few years from now, that he's marched down to the bookstore himself for Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us*.

And speaking of introductions, there is *Nature Notebook* by **Robert Candy** which Houghton Mifflin produced this year. The idea is an appealing one — a day in the open with a father and son — and by and large the result is all that the nonscientific layman could desire. Sketches by the author are very fine.

FOR THOSE OLDER

Now to the books for older boys and girls.

In a Mirror by **Mary Stolz** (Harper) is as penetrative and analytical as anything she has ever done. But is it a teen-age book? I confess I bogged down for a minute while I went through it because, as a stream-of-consciousness journal of a present-day college girl, it would surely have Henry James looking to his laurels.

It is extremely well done, once you accept the heroine as a product of the "majoring in psychology" group. Smoothly written and as fascinating as certain psychiatric case histories can be, I nevertheless would not recommend it except to those teenagers of your acquaintance whose emotional balance is well established. They could handle it and would thoroughly enjoy it, no doubt, but for the more immature I think it is too introspective and somehow disturbing.

There always has to be at least one good animal story for the older group, and who can supply this need like **Walter Farley**? *The Black Stallion Revolts* (Random House) is this year's product from his pen. Up to the usual standard. That is all that is required.

And cheers for a newcomer in this field too. *Howl at the Moon* by **Robert Hogan** (Houghton Mifflin) is a very, very exciting story. The young hero's attachment to a dog and his determination to save him from being killed by his father pack suspense into the entire yarn.

For mystery fans try *The Signal Net* by **Kenneth Andler** (Ariel). In the thickening-plot department here,

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(My commission expires February 9, 1956)

the reader is introduced to work done by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. And a lucky thing the two boys in the tale understood this work, because it results in their using one of the most original devices for a rescue signal I've yet encountered.

If you think that the 1953 crop of adventure and mystery stories is going to be limited to what happens on Earth, you just haven't even caught up with 1951 thrillers. This year the books on space scientists are reaching a state approaching frenzy. *Vandals of the Void* by Jack Vance (Winston), for example, doesn't take off from Earth at all. Venus is the starting point here, and there's a murder mystery along with the talk of hydroponic tanks, cosmic ray research, and radioactive dusts.

In reading this I experienced a sensation somewhat like the one I felt when watching the famous circus family, "The Balancing Wallenders." Each year they added some new gyration of incredible suspense on the high wires. Make their act interplanetary and you have an idea of what science fiction has reached these days.

As a companion volume to *Vandals of the Void* you should look at *Rockets Beyond the Earth* by Martin Caiden (McBride). No fiction this, it is based on scientific experiments conducted by the United States government as well as by civilian engineers.

For teen-agers *Joan of Arc* by Nancy Wilson Ross and *Mary, Queen of Scots* by Emily Hahn (Random House) are two of the World Landmark series that merit your attention. Another is *How Do I Love Thee?* a life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning by Helen E. Waite (Macrae-Smith). Then in the true life adventures of famous men and women there is also the fine Signature Books series (Grosset & Dunlap).

For an all-round thing that would make a fine Christmas gift there is *Pets* by Frances N. Chrystie (Little, Brown). The publisher's blurb in no way overstates its case when it says: "A complete handbook on the care, understanding and appreciation of all kinds of animal pets." It is a wonderful book for any age, well indexed, and endorsed by a number of authorities in the field.

There you are, then, with Little, Middle-sized, and Big books for all ages. Look them over and see which will make life merrier as you gather around the Christmas tree.

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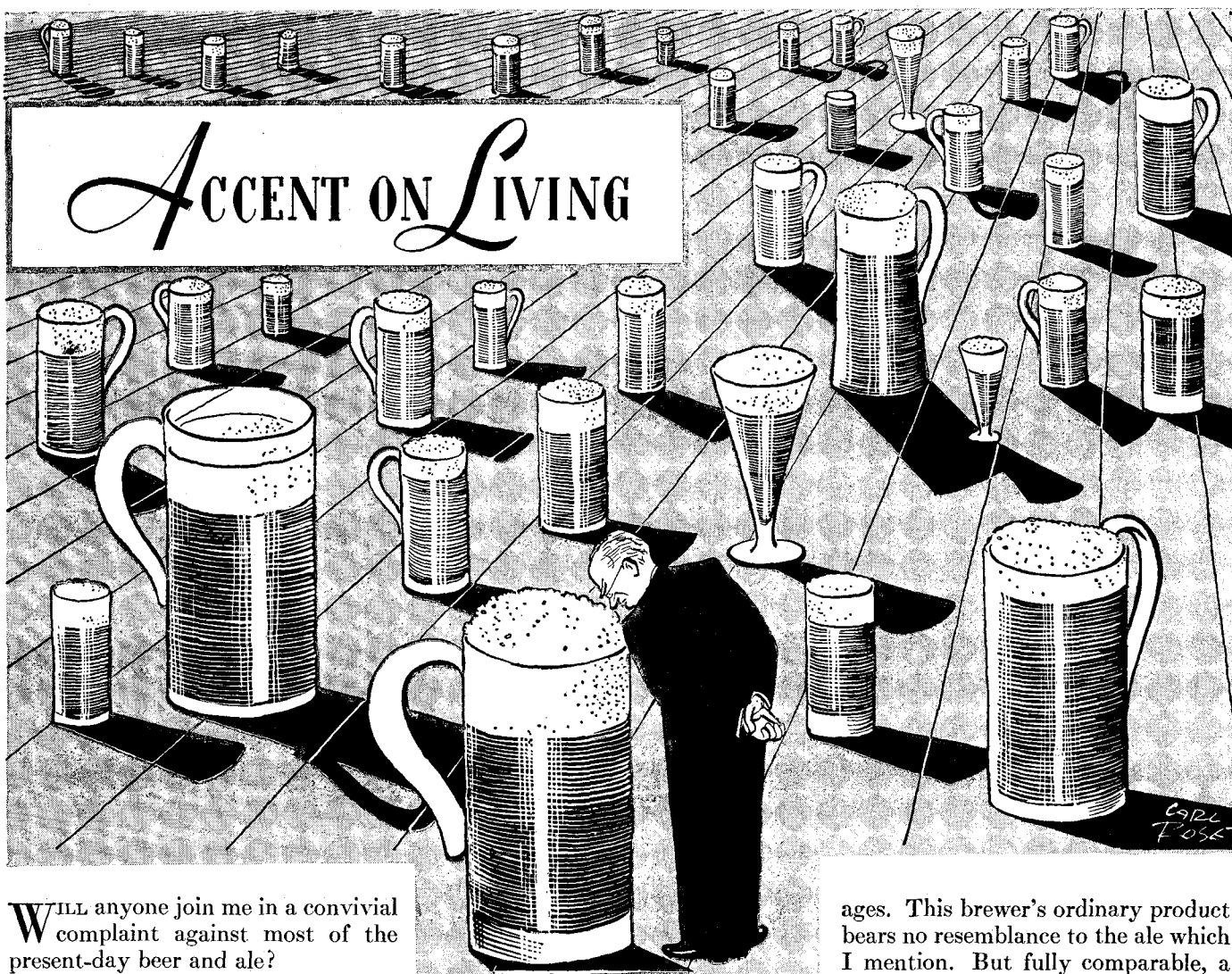
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— WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES —



WILL anyone join me in a convivial complaint against most of the present-day beer and ale?

The worst beer I have ever tasted came from a porcelain-stoppered bottle served in a roadside *estaminet* some fifty miles north of Bordeaux. It looked and tasted like citrate of magnesia with lemonade tendencies, and I was astonished to learn that it was produced by a local brewery rather than the apothecary. Fiercely carbonated, its head consisted of a few large bubbles which vanished almost immediately, and its alcoholic content would have begun at the third decimal place.

The best beer in my experience came in the fall of 1938, at The Blue Ribbon in New York, when the proprietor of the restaurant went through its bar distributing small cards announcing the arrival of what was merely called October beer, without designation of the Munich brewery which produced it. Dark orange in color, with a delicately bitter flavor which reached the palate almost as an afterthought, this was a draught beer, drawn to perfection, strong yet subtle.

For a lighter brew, the pre-war imported Pilsener was, on draught, in

a class by itself. In much the same bracket is the dark or light Wuerzburger on draught at Luchow's and a few other restaurants around the land, and there is one Boston brew — known as Wirth's Special Dark and available on draught at Wirth's restaurant — which seems to me a creditable domestic bid for slightly inferior status.

As to ale, the finest I have known, domestic or foreign, was a case which a celebrated American producer bestowed on a New York advertising man as a Christmas gift. My recollection tells me that each bottle was stamped to indicate a truly fabulous interval — as much as six or eight years — of aging between brewing and bottling. My expectations were high when the recipient poured me a glass of this grandly accredited ale, and they were fully realized by the ale itself — heavy, full-bodied, powerful, bitter, and possessing a vitality more usually found in draught rather than bottled beverages.

This brewer's ordinary product bears no resemblance to the ale which I mention. But fully comparable, a kind of companion piece from overseas in taste and effect, is the beverage — which I first encountered only recently — called Bass & Co.'s No. 1 Barley Wine.

A London publisher introduced me to barley wine in a wonderful old bar in the Strand, the Yates Wine Lodge. British beer and ale had seemed to me just as meaningless as they are in this country, but barley wine is something else again — dry yet possessing a hearty, bitter-ale flavor to a degree I had never tasted before. The importer who later procured for me some additional samples in Boston tells me its alcoholic content is 9 per cent, and that the tiny 6½-ounce bottles — the only size in which barley wine is shipped — will be fairly expensive. I gather that barley wine is not widely sold in Britain, and not at all in this country, but I believe it could pick up a following in short order. It is not, of course, a wine — an antique term in this case — but an ale, and as something to go along with a slice of cold roast beef or a bit of cheese, barley wine is unique.

But most of the beer and ale in our own country has become so insipid as to be quite meaningless for any occasion. Here and there a brewery has tried to resist the trend. One, for instance, advertises its product as "real" beer, which shows how far off the track some of the others must have wandered.

There was a comfortable interval in the thirties after Repeal when American breweries, as they sought to discover the public taste, were offering a variety of attractive, even interesting brews. It may be that the shortage of cereals during the war contributed to the decline of quality that followed; and another possibility is that the brewers came to believe that if beer and ale were weakened considerably, the customers would drink more.

Certain preposterous theories about

public relations and the psychology of mass markets may have muddled further the brewers' conception of what their product should be: beer was advertised, by implication, as an all but nonalcoholic drink, or a kind of "health" adjunct like yoghurt, or a high-toned competitor of champagne. Why should beer be like champagne?

At the moment, some brewers are asserting the nonfattening virtues of their beer, a "low calory" beer if you please, as if by drinking enough of it one would quickly become slim as a greyhound. It is worth noting that the most flamboyant diets expounded to the obese by the picture magazines are usually based on an eat-all-you-want appeal, and now comes the same reasoning in behalf of beer: beer is fattening; most Americans don't want to be fat; therefore, we'll give you a nonfattening beer. And similarly:

beer is intoxicating; intoxication is bad; therefore, we'll give you a beer that you can drink in vast quantities without feeling it in the least.

The only trouble is, it isn't beer, and the ale isn't ale.

Is the brewing industry, on the present basis, finding a cold front anywhere among its customers? It would be a singular thing nowadays, in many households of which I have knowledge, if the host were to offer his friends a glass of beer of an evening. These same households did, in former days, use a fair amount of beer and ale, and so did my own, but this is no longer the fact.

With neither flavor nor kick, beer and ale are still doubtless a hygienic and inexpensive cold drink, but so is iced tea — and so, indeed, is ice water.

CHARLES W. MORTON

OUR PERUVIAN TURKEY

by FLORENCE P. HODGSON

FLORENCE P. HODGSON is the wife of a doctor on the staff of the Mayo Clinic. This is her first appearance in the Atlantic.

WE ONCE knew, briefly but all too well, a Peruvian turkey called El Pavote. This means Super Turkey. And he was. He ruled our large household — men, boys, mistress, and servants — for more than two weeks. This is the story of that rule and how we finally overpowered him and ate him for Christmas dinner.

It happened our first year in Peru. We wanted a traditional Christmas turkey, and Delfina, our cook, was alerted early in November. A huge zamba of sixty years and a hundred sagging kilos, Delfina was untidy, autocratic, and an accomplished liar. But she cooked like an angel — most of the time. Even when she didn't we remembered her *chupe de camerones* and were content. In the matter of the Christmas turkey she seemed both evasive and pessimistic. Ay! How much of time and experience was needed to find such a bird, she said. But with *paciencia* and *buena suerte* we would see.

So we practiced patience for a week — to no avail. Then I thought one fine morning that good luck had taken over. For what should come strolling

down the Malecón Figueredo but an enchanting man with organ-grinder mustachios, driving five magnificent white turkeys before him. He was vending them in a rolling yodel and collecting children in a Pied Piper's queue.

"Turkeys! I sell turkeys!
Immense turkeys! Handsome turkeys!
Super turkeys!



Lean down from your windows,
Beautiful señoritas!
Lean — look — and buy!"

And lean we all did, all of us beautiful, too — at least for that magic moment — while the children danced to the yodeler's tune and the great birds paced in the summer sun. The man was so dashing, so straight out of

Italian opera, that I longed to bargain with him myself. But I knew my gringo limitations and sent for Delfina. She eyed my open purse as though she had caught me with a tinderbox in a haystack, closed it firmly, and adjusted the masses of her bulk against the window sill. It appeared that she and Mustachio were old friends.

"And is business good, then, Humberto?" she asked after considerable chat.

"But excellent!" he assured her. "Imagine! This morning alone I have promised turkeys to a dozen of my best customers, and only God knows where I can buy them — unless you know, Señora Delfina?"

"Try Pancho Roca," Delfina suggested indifferently. "He has a few poor things that might be fattened." Her eyes admired the turkeys. "Tell me again what you call your beautiful samples."

Fondly Humberto pointed to each bird in turn. "Rosita, Christina, Josefina, Catalina, and Betty Grable," he said. "But growing old, alas! For five years now we have walked the streets of Lima together, selling turkeys to all the most distinguished señoras. Now, *pobrecitas*, they grow stiff of leg. Where shall I find another troupe so docile, so well matched? Ay-ay! the pity of old age, no?"

As he moved away, Delfina struggled to her feet and sighed. "Poor Humberto! Our samples wear out and then how can we sell our goods? As for our turkey, Señorita, you can see it is still a matter of *paciencia* and *buena suerte*." She went out with the air of a general not yet ready to reveal a major strategy.

Delfina let my impatience ripen two more days, then sought me out. Her speech had been prepared beforehand, as indeed had her smile, donned at the last moment and involving everything but her eyes. These remained as canny and watchful as an old turtle's.

"I bring you good news of the turkey, Señorita," she began. "I have a pet — El Pavote I call him — a turkey of magnificence. Big, young, tender, raised by my own hand. He sleeps in my room, feeds from my plate, and is just now ready to eat. I had thought to have a feast on my Saint's Day — but no matter! He is yours, Señorita! A gift!"

Green though I was, I did know about this gift business. Delfina simply meant that a turkey — probably bought in the market that morning — was mine for a price. Just how high

that figure could be pushed she still had to determine. While her sharp old turtle's eyes worked my face over



for a price mark, we exchanged the compliments and pretty insincerities by which these people do business. The figure she gave me at the end of this routine was delicately balanced between exorbitance and the going rate.

The trolley ran past the back of our property and Delfina had long ago bullied the motorman into making a special stop for her each morning. One day in December I saw her arrive. She descended from the back platform loaded with market bags, but in a hunched-over position, buttocks first. The other passengers were laughing and shouting advice as she tried to coax a great brown turkey down the steps on a length of cord. A magnificent creature, but balky. First he refused to budge; then, as the motorman swore loudly on his bell, he took off with a great flapping of wings straight into Delfina's face. The doughty old girl stood her ground, clutching her packages and the cord. El Pavote flopped to the end of his leash, reversed himself, and wound his tether tightly about Delfina and her bags. The trolley clanged off, leaving the furious old woman all trussed up with her bags and her crazy bird there in the midst of traffic.

She at once began to bellow lustily for Felix, our young *mayordomo*, and there was an answering clamor all through the house as he, laundress, nurse, and children all slammed out of various doors to the rescue.

For the next fortnight the voice of the turkey was loud in our lives. Delfina insisted that El Pavote be given his freedom a part of each day, and he strutted in and out of the other servants' rooms surrounding the patio at will. He mounted the outside staircase, perched on the sill of my husband's bathroom window, and unnerved him as he shaved. He even followed Delfina into the kitchen one day, and everywhere he went

he left tremendous droppings and a feather or two.

The cook regarded his health and welfare as her first duty, was deaf to the increasing complaints from all sides. Every day she took him squawking into her arms, wrestled him to submission, and forced exactly twenty-six walnut meats into his beak. Then she massaged his long neck to get them down. Wonderful for the white meat, she said. Sometimes in the late afternoon the old woman and the handsome bird both sought the shade of the scraggly palm, Delfina cooling her feet and El Pavote looking sulky and pecking testily at all passers-by.

At last only two days remained before Christmas. The kitchen smelled wonderfully of the mincemeat I had come down to taste and stir. Felix polished silver. Jesus, the laundress, ironed the best napkins (looking, in the last month of her pregnancy, like a smooth brown Madonna). Delfina shelled peas and guessed the weight of El Pavote, while he, full of arrogance and walnut meats, watched from the outside sill of a high window.

Delfina arose and rattled the peas into a pot on the drainboard. Startled or greedy, the turkey beat his wings, pushed in the screen, and — barely missing my terrified head — swooped down over the mincemeat, made a squawking turn over Jesus, and flapped to a bad landing in the sink. The air was full of feathers and dust. Jesus was hysterical, crying that her unborn child would surely be marked. Felix forgot my presence and swore loudly at Delfina. She swore back — twice as loudly and in Quechua. The turkey skidded about in the sink and ate peas from the pot. There was



only one thing to do and I did it. I threw a handy egg *splatt!* onto the kitchen floor. (Nothing quells a kitchen riot like a well-thrown egg, the old-time gringos had assured me. And they were right.) I stalked from



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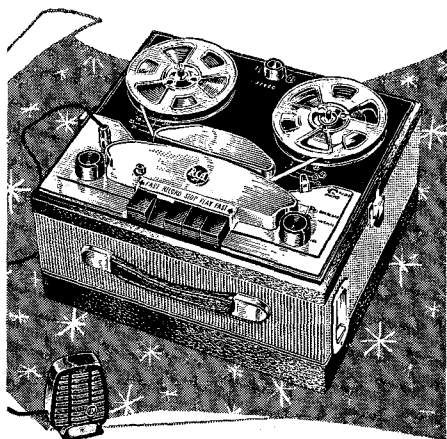
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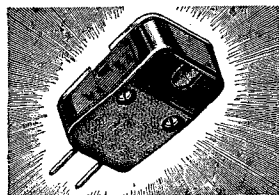
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the kitchen with all the temperament of a true Latin, leaving behind me admiration and silence.

Late that afternoon I was respectfully summoned to the *dispensa* to unlock the wine cupboard and issue a portion of pisco for El Pavote. Not only was this a nice gesture toward the condemned, they explained, but also intoxication would draw all the blood from the white meat to the head. I had never seen a drunken turkey, so I stayed awhile. The last I saw of El Pavote he had the real blind staggers, and Delfina was calmly preparing to do her duty.

I felt that the cook should be complimented upon her Christmas dinner. The turkey had come to the table brown and delicious—looking remarkably chic, too. Lace paper frills adorned the legs, and the head (considered a great delicacy in these latitudes) was tucked neatly beneath one wing. I went to look for Delfina full of well-practiced Spanish superlatives.

She sat beneath her palm, her feet freed from her Sunday shoes, a plate of well-picked bones about mid-slope of her lap. The children squatted beside her, listening intently.

"... deep in a cave below the ground is where the mother rabbit has her babies," she was saying. Her face wore an expression that I recognized with alarm. She patted the hard earth beside her. "For example, in this patio a rabbit would dig her cave beneath this tree. Then we would see them come forth one day, like a little holyday procession—tiny, perfect, white as little angels." The children shivered with delight, and Delfina paused dramatically. "If your mama would permit—I have a pet. El Conejote, he is called. *Sooper Rahbeet*, no? He and his little wife live in my room in Callao, eat from my plate, and have pink eyes. But you may have them, Señoritos! A gift!"

I turned to tiptoe away. Tomorrow, yes, tomorrow, I would think of some way to stop this gift racket. But now, in the light from the children's faces—and knowing our Delfina—my mind's eye could see very plainly an *endless* procession of baby rabbits, perfect, white as little angels, issuing from the roots of the old palm tree.



by JOHN M. CONLY

Albeniz: Iberia Suite with Turina: Procession del Rocío; Granados: Intermezzo; Falla: Interlude and Danza (Gaston Poulet conducting London Symphony Orchestra; M-G-M: 12" LP). One way or another, M-G-M seems to latch onto the best ballet music, best played and reproduced with the most astonishing sonic realism—like this!

Bach: Saint Matthew Passion (Hermann Scherchen conducting Magda Laszlo, Hilde Roessel-Majdan, Petre Munteanu, Richard Standen, Hugues Cuenod, other soloists, chorus and chamber orchestra; Westminster: four 12" LPs with text). Two competitive versions have appeared, but this is it—nearly four hours of almost terrifying participation in one of the greatest music dramas ever written. Caution to Bach specialists: the arias are fast-paced; listen before buying.

Benét: John Brown's Body (Judith Anderson, Tyrone Power, Raymond Massey; Richard White conducting chorus. Edited and directed by Charles Laughton. Columbia: two 12" LPs in album). A tribute to the actors in this time-trip to 1860: never once does the listener visualize their well-known faces. Always he sees instead the war-tossed characters of the story, from Lincoln and Lee to Old Cudjo the slave. A magnificent and entralling production.

Beethoven: String Trios Op. 8, "Serenade," and Op. 9, No. 3 (Jean Pougnet, violin; Frederick Riddle, viola; Anthony Pini, cello; Westminster: 12" LP). Beethoven in his mid-twenties: a rare, virile charm, particularly in the "Serenade." Nothing dull or trifling, and a superbly realistic recorded sound.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" (Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). An excellent, vigorous "Eroica" in very tough competition: Toscanini's has more fire but dimmer sound; Leinsdorf's (Columbia "Entré") terser ac-



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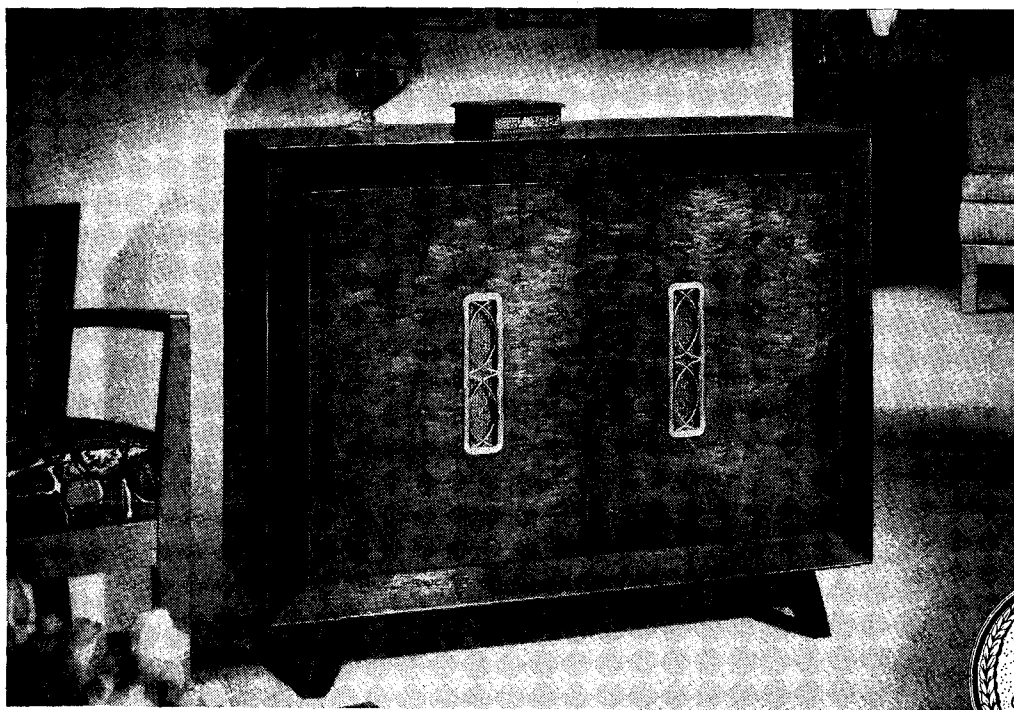


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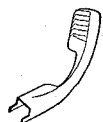
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cents and better sonic perspective, plus a \$2.85 price-advantage. Scherchen's has closer-to recording and some Scherchen idiosyncrasies in tempo, notably in the finale.

Brahms: String Quintet No. 2; String Sextet No. 1; Piano Quartet No. 3; with Schumann: Piano Quintet in E Flat (Casals, Stern, Schneider, Szigeti, Katims, Hess, other chamber players; Columbia: three 12" LPs). You can feel these artists' devotional delight in each other's answering skill; perhaps never again will any of this utterly lovely music be so beautifully played as here. Furthermore, the engineering is the best given any of the Casals Prades or Perpignan Festival disks. A lasting treasure.

Falla: El Retablo de Maese Pedro (Waldemar Kmennt, tenor; Ilona Steingruber, soprano; Otto Wiener, bass; Charles Adler conducting Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra; SPA: 12" LP). All Cervantes lovers take note: this is the episode in Quixote's adventures wherein he is swept away by the drama of a puppet show and intervenes to save the heroine. It has been set to music by de Falla in faultless taste and delicious humor, and SPA has contributed crisp, exciting sound.

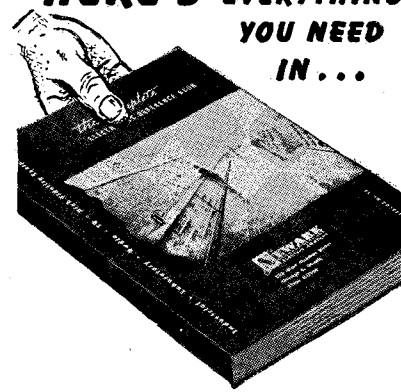
Falla: Piano Music, Complete (José Echaniz, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). It's a pity he didn't write two LPs' worth, for this is warm, rhythmic, melodically charming stuff, from the youthfully winsome *Valse Capriccio* to the vibrantly mature *El Amor Brujo*. Echaniz plays the works to the hilt, and the recording is first-rate.

Isaac, Heinrich: Missa Carminum (Ferdinand Grossman conducting Wiener Akademie Kammerchor; Westminster: 12" LP). Isaac, born in 1450, was more than the father of German counterpoint. He was composer of some of the tenderest, most genuinely peaceful devotional music ever written. The Viennese singers and Westminster's recordists do him fond justice here.

Liszt: Six Hungarian Rhapsodies (9-15) (Edith Farnadi, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). Seemingly there is to be a Farnadi-Liszt series — a fine thing, for Farnadi really can make this music ring, and the engineers abet her handily.

Ogden Nash Reads Ogden Nash (Caedmon: 12" LP). Twenty-eight works, to be exact; and no further comment is needed. You want it

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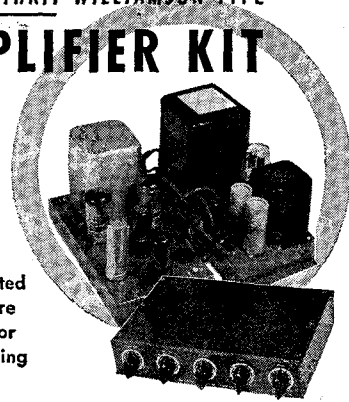
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or you don't. The same goes for two other new Caedmon releases — Eudora Welty reading Eudora Welty in a demoniac Dixie prattle; Sean O'Casey reading S. O'C. in a massive Abbey Theatre brogue. Both authors chose for themselves what they would read.

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Edith Farnadi, piano; Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). The performance is good without being very moving, but the sound is so naturally and comfortably ultra-rich as to make this hard to resist.

Schubert: Four Impromptus, Op. 142 (Clifford Curzon, piano; London: 12" LP). Mr. Curzon is famous for his way with Schubert's brightly wistful piano music. These are welcome, particularly in such extreme fidelity.

Schubert: Symphony No. 8, "Unfinished" with Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G Minor (Erich Leinsdorf conducting Rochester Philharmonic; Columbia "Entré": 12" LP). Tremendously new and stirring renditions of these glorious old warhorses in really splendid sound. At \$3, this is probably the best buy in the history of the record industry. Has Columbia gone crazy?

Schumann: Concerto in A Minor (Wilhelm Kempff, piano; Josef Krips conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London: 12" LP). Talents perfectly matched and suited to their task here turn out a fluid, lyrical marvel. The recorded sound is suitably airy.

Verdi: Otello (Arturo Toscanini conducting Ramon Vinay, Herva Nelli, Nan Merriman, Giuseppe Valdengo; chorus and NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor: three 12" LPs in album with libretto). This is the famous 1947 broadcast performance of Verdi's masterwork, in surprising fidelity but for rumble on sides 1 and 6. It has all the fiery compulsion that memory hinted; the great drama marches in implacable fury. A "must."

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra (Columbia: 12" LP). This is the sixth Columbia collection of Goodman performances taken down as air-checks between 1938 and 1945; naturally it displays less swing virtuosity than some others. Just the same, it is vital, vivid dance music of a kind seldom heard these days, and the fidelity is estimable.



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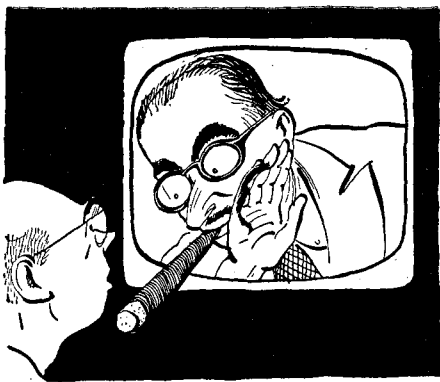
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GROUCHO SENT ME

by KYLE CRICHTON

KYLE CRICHTON was for fifteen years a staff writer on Collier's, specializing in stage and screen subjects. He is the author of a biography of the Marx Brothers, and a novel recently was published by Crown.

WE'VE had a lot of famous people visiting us lately, and some of them have been good enough to take us into their confidence. Almost invariably they have a word of advice for us before leaving the house. William Bendix put it on a personal basis. He looked us straight in the eye, urged us to drop in at the nearest Gulf station, and assured us that Peg and the children would appreciate it.

We've often seen Peg and the children but really don't know them very well, and it was quite a thing for us to know that they were concerned with anything we did. When television first started there were cynics who predicted that man's last refuge, his home, his castle, was being invaded, but I imagine they're singing another tune now that they see how their list of acquaintances has grown. It must be difficult for even the most hardened curmudgeon to turn down the friendship of a fellow like Ed Sullivan, who recently offered to intercede personally for us with a man who sells Lincolns and Mercurys. Those are the little favors that make a man proud to be a member of the human race.

Making new friends is pleasant enough, but I've picked up the thread of some old friendships that were broken back in Pony Express days. When we were boys, Groucho Marx and I used to keep up an impassioned correspondence, with quill pen on foolscap, but as I went up in the world and he became more illiterate there followed the inevitable lapse. I think the last letter I had from him was the one in which he said he was on his way

to join the Rough Riders. In the ensuing years I often thought of writing to find out what happened to that venture, but there is always the possibility that the other end of such a correspondence has deserted under fire or run off with the Colonel's wife, and I have found it best not to chance these embarrassments.

But I could see how wrong I had been in the case of Groucho when recently I turned on the end of his television program and found him addressing me directly. In his usual cautious way, he didn't call me by name, but it wasn't hard for me to see that he had recognized me and was getting a message across to me. "Drop in at your De Soto-Plymouth dealer," he was saying, "and tell him Groucho sent you." Well, that was hint enough for me. In the old days we used to hide messages in the trunks of trees, but I can grow up in progress along with the rest. Groucho's message was a secret signal that could be meant only for me, and I took steps immediately to contact the dealer.

That was not as simple as it may sound, for we live in a Connecticut town so small that the New Haven bus will stop only if prospective passengers throw themselves in front of the wheels. But from the classified section of the telephone book, I located a dealer in the next town and could only assume this was the one Groucho had in mind. When I arrived at the place one wintry afternoon, I found a man wandering vaguely about in what passed as a showroom.

"Are you my De Soto-Plymouth dealer?" I asked.

"What's that?" he said sharply.

"Are you," I repeated, "my De Soto-Plymouth dealer?"

He looked at me for a moment, and a touch of fear seemed to come into his voice.

"Mebbe you want to see the boss," he said, and disappeared into a mysterious region in the rear. After a prolonged wait, he returned with a man in blue jumpers. The man's hair was ruffled and there was a smudge on his cheek.

"Are you my De Soto-Plymouth dealer?" I asked in a friendly way.

"Well, I sell De Sotos and Plymouths," he admitted rather sullenly.

I leaned toward him and spoke in a confidential whisper, rather a light subdued hiss. "Groucho sent me," I whispered.

The man in the blue jumper stepped back two paces, in what might be termed a minor panic. Just when I thought he was about to take flight, he drew himself up proudly and faced me. "Just what was it you had in mind?" he asked.

It was apparent we were confronted with an innocent misunderstanding.

"You don't quite understand," I said. "It isn't what I have in mind; it's what *you* have in mind." I leaned toward him again and whispered significantly: "Groucho sent me."

He received this with obvious alarm, but stood his ground.

"We're making some good trade-in offers this week," he said, much like an attendant mollifying one of the demented. "What one you particularly interested in?"

I laughed. "Good heavens," I said. "I've got a perfectly good car now. I wouldn't think of trading it in."

"What make?" he persisted.

"Groucho told me to call on you and say that he had sent me," I explained slowly, "but that seems to make no impression on you. It's plain to me," I added disgustedly, pulling my coat about me and preparing to leave, "you're trying to deceive me. You've pretended to be my nearest De Soto-Plymouth dealer and it's obvious you're not. Good day to you, sir!"

When I got home I set about triangulating our position with respect to the neighboring towns with a view to getting our nearest dealer, but two further excursions into the larger towns have failed to get me Groucho's message, and now I hardly know where to turn. Groucho keeps signaling me, I keep trying to locate the informant who will impart his tidings, and in the meantime my own car has developed clutch trouble.

THE HOUR

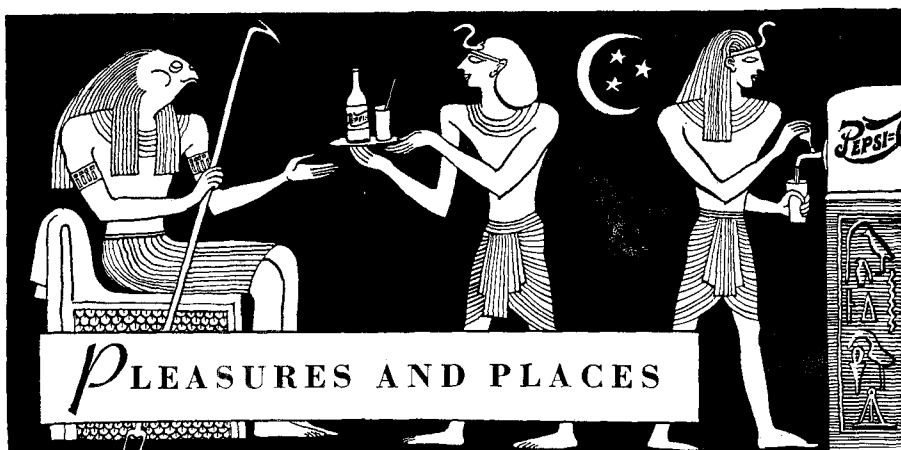
JAMES HILTON

ONE happy noon I watched the clock-hands climb,

Pinching the space between till there was none;

That was the day I learned to tell the time,

And now it's midnight; fifty years have gone.



COLAS ON THE NILE

by CHARLES J. ROLO

CHARLES J. ROLO, who writes "Reader's Choice" for the *Atlantic Bookshelf*, spends several months each year traveling in Europe. Here is his report on his recent sojourn in Egypt.

A MIGHTY voice can be heard crying, these days, throughout the land of Egypt, and the words it utters incongruously evoke the U.S.A. This new voice — now as familiar a sound in the Valley of the Nile as the cry of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer — is the voice of innumerable vendors calling on the thirsty to refresh themselves with ice-cold Coca-Cola or the rival product, which, since the Egyptians have no letter P, is known to them as "Bebesi."

The population of Egypt, I discovered on a recent visit, has taken to Cola drinks in a big way since I was there just after the war. "Bebesi" first hit the Egyptian market in 1949, and today Cairo drinks more Pepsi-Cola than any other city in the world with the sole exception of New York.

Bottled on the spot, where labor costs are low, the Cola drinks sell in Egypt for a fraction less than in the United States. Aside from the fact that they are cheap, they have captured the masses not so much because of what is in the bottle as because of what the bottle is in: the coolers have put over the Colas in Egypt. Thousands of these coolers have been distributed, at cost price or less, to vendors who in the past had no effective means of keeping their drinks cold. Romantics and archaists may shudder at the thought of Cokes by the Nile and Pepsi billboards on the route to the Pyramids. But the Cola drinks have a priceless merit in a warm country where it's

risky to use ice, except in private homes and first-rate establishments — they are cold AND they are germ-free.

Egypt's tourist trade showed signs of picking up last season after a prolonged slump caused by the post-war political troubles of the Middle East. The war in Palestine, and later the Anglo-Egyptian clashes in the Canal Zone, were accompanied by a mounting fever of xenophobia which was deliberately fanned by certain political groups. But all responsible Egyptians were deeply shaken and shamed by the anti-Western orgy of mob violence which ravaged the heart of Cairo on January 26, 1952; and the present government has given reassuring signs that it will not countenance hooliganism vis-à-vis the foreign population.

The Naguib regime is extremely eager to encourage tourism, traditionally a major source of revenue to the country. When a cruise ship brought several hundred Americans to Egypt last March, Cairo and Alexandria were bedecked with streamers inscribed "Welcome U.S.S. Constitution," and a new sign — "Welcome to Egypt" — greets you at the Cairo International Airport. To smooth the foreigner's entry into Egypt, the Egyptian State Tourist Department has its own English-speaking "Courtesy Officers" at the principal ports and airfields; and the customs officials, who in the past were sometimes pretty boorish, have been treating visitors with touching amiability and with exemplary dispatch.

General Naguib himself is highly conscious that tourists are only slightly less necessary to Egypt than the waters of the Nile. Last spring, when a party of Americans was being conducted through Abdin Palace, the General unexpectedly appeared to greet them in person and was more than willing to autograph their post-

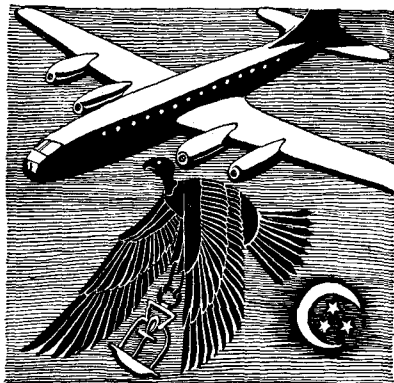
cards. Naguib again put in a personal appearance at a tea party given for visiting Americans at the Royal Rest House out by the Pyramids, and the visitors departed mightily impressed by his geniality. As one Cairo dragoman put it, "Mohammed Naguib, him liking tourists very much" — and this sentiment has been communicated to policemen, taxi drivers, and such, with agreeable results. Barring some acute political crisis, this winter's travelers should find the Egyptians in a hospitable mood.

The riots of January '52 have left the center of Cairo looking as if it had been lightly blitzed. Of the seedy grandeur that was Sheppard's Hotel, nothing is left but a pile of rubble screened off by hoardings, and the neighboring quarters are dotted with empty lots, similarly veiled. The main streets are decidedly cleaner than they used to be, and the police are trying to make beggars conduct their business elsewhere. These reforms have not, I hasten to add, progressed so far that the tourist is deprived of his eyeful of "picturesque" squalor even in the classiest section of town. And periodically whining pleas for baksheesh still fall upon the ear.

Cairo's fleet of taxicabs, which in '45 was in a grandiose state of disrepair, has been fortified by a contingent of post-war models of various makes whose radios give forth, in counterpoint to the insistent tooting of the horn, the anguished wail of an Arab crooner intoning a love song. Transportation in Egypt has considerably improved. The express trains between the main cities have jacked up their average speed to a dizzy 35 m.p.h.; and on the Cairo-Alexandria run there are now, once a day, "refrigerated" (that is, air-conditioned) compartments. The Misr Airline, which has daily flights all over the country, has replaced its battered old crates with up-to-date Vickers Vikings. Its safety record is sufficiently good to make me choose air travel in Egypt, any day, in preference to the railways.

Before the war, and especially in the twenties, the winter season in Egypt was very fashionable among the milord class of traveler, who arrived with thirty pieces of baggage and a personal servant or two, and who usually stayed the whole season, making a leisurely trip to Luxor by Nile steamer. Most of today's visitors from the West belong in a less exalted income bracket and they have

a far more hurried time schedule. But the post-war changes in the international travel picture have their compensations as far as Egypt is concerned. For the four-engined airliner has brought Egypt within reach



of Americans who could never go there by sea. It is now a 32-hour flight from New York to Cairo on one of TWA's Constellations, and sleepers are available (at extra cost) crossing the Atlantic.

Another break for Egypt is that some of the Americans who have been flocking to Rome have discovered that the Pyramids are just five hours' flying time from the Colosseum; and that, by stretching their outlay on transportation another 20 per cent or so, they can take in the Valley of the Nile. The best time to visit Egypt is between December and April, which makes it one of the few places whose tourist season falls within the months when the airlines are charging "off-season" rates. The round trip from New York to Cairo in winter costs \$772.80 (tourist rate), in summer \$842.80. The first-class fare in winter is \$1043.50.

The American dollar goes a bit further in Egypt than in the more expensive countries of Western Europe. Hotel accommodations in the first class and de luxe bracket range, in season, from \$3.50 to \$6.50 a day for a single room with bath, and from \$6.75 to \$9.75, American plan. The table d'hôte meals are strictly price-controlled, the ceiling in top-bracket places being \$1.20 to \$1.50 for a four-course lunch, and \$1.50 to \$2.10 for dinner. It costs more, of course, to order à la carte, but nowhere in Egypt will you encounter a murderously inflated check. Scotch whiskey, French wines — in fact, most alcoholic drinks — are slightly cheaper than in the United States.

By far the best hotel in Cairo is the Semiramis. It is not as central as the Metropole, but it is handsomely

situated beside the Nile, at a point where the river majestically widens. The Mena House Hotel, overlooking the Pyramids, twenty minutes from town by car, is a good choice for the traveler who is staying some time in Egypt: it has a riding stable, tennis courts, a swimming pool, and a nine-hole golf course. The tourist with a slim bank roll can save himself some money, and enjoy an extra helping of local color while doing so, by going to the Arabia, a onetime Cook's Nile Steamer converted into a high-class pension and moored near the Gezira Sporting Club. In winter, there is a drastic shortage of hotel space in Egypt, and it's imperative to make bookings well in advance.

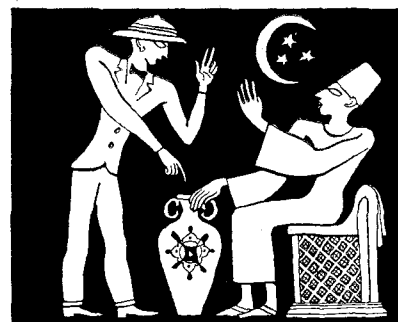
Reports such as this one usually contain an alarming paragraph on the health hazards of the Orient, and certainly it's the better part of wisdom to be extremely choosy about where and what you eat and drink. A smallpox vaccination is necessary and it is prudent to be immunized against typhoid, but there is no earthly need, as some travel experts prescribe, to subject yourself to the torture of shots against cholera, typhus, and other scourges — unless, peradventure, you are planning to do the field work for a sociological treatise on the slums of Cairo.

The cuisine in the top hotels and most reputable restaurants — the St. James, the Ermitage, and the Regent — can best be described as Franco-Italian with a Levantine accent. The accent appears in the form of various pilaffs (the most delicious is with quails), fried *aubergines*, a *ragoût* of green beans and okra, and a few other dishes, all more or less genteel as compared with the greasy, highly seasoned specialties of the Middle East. There are, however, several moderately hygienic establishments where you can sample pukka Oriental food pretty safely, provided, of course, your digestive system is robust.

Hassan El Hati has two well-known Arabic restaurants, where you might start off with a glass of *zibib* (an absinthe-type aperitif, extracted from dates) and *Ta'amia*, a fritter of crushed haricot beans, green coriander, onion, garlic, and bread; then try the admirable kebab or the *kuftas* (a kind of small hamburger, made of minced lamb, plus various seasonings). There is also a large choice of Oriental specialties at El Chimi and at the Parisiana. Here are a few more items which the adventurous gastro-

nome might ask for at these places: *Melokhia*, a glutinous soup made of various green herbs, rabbit stock, and garlic, and accompanied by boiled rice with rabbit or chicken; *Fool Medamis*, brown beans cooked with a handful of red lentils for as long as twelve hours, then sprinkled with olive oil and topped with hard-boiled eggs; *Tahina*, a purée of sesame seeds, oil, and crushed garlic, which you scoop up with slices of unleavened bread. If, after this kind of fare, your thoughts should stray to the chaste precepts of Mr. Gayelord Hauser, you can always finish off your meal anywhere in Egypt with a bowl of yoghurt. One of the country's greatest culinary treats, though it may offend the tenderhearted, is grilled figpeckers — tiny birds served on a bed of pilaff and eaten more or less whole.

As far as sightseeing in Cairo is concerned, there is a time-honored program for newcomers with three or four days at their disposal, and I see no reason not to follow it — the Pyramids and the Sphinx; the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, which houses the Tut-Ankh-Amen collection; the Citadel; Memphis and the Tombs of Sakkarah; the Mosque and University of Al Ahzar, the oldest (tenth century) and most important center of Islamic learning; the other mosques, of which Sultan Hassan is perhaps the finest, and the Coptic churches. I have but one tip to proffer: if time gets pressing, don't try to see all of the mosques, churches, and palaces; skip the secondary museums and other places prescribed by the guidebooks; but allow for a second visit to the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. Its treasures — among them a group of early Egyptian paintings, extraordinarily modern in technique — are



of more interest, artistically, than anything else in and around Cairo.

On my last visit to the Museum, I was seduced into accepting a guide whose spiel, though culturally unenlightening, was memorably comic. He

recited away at unbelievable speed, pausing to draw breath only when it seemed that some sort of seizure was imminent; his erudition was boundless in all such footling matters as the number of rubies in a bracelet; and nothing could have been more entrancing than his English, which went somewhat as follows: —

“Dees jewels dey come from tomb of a queen. So what iss her name? Her name iss Heteberis [Hetepheres], and she iss de mudder of Cheops, and Cheops he is building de great Pyramid. . . . See dees necklace. Dees beads is made of a gold, made of a copper, made of a turquoise, and is fastening on de backside wid gold clip, 21 carat.”

The tourist visiting Egypt for the first time had probably better, unless he is exceptionally resourceful, resign himself to hiring a dragoman; and the best policy is to apply to one of the leading travel agencies. By hiring a good dragoman you will, if nothing else, keep out of the clutches of the dubious dragomen who assault the unescorted tourist in the street, and who are often in a league with the petty racketeers who flourish in the Middle East.

At this point, I should like to interject a word or two about the legend that the tourist is bound to be swindled in Cairo whichever way he turns. There are, to be sure, in the streets of Cairo, a host of wily entrepreneurs who are infinitely skilled at fleecing the gullible traveler. But anyone who has truck with these characters is, by definition, a sucker. For unaccountable reasons, even hard-headed Americans, as soon as they breathe the air of Egypt, are prone to imagine that they are being devilishly astute when they fall for the pitch of some street-corner shyster, who leads them to a “little shop” where they are offered “star sapphires” for a song and “Chanel Numéro Cinq” for less than its wholesale price in Paris. Anyone who buys his goods and services from reputable sources, and counts his change when dealing with taxi drivers and such, will, I am sure, leave Egypt without having suffered appreciably from fraud.

Every visitor to Cairo is taken on a shopping expedition to the Khan el Khalili Bazaar and the adjoining Musky. The Bazaar is a long, very narrow street, dirty and malodorous, where a certain amount of the stuff displayed as characteristically Egyptian originates in Manchester, Prague,



or Tokyo. But it is perfectly possible to get good value for your money provided that (a) you bargain resolutely, (b) you stick to a few local specialties such as inlaid silverware and brassware, leather and ivory goods, inlaid wooden trays and cigarette boxes, and silk brocade (not up to the Damascus product, but fine stuff). Anyone with really ambitious purchases in mind will find it safest to go to the well-known Djalalas, or to Geneshi Lall.

In the winter, Cairo has a season of opera and an extremely bustling night life, even though liquor is removed from the table at midnight. The notorious Egyptian *danse du ventre* is performed at the Casino Beba — a rowdy joint which seats a thousand customers — and, in less uninhibited style, at the Kit Kat. The Helieh Palace is the Diamond Horseshoe of Cairo. The smart set does its dinner-dancing at the Semiramis, the Heliopolis Palace, or the Auberge des Pyramides, then goes on to the Scarabée, which is probably the toniest *boîte* in the Middle East.

No visitor to Egypt should, as the saying goes, fail to go to Luxor, with its awesome Valley of the Kings, its Temples of Karnak, Colossi of Memnon, and other celebrated pieces of masonry, which help you to think of history *sub specie* Professor Toynbee, and remind you that the Parthenon, say, is practically *art nouveau*. From Cairo to Luxor (Winter Palace Hotel) is an overnight journey by train, and roughly three hours by the Misr Airline; the Nile steamers are not yet back in business. Assouan (Cataract Hotel), with its mighty Nile Dam and fine scenery, is 125 miles up the river from Luxor, and between them at Edfu and Kom Ombo there are two of the most perfectly preserved temples in Egypt.

An admirable way to see something of the Egyptian landscape, the villages and the life of the fellaheen, is to drive from Cairo to Alexandria via

the old route which skirts the Nile Canal. (The return journey can be made on the vastly superior road through the desert.) Whichever way you look, there is a perfectly flat plain, carved up into rectangular patches bounded by irrigation ditches. The countryside is sparsely dotted with mud houses, a cluster of palm trees, a row of poplars or casuarinas. The peasants are tilling the soil in much the same way as their forefathers did a millennium ago. And on the Canal, when there is no breeze to power their sails, you see cotton-laden dahabiehs being tugged along by a thick rope wound around the bodies of six or eight sweating peasants.

A day or two in Alexandria is a refreshing respite from Cairo sight-seeing. The town is cooler, cleaner, and less raucous than the capital, and immeasurably closer to the West. The Cecil, an excellent hotel, is the best place to stay in winter; the San Stefano, Beau Rivage, and Méditerranée, all beside the beaches, are agreeable in summer.

Ambitious tourists, who want to make the most of their investment in transport to the Eastern Mediterranean, can conveniently fit Egypt into several larger programs of travel. You can fly on to Athens by TWA, returning via Rome, Madrid, and Lisbon, or you can visit the Christian Holy Places in Jordan (it's a short flight to Kolundia, airport for the Arab half of Jerusalem); then travel by road to Damascus and Beirut, where there are Pan American flights through Istanbul to the U.S.A.



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by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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